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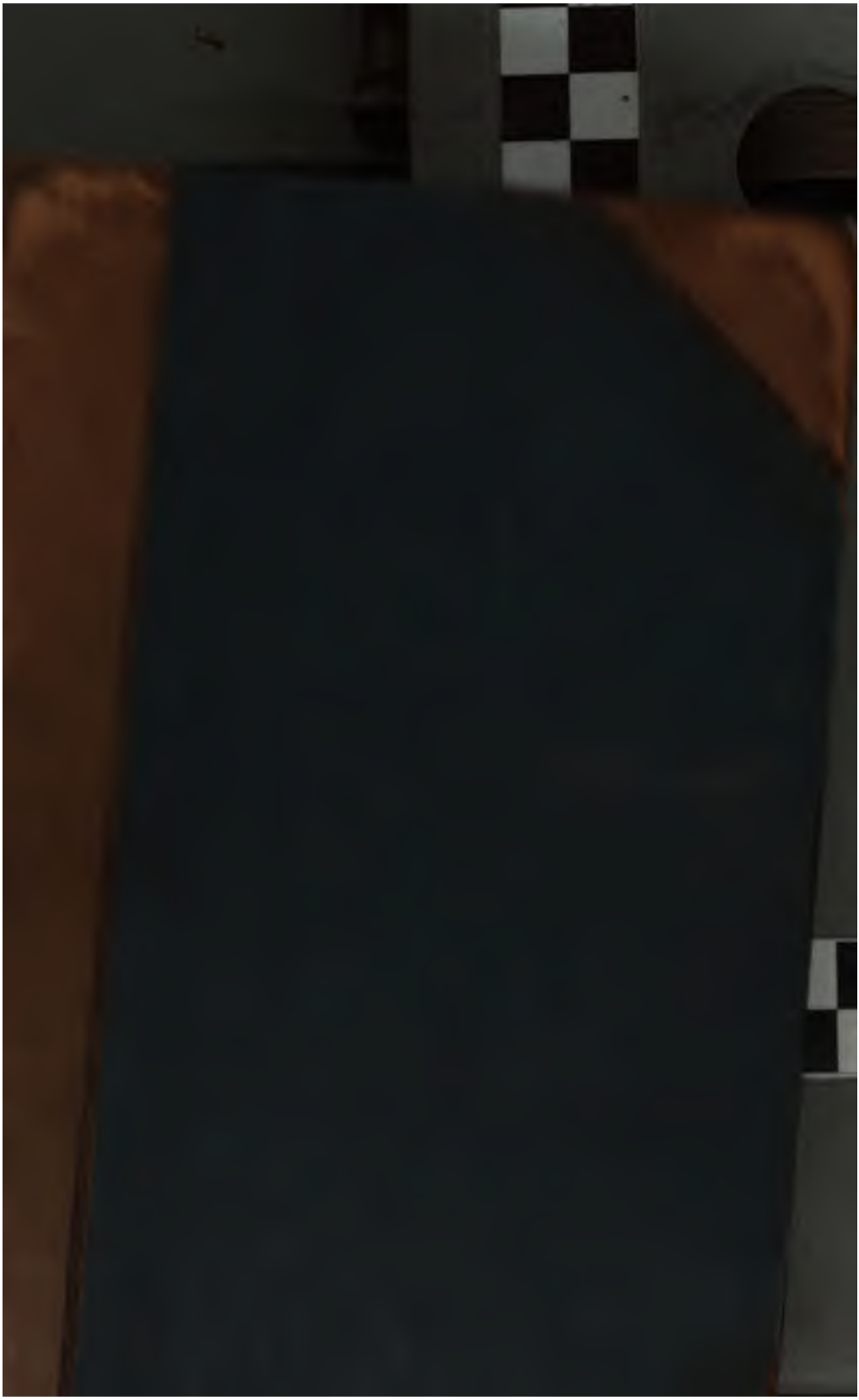

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MONTH.

THE MONTH:

A

MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

Per menses singulos reddens fructum suum, et folia ligni ad sanitatem gentium.—*Apoc.* xxii. 2.

VOL. VIII.

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Cavaliere de Rossi on the History of St. Callistus.

In 1841 the French government entrusted Mynoïdes Mynas, a Greek savant, with a mission to the East. Among the divers literary remains discovered by him in the several monasteries which he visited, the most important was a square manuscript of cotton paper written in the fourteenth century, containing the greater portion of a "Refutation of all Heresies." The whole work consisted of ten books, but the three first, as well as the conclusion, were missing. This manuscript would have remained unnoticed on the shelves of the then Royal (now Imperial) Library but for the labours of Emmanuel Miller, who made a most fortunate mistake in ascribing the work to Origen. His edition of the work was published at Oxford in 1851, as a continuation of the *Philosophumena*, which had long been accounted as a production of the Alexandrian Catechist. The name of Origen secured for the new work the attention of critics: but the new publication only served to strengthen the arguments whereby Wolfe and others had impugned his claims to be considered as the author of the *Philosophumena*. It would be foreign to our present purpose to chronicle the several phases of the controversy respecting the authorship of the work under consideration. It is enough to observe that while Jacobi and the late Chevalier Bunsen have endeavoured in vain to father it upon St. Hippolytus the martyr, who was either a member of the Roman Presbytery or a suburban Bishop, others have attributed it to Caius, a Priest of the Church of Rome, nor have plausible arguments been wanting on the side of those who have favoured the claims of Tertullian or Novatus. The fairest statement of the critical results hitherto obtained is that they are merely negative, as tending to prove that

none of the Fathers or ecclesiastical writers to whom the work has in the course of the controversy been ascribed, is to be deemed its author. We may perhaps see some reason for thinking that Cavaliere de Rossi has arrived very nearly at a solution of the mystery.

The main interest of the work centres in Book IX, which contains a virulent indictment against the life and teaching of the martyred Pope St. Callistus, whose memory is honoured in the Church on October 14th. The several charges set forth in this virulent diatribe, which in its every line bears the stamp of personal hate and strong party spirit, may be thus compendiously stated:

"Carpophorus, a Christian officer in the household of the Emperor Commodus, had a Christian slave called Callistus, to whom he entrusted certain monies as a capital for banking operations. These were carried on by Callistus on the so-called Piscina Publica, which owed its name to a swimming bath which was filled up in the reign of Commodus. Owing to the rank and credit of his master, Callistus had a large connection among the brethren of the Church of Rome, many of whose widows lodged their savings in the new bank. Callistus was 'unfortunate,' or to use the words of his biographer, he 'squandered,' and 'got rid' of the monies deposited with him, and sought immunity in flight. He managed to get safely on board a ship which was leaving port, when his master hove in sight. To escape his hands the fugitive threw himself over-board, hoping to swim to shore, or, if we believe the libel, with a suicidal intent. He was however dragged into a boat by some sailors, and by them handed over to his master. Carpophorus consigned him to penal servitude in the Pistrinum, where run-a-way or refractory slaves underwent a severe penitential discipline. Yielding after a while to the entreaties of several of the 'brethren,' who attacked him on his weak side, by representing that it would be far better for him to allow his slave a chance of retrieving his affairs, Carpophorus released Callistus, and set him up once more in business, keeping however strict watch and ward over him. Callistus, having striven in vain to recover certain debts due to him by some of the Jewish 'children of the captivity' sojourning in Rome, took counsel of despair, and one Sabbath morning caused a disturbance in the synagogue. He was forthwith arrested, and conveyed before the tribunal of Fuscianus, prefect of the city, to answer the charge of disturbing public worship, and of being a Christian. Carpophorus, informed of his slave's danger, hurried to the tribunal to claim his property, declaring that Callistus was no Christian, and that he wanted to be put out of the way, rather than work and make good the losses he had given rise to. The Jews persisted in their charge. Aspersions,

protestations, and mayhap imprecations were volubly uttered in Latin or Greek, or discreetly veiled from the Prefect's observation under a storm of Shemitic gutturals. Fuscianus, wishing to escape a headache and to do justice to all parties, sentenced Callistus to be scourged, and then to be sent to the mines in Sardinia. He was released from this punishment by prevailing upon the governor to include him in an order obtained by Marcia, a Christian mistress, or wife, of Commodus, for the release of the 'confessors' exiled in Sardinia. If our author be rightly informed, Pope Victor, thinking that Callistus was treated no worse than he deserved, had omitted his name from the list of prisoners in whose behalf he had employed the influence of Marcia. He was not agreeably surprised to hear of Callistus' return. He advised him to keep out of Rome, and paid him a small monthly allowance on condition of his staying at Antium. Here there is a gap in the tale. By an abrupt transition we are brought to the Pontificate of Zephyrinus, under whom the fortunes of our hero take a far more favourable turn. Callistus is now a member of the Roman clergy; nay more, Zephyrinus, who is represented as a mere nonentity, with no distinguishing trait save his superlative ignorance and his greed of gold, advances him to the post of Archdeacon, treasurer to the Church of Rome, and administrator of the cemetery which still bears his name. Entering into a sort of partnership with the Bishop, while he leaves him the name and outward pomp, Callistus, true to his tainted antecedents, grasps for himself the substance and the reality of power. The Bishop, 'good easy man,' is soft and ductile as wax in the hands of this unscrupulous intriguer. At last Zephyrinus dies, and Callistus is greeted as his successor by the Roman presbytery and faithful people—for the silence of our author is proof positive that no voices recalling unpleasant and inconvenient memories opposed the election. Callistus, as Pope, is ever himself. In his humble beginnings he had swindled the widow and the orphan out of their hard-earned and scanty provision, and now that he is entrusted with the far more sacred deposit of God's revelation, and bound to watch over and to maintain the purity and vigour of Ecclesiastical discipline, he is to be found leagued with archheretics, and tampering with and abetting those who seek to adulterate the word of life by the admixture of human or dissolving elements. The famous Sabellius, whose doctrine explains away the fundamental dogma of the Trinity in Unity, viewing it merely as a compendious formula for the threefold manifestation of one single Divine Personality in history, was his friend; and when this heresiarch becomes an inconvenient ally, he casts him aside, excommunicates him, though still covertly adhering to his blasphemies, to which he seeks to impart a varnish of orthodoxy by adopting the views of Theodotus, who considered Christ as a mere man though acting under a special but impersonal influence from above. He further stands charged with introducing maxims and customs prejudicial to the vigour of church discipline, and the austerity of Christian

morality. A bishop even if guilty of a sin unto death (*sic*) is not to be deposed. Callistus admitted into the body of the clergy, and promoted even to the hierarchical orders, men who had contracted two or even three marriages. The cleric who married was by him left unmolested as guiltless of transgression. He received and restored to communion not only adulterers but murderers and relapsed idolaters, arrogating to himself the power to absolve such as were of his faction, from any sin, however heinous. He encouraged high-born ladies to unite themselves to persons of inferior rank, even freed men and slaves, and despite the refusal of the laws to sanction such 'mésalliances,' he regarded them as legitimate. In his time it is that we have first witnessed the sacrilegious innovation of a second baptism.

Such is the portrait of St. Callistus limned by a contemporaneous but certainly not impartial hand. The unmistakeable *animus* displayed by the author, and the several details he gives, make it easy for the impartial critic to estimate the real import of his statements, and to discriminate by the aid of other historical data between real facts and the additions or perversions which are the fruit of the author's strongly pronounced bias. The most learned critics agree that it will not do to consider this newly discovered contribution to biography simply as a slanderous fabrication. We have seldom met with a more masterly and interesting application of varied erudition to the task of separating the true from the false in a narrative of remote antiquity, than the essay of Cavaliere de Rossi on this subject of the charges against St. Callistus in the *Philosophumena*. It is not often that even with contemporary slanders, we see so complete an explanation given of a false story "founded on facts," without the denial of the facts on which it is founded. The author of the charge, whatever his name, is plainly a man of influence and standing, one who addresses his contemporaries as an eyewitness of what he describes. But while we grant that he has drawn upon memory, and not only on fancy, it is plain that he frequently misrepresents the conduct of his adversary, and throughout ascribes to him base and unworthy motives. Many things which to us are perfectly intelligible and laudable, may have seemed to him, from his own stand-point in opposition to Callistus, as worthy of blame and indignation. Many facts may have been brought under his notice by evil-

disposed men, or may have easily failed to square with his principles and views of right and propriety. We shall see that this virulent diatribe, so far from reversing the verdict of past generations, which has enrolled Callistus in the white-robed army of Martyrs, may even be pleaded in confirmation of it.

The author was evidently a leading man in some faction opposed to Callistus. His allusions to the dealings of the latter with Zephyrinus, and the *animus* with which he sketches the main features of his career, sufficiently warrant this assumption. Employing tactics wherewith the oft-recurring spectacle of party strife has familiarised us, he takes good care that the lowly antecedents of the bond-slave of Carpophorus shall not be forgotten. He holds up to scorn and to execration the blundering and reckless manager who contrives to waste his master's capital, and the store of the widow and the orphan who had trusted their little all to his integrity and presumed cleverness in business. The main outlines of the story may be true; Callistus may have had money entrusted to him, and have failed. That he failed through his own fault or roguery is, to say the least, incompatible with what is stated by his accuser further on, as to the promotion of Callistus to a post of trust and dignity. But this promotion is not at all inconsistent with the hypothesis that Callistus was overreached and undone by "sharper" men of business than himself. Here we shall use the exquisite and well digested erudition of the Cavaliere de Rossi. He shows that the author has, of set purpose, chosen terms which insinuate, yet without categorically affirming, that the failure of Callistus was the result of commercial profligacy. The flight of Callistus from the too probable consequences of his misfortune, introduces us to the acquaintance of the "pious" Carpophorus, "officer of the house of Cæsar," and as De Rossi surmises, on the authority of a sepulchral inscription bearing his not very common name, a freedman of Marcus Aurelius. We may observe by the way, that Callistus must have had far more opportunities than his traducer for arriving at correct conclusions as to the piety or gentleness of his master, and his jumping over-

board on the sudden and most unwished for appearance of the latter, while affording but a slender ground for the charge of attempted suicide, proves that these conclusions were at variance with the verdict of our author upon Carpophorus. We next come to the disturbance in the Synagogue, and the subsequent interview with Fuscianus and its results. Fuscianus is mentioned by at least three contemporaneous writers as having been Prefect of Rome under Commodus. He was succeeded in this post by Pertinax in the spring of A.D. 189, having been dismissed on account of his cruelty, which was not to the taste even of a Commodus. From the same authority we learn that under this Emperor such changes were by no means unfrequent, so that no Prefect remained in office for three entire years. The trial of Callistus must then have taken place between A.D. 186 and 189. The value of these chronological details will presently appear. Some two or three years before the apprehension of Callistus, the Senator Appollonius was denounced as a Christian by one of his slaves. The informer was crucified for his pains, as in virtue of an imperial rescript addressed to the Commons of Asia, either by Antoninus Pius or M. Aurelius, such delation was a capital crime. The rescript in question contained, it is true, the further disposition that no one thus denounced was to suffer for the confession of Christianity, and thus formally set aside the halting pronouncement of Trajan in his answer to the elder Pliny—"If Christians are accused and convicted they are to suffer punishment." In fact, however, it was not executed. The aforesaid rescript seems to have been enforced only in the territory to which it was addressed, while the decision of Trajan was founded on the Roman laws against foreign and unrecognised superstitions. Trajan's dictum was thus the rule of the Roman tribunals, for in the case above quoted, after the informer had suffered the extreme rigour of the law, Appollonius was summoned by his colleagues to answer the charge, and persisting in his confession of Christ, was condemned to death.

We may now apply this legal lore to the case under consideration. The "children of Israel" knew full well the cost of denouncing Callistus as a Christian. They framed

their indictment so as to do all the harm they could to him without inconvenience to themselves. "The Romans," they say, "have allowed us to read our law publicly, and this fellow breaks in and disturbs our meeting, *boasting that he is a Christian.*" As is plain, the sting of the accusation is in these concluding words—the merely incidental mention of the defendant's religion, as accounting for his riotous behaviour. As disturber of a lawful meeting, Callistus would have escaped with but comparatively slight chastisement, but the casual mention of his religion naturally suggested to a judge like Fuscianus a question which would have changed a simple procedure of correctional police into a trial on a capital charge. Carpophorus seems to have felt this, as hearing of the danger which threatened his slave, he hurries to the tribunal and exclaims, "Believe him not, Fuscianus, he is no Christian, but wants to die because he has wasted my goods." Upon which the Jews urge the Prefect not to believe Carpophorus, who, say they, is only seeking to save his own property. The stern dispenser of justice seems to have taken the same view, for, without wasting the valuable time of the public in bootless enquiries as to what was Callistus' business in the Synagogue, he condemned him, on the implied charge, to be scourged, and then commuted the penalty of crucifixion (for Callistus was a slave) into penal servitude in the mines of Sardinia.

The foregoing observations which we have borrowed from De Rossi, tend to establish the correctness of our appreciation of this part of the *Philosophumena.* It is a narrative of facts more or less maliciously presented, but transmitting to posterity a true picture of the times, exact in its delineation of the most minute circumstances. In a word, it may be said that the story is "founded on fact," yet at the same time a tissue of slanderous imputations. To explain our meaning, let us take the material facts of this portion of the life of Callistus. He goes to the Synagogue, because, in a community situated as were the Jews, almost to our days, the Synagogue was not merely a place of public worship, but a school, and, in case of need, a tribunal. There is every appearance that, wearied out by fruitless appeals to his Hebrew debtors, Callistus may have

bethought himself of appealing to the elders of the Jewish community, as a last resourse. He miscalculated,—for as we have seen, the abhorrence of a dun is by no means confined to our own degenerate days. He was paid by a liberal allowance of cuffs and kicks, hurried before the Prefect, and cleverly placed in the alternative of denying his faith or of undergoing a death of torture and ignominy. The intention attributed to him by his biographer, of seeking refuge from infamy by a glorious death, is most incredible. If death were his object, he would have more surely compassed it by noisily intruding himself on the functions of some neighbouring temple, instead of spoiling the melody of the songs of Sion at the risk of the cheap and inglorious martyrdom of a sound drubbing, of a hustling, and of summary ejection. We may further observe that it is passing strange that a man of Carpophorus' character, as represented by our author, should have taken upon himself to deny the Christianity of his slave.

We pass onwards in the footsteps of De Rossi. The writer's account of the favourable dispositions of Marcia towards the victims of the anti-Christian persecution is confirmed by the witness of Dio Cassius (Histor. LXXII. 4), and it explains how it came to pass that the Church enjoyed a respite under such a prince as Commodus. The various commentators on this part of the life of St. Callistus have endeavoured to determine the precise nature of the relation wherein Marcia stood to this Emperor. The name of concubine, under which she is introduced to our notice in the *Philosophumena*, proves merely that, being a freed woman, her union with Commodus was illegal—or rather not recognised by the law. It leaves the question as to its morality undetermined. Neither is it certain that she was a Christian, or even a catechumen, as the epithet "God-loving" (φιλόθεος) is not unfrequently given by Jewish and Christian writers to pagans who favoured their coreligionists or redressed their wrongs. According to the narrative under consideration, Marcia summoned Victor, the then Bishop of Rome, and asked for a list of the confessors, in order to obtain their release. Having obtained the imperial sanction, she sends Hyacinth, an aged eunuch who had brought her up in her earlier years, on this errand

of mercy. The Procurator of Sardinia liberates those inscribed on the list drawn up by Victor, but detains Callistus, whose name was omitted, as our author will have it, from a sense of what was due to justice, but as the Imperial Commissioner judged, from mere inadvertence. The hapless man entreated the Procurator not to exclude him from the pardon extended to his companions in misery; and the Procurator reflecting that the case of Callistus in nowise differed from theirs—that he suffered with them for the high crime and misdemeanour of confessing the faith of Christ—ventured to take upon himself the responsibility of releasing him. The biographer would have us believe that this speedy termination of the sufferings of Callistus was regarded by the Pontiff as a miscarriage of justice, but that out of sheer pity he held his peace. It is quite as consistent with the facts of the case to ascribe the connivance of Victor to his conviction that Callistus was sinned against, rather than sinning, and that his sufferings were the result of his own confession, not the expiation of his misdeeds. How else explain the monthly pension he allowed him? and the anxiety he evinced to keep him at a distance from Rome, that he might be out of the reach of Carpophorus and his clamorous creditors?

Having settled Callistus in comparative peace at Antium, his biographer suddenly shifts the scene, and exhibits him under a new character. The quondam slave, the bankrupt Callistus, the sham martyr, takes Holy Orders. Now, as consistently with ecclesiastical custom, this could not have happened but by his master's consent, it is amazing that a pious man like Carpophorus should have connived at the promotion of a disreputable swindler, when the laws of both Church and State acknowledged in him an absolute right of inhibition. But further, it must be borne in mind that whatever the variations of discipline, the Church has ever been anxious that none should be advanced to the sacred ministry unless the people—that portion of it, at least, which has had opportunities of forming a judgment on the point—testify to their blameless antecedents. The manner of eliciting such testimony has, of course, varied; but the custom prevalent in so many parts of Christendom of publishing on three successive Sundays, in the parish church of

their native place, the names of such as are presented to subdeacon's orders, and the strict and minute scrutiny all who are elected or designated to any vacant episcopal chair must undergo, are proofs of the Church's care to admit none into the sanctuary but such as are of "good report." Now, in those early ages, the appointments to the sacred ministry were made in the presence of both clergy and people, and with their approval, so far at least as it was implied in the witness their silence bore to the unblemished fame of the candidates; and it is well known that pagan statesmen expressed their admiration of the method followed by the Christian communities in the selection of their leaders and office-bearers. This being the case, the reticence of our author as to the circumstances of the promotion of Callistus is an irrefragable proof that it was both regular and peaceable; nay more, we have his own acknowledgment that "Every one, save myself, was hoodwinked by the hypocrisy of Callistus." (Philos. IX. 11.) And hence we may infer, as a necessary consequence, that this narrative of the antecedents of the Martyr-Pontiff, which, as we have seen, is so minute in detail, and dives even into his consciousness in order to reveal his secret motives, has been coloured for party purposes, that he was able to rebut such imputations if ever uttered in the face of day, and to pass unscathed through the ordeal of a popular election, wherein none might compete save such as entered the lists with an untarnished name.

This conclusion is further strengthened by the chronological data De Rossi has collected from the Roman Catalogues. The whole story of Callistus, from the unlucky failure of the bank to his elevation under Zephyrinus, must, as he shows, be included in a period of twelve years, beginning in A.D. 186 and closing in A.D. 197, after the death of Pope Victor, so that its main features must have been fresh in everybody's memory. Besides, granting for the moment that the Roman presbytery and Christian people could have allowed themselves to be duped by a man who must have been the object of so many scandalous, or let us say, unpleasant rumours, about whose antecedents there was a certain jail-bird taint, what about Zephyrinus?

It may suit the author's purposes to represent him as a stolid nullity, but on the same authority we learn that he was sharp enough when money matters were in question, and hence could hardly have blindly entrusted the administration of the important temporalities of his Church to a clever pushing ecclesiastic with whose former career were connected certain unsavoury reminiscences of financial disaster, credited to other causes than unmerited misfortune.

But what were the precise functions of Callistus? We again borrow from the erudite, but by no means dry, dissertation of De Rossi. It has been surmised that Callistus was a priest and vicegerent of Zephyrinus, but De Rossi shows that, from the nature of his functions as described in the *Philosophumena*, he must have been the first of the seven deacons, or, as it was styled in later ages, archdeacon of the Church of Rome. In virtue of this office, Callistus stood towards his Bishop in the same relation as the illustrious St. Lawrence to Xystus II. He assisted him, waited on him in the divine liturgy, collected the oblations of the faithful, kept the *arca* (the chest of the church), distributed its proceeds among the clergy, orphans, widows, the confessors of the faith detained in prison or languishing in the mines. The Roman Church, rich in money and temporal goods, but richer still in charity, scattered its alms broadcast, for the relief of the Churches in both East and West, and received and entertained the brethren of other churches, whom piety or business had brought to Rome, with a generous hospitality. Thus, the first deacon held the clergy list, the catalogue of confessors, of necessitous families, of pilgrims, and, from the intimate relation which exists between material existence and moral life, naturally became the guardian, and censor of the clergy, and shared with the Bishop the cares of the supreme pastorate. The experience he thus acquired in ecclesiastical administration, and his frequent relations with distant Churches, pointed to the Archdeacon as the fittest person to succeed to the vacant Chair. Hence, it was an established custom in the Roman Church to elect him in preference to all others; so much so, that Eulogius of Alexandria, writing in the sixth century, implies that to raise the Archdeacon to the priesthood was considered equivalent to barring his succession to the

episcopal throne (Photius. Biblioth. Cod. 272,280). Such, then, was the post filled by Callistus during the eighteen years of the pontificate of Zephyrinus, who, from the days of the Apostle to those of Sylvester, sat longest in the Chair of Peter. He leaves it only when the free choice of the clergy he had so long ruled, and of the people who had been constant witnesses of his administration, calls upon him to ascend the throne of Zephyrinus. We say free choice, for the silence of our author is here again an ample voucher for the absence of either bribery or intimidation. For to imagine that a clever, unscrupulous adventurer, as Callistus is here represented to have been, could have been elected by the spontaneous, unbiassed act of a community like the Church of Rome, is to betray an infantile ignorance of human nature—it is the merest drivelling. And the biographer himself renders unconscious testimony in favour of the man he has sought to malign. While reproaching Callistus with relaxing the austerity of discipline, and corrupting the purity of Christian morals, he never once hints that the frailty of the Pontiff gave him a personal interest in his benignant legislation, or that it proceeded from any necessity of justifying his private conduct. To use his own words, his motive in thus setting the portrait of his adversary before us, was to show up the heresy of which he was the author. Now, to any one who is conversant with the vehemence wherewith the ancients seasoned their invectives, the plainness with which they alluded to what our modern delicacy covers up with a discreet reticence, the scandalous libels with which some Popes, whose character is above all suspicion, were assailed by their baffled competitors—as, for instance, Cornelius in the third, and Damasus in the following century—the absence of the slightest reflection on the personal character of Callistus, on the part of one who is inveighing against the laxity of his teaching, is an unequivocal acknowledgment of the blamelessness and purity of his life. But here we must pause for the present in the examination of this curious libel.

μξ.

(To be continued.)

Memoirs of an Emigre Officer.

We read of few metamorphoses more strange than that effected by the great Revolution, which drove forth the polished Dukes and Counts of old France to struggle in exile and beggary as troopers or hucksters or dancing-masters, scattering the aristocracy which more than any other held itself to be the salt of the earth amid the mire of that *canaille* which it had so supremely despised. The *emigrés* belong to a class which meets scant favour now-a-days. They played a losing game, and not always well. In the stupendous events of their day they were insignificant actors; the chart of history bears few lines of their tracing. Moreover, they were often not quick to accept accomplished facts; many of them were haughty after they had ceased to be high, and could forget neither the nobility of their blood, their old-world notions, nor their thirst of pleasure, amid new times and changed circumstances. Hence the interest of their story is apt to be overlooked or underrated, and their noble devotedness and generous loyalty to be lost sight of amid faults and follies, political blunders, and military ill success. It may therefore be worth while to cast a glance at the picture of their fortunes sketched in the recently-published memoirs of one amongst their latest survivors, * who tells of what he saw, and tells it well.

At his birth, in 1777, Achilles de Neuilly seemed to have a flowery path before him. He came of a family ancient and wealthy, and accustomed to courtly honour. He was the offspring of a marriage which Maria Leczinska had herself arranged. His father, the Count de Neuilly, had been Master of Horse to the King; his mother had been honoured by the task of reading to the Queen; he himself in his babyhood held a captain's commission in the Royal Artois Dragoons. Born, thus, into court life, his young eyes could not recognise the divinity which hedges a king. He would not, he tells us, submit to the caresses of Queen Marie-

* *Souvenirs et Correspondance du Comte de Neuilly.* Paris: Charles Douniol, 1865.

Antoinette unless she bribed him with sugar-plums, and on one occasion he flatly refused to leave his fishing-rod at the call of Louis XVI. himself, till coaxed to do so by the promise of the good-natured monarch's watch; then he came, and the watch was given. With the ducal family of Orleans he was also quite at home, and had decided opinions as to its members. The eldest son, Louis-Philippe, was not a pleasant child, being stingy and pompous, always asking the cost of things, and generally remarking that it was too much; he was unable to understand the quantity of shot with which sportsmen charged their guns, considering that one or two pellets sufficed to kill the game. The younger sons were more agreeable, but their sister was stiff and rude. Lafayette, fresh from his American campaigns, was the hero of the hour. Young de Neuilly saw him at a ball, unimpassioned and icy, the observed of all observers. In his train was a genuine Red-skin from the backwoods who, in paint and feathers and nose-ring, danced a war dance and brandished a tomahawk to the wonderment of the company and the terror of the child.

For boys of the aristocracy schools submitted to be shorn of half their discomfort, and the Collége du Plessis allowed Achilles to have a room, a tutor, and a servant for his own exclusive use. He pursued his studies leisurely, and was rewarded with prizes. But the pleasant prospects of his early youth were not to last. In 1788 his father died,* and the boy of eleven became the head of his family. Soon followed the growlings of the coming storm. One of the boys having had a day's leave of absence from school, came back with an account and a specimen of the newest Parisian rage, the tricolour cockade. The importation was seized by the school authorities, but the boys caught the reigning madness and cheered for liberty. Presently came the boom of cannon, and the young Count, while down at the porter's lodge, in quest of a hamper of good things sent him by his mother, saw defile past the drunken rabble-rout of men and women splashed with blood, who were pouring back from the Bastille with de Launay's head upon a pike, and who yelled and grimaced at the young aristocrat through the

* On the subject of this death M. de Neuilly tells a curious story. He was at school at Paris; his father died *suddenly* at the family seat in Lorraine. The son had gone to bed in good spirits, but *dreamed about midnight* that a figure in a winding sheet stood at the foot of his bed, and he knew it to be his father. His screams brought tutor and servant to his side; they in vain tried to laugh away his story and fears. Three days later came the news in a letter from his mother, who mentioned as the hour of her husband's death precisely that of the wraith. "Make of this what you can," adds the Count; "it is a fact, as fresh in my mind as though it took place yesterday."

bars of the gate. Out walking a day or two later * he came upon another crowd, which, fresh from the murder of Foulon and Bertier, was parading on its pikes their heads and pieces of their flesh.

Schools were now no longer safe, and the boy was taken home. On the fatal 5th of October his mother took him to drive; they fell in with the multitude which was surging towards Versailles. "Drive thither too," cried the Countess to her coachman; "kill your horses, but let us be there first." Arriving at Versailles they found all in fancied security, the King out hunting, his aunts † on the point of starting for a drive. The alarm was spread, and presently the mob came in sight. Then followed the scenes so often described. Lafayette was again the most noticeable figure, but he looked on far otherwise than when we saw him before. He pressed to and from the King's chamber through a crowd of nobles who cursed and reviled him as he went. Night came on, wild with wind and rain. The Countess with her son sought a resting place in an officer's room, where a throng of frightened ladies were cowering round a fire and listening for the mob in the pauses of the storm. About two in the morning, when the tempest was at its utmost, the people burst in, and the halls of the stately palace reëchoed to drunken cries and the beating of drums. The inmates of the little room looked for nothing but death. No one, however, disturbed their retirement. At about six they ventured out, and found the royal family on the balcony of the great court, in face of the rabble. Then the Queen advanced, leading her son and daughter. As the mob howled to her to put away the children, she calmly led them back, and advanced again alone, standing pale but unflinching while two bullets whistled past her into the wall; one of them scattering the chips of stone and plaster among the group in which our informant stood. He glided forward presently beside the Queen, and saw the severed heads and the pikes and the "bearded man"‡ with his dripping axe, preparing to exercise his self-constituted office on eight more of the guards who were lying bound on the earth, awaiting death; but when the King signified that he acceded to the demands made of him, the people unbound the soldiers and raised them up and kissed them. Mob was king, and celebrated his rule by dragging the unhappy Louis in triumph back to Paris. A long line of carriages followed,

* July 22nd, 1789.

† The Princesses Adelaide and Victoria, daughters of Louis XV.

‡ M. de Neuilly tells us that Jourdan Coup-tête had lived on his celebrated beard as a model for painters.

full of pale faces and sick hearts, while women danced and yelled round the head-surmounted pikes, thrusting the grisly trophies ever and anon through the windows of the coaches, to frighten the ladies. One of the heads had, in barbarous sport, been powdered and curled. The Countess de Neuilly and her son were in the mournful train; the boy was weary, and slept, but on the hill of Passy his mother roused him to see the Duke of Orleans with his children smiling from a balcony on the scene below.*

Soon after these events the Count betook himself, with his mother, to his native province of Lorraine, as being safer than Paris. Safe, however, it was not; the revolutionary spirit was seething throughout the land. Before long the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had come forward to lay hands on the family château of Vrecourt, retiring only at the sight of a well-arranged defence, coupled with a hint from the spirited Countess that certain vaults around the house were stored with gunpowder. Soon after, the garrison of the neighbouring town of Nancy revolted, drove out their officers, and resolved to have done with obeying. The commander at Metz sent a force to bring the mutineers to a sense of duty. This force was approaching the gate of Nancy; a gun was planted in their path ready for a fatal volley. At the last moment one of the expelled officers of the garrison advanced to parley with his men. His speeches had no effect, but drawing gradually up to the gun he threw himself upon the touch-hole and clasped the piece with his arms and legs. He was bayoneted as he clung, but meantime the gate was gained before the gun could be fired. Stray fragments of success could not, however, restore the fortunes of the nobles or the King, and the emigration set in. The Countess de Neuilly resolved to expatriate herself as others were doing, and with her son and daughter made for Coblentz. There "Monsieur" the King's brother, had established himself in what state and luxury he could while preparing to attempt the rescue of his unhappy relation. The young Count was received into the quasi-royal guard, and became a soldier while still boy enough to solace himself with plum-cake in the lonely watches of the night. He was once surprised on duty by Monsieur himself, with his mouth quite full. It is always interesting to know what were the ways and thoughts of prominent men at critical times. At this crisis of history

* The presence of the Duke has often been denied; M. de Neuilly, however, speaks positively to having seen him, and describes his costume and other particulars.

Monsieur and his circle talked mostly of theatres, operas, songs, tittle-tattle, and scandal. Preparations were, however, making meanwhile for a march on Paris. The army was composed of Austrians, Prussians, and *emigrés*; the latter taking the field in superb order and in bravery of uniforms faced with crimson and slashed with silver. The King of Prussia commanded the expedition, which crossed the frontier towards the end of August, 1792. The campaign was short, and not glorious. After advancing two-thirds of the way to Paris, and having fought some not very considerable skirmishes, the army suddenly began to retreat on the 22nd of September, cursing their general, and accusing him of cowardice and of treachery, and chafing at their impotence to help the unfortunate Louis, now left a more hopeless captive than ever. Heavy rains dissolved the finery of their uniforms, the stiff white mud of Champagne sucked the soles from their shoes, their Prussian allies plundered their baggage, and a pestilence arose that smote down hundreds on the daily march and in the nightly bivouacs. Followed by a carrion train of wolves from Ardennes, the soldiers, one month before so gay and so full of hope, struggled back into their land of exile.

The French princes were no longer in a condition to keep an army, and their faithful followers were dismissed with many thanks for past services and hopes of future recompense. The Count de Neuilly was dismissed with the rest, and turned out alone on the world, not knowing where to seek his mother. He betook himself first to Liege, which he found turned topsy-turvy by the fear of the approaching French. Canons and priests and religious were getting together relics, sacred vessels, and valuables in preparation for flight. Liege could evidently afford no resting place. Alone, therefore, without guard or guide, with no property but his clothes and his horse, not knowing whither he was going, and careless whither he went, the boy of fifteen again set out;—he who had so lately seemed one of the spoiled children of fortune, one of those whom the hard knocks of the world could never reach. He came in his journeying to the junction of two roads. Neither of them had anything to recommend him to follow it rather than the other, so putting his hat on the point of his sword, and spinning it round, he followed the pointing of the central peak, and by so doing came to Aix-la-Chapelle. At Aix a lucky chance at a gaming table, which he found surrounded by a crowd of French nobles, filled the young adventurer's pockets with a seasonable supply of cash; and a lucky meeting with an uncle afforded the means of a more comfortable prosecution of his journey. Trying

on this occasion to sell his steed, he found that horses were such a drug in the market as to prevent a higher bid than twelve francs for the charger. The journey with this uncle, the Vicomte de Boisgelin, gives occasion to the introduction of an anecdote related by that nobleman, which well shows how such a scourge even as the revolution may, in God's hands, chasten while it afflicts, and save where it seems to destroy. A nephew of the Viscount, an abbé, not in orders, but holding two or three benefices, had been one of the most celebrated *gourmands* in France. He had made one of five who, for a wager with Philippe-Egalité, had eaten a dinner prepared for twenty-five, and their success had been owing mainly to the abbé's exertions. When the Revolution came his non-sacerdotal character did not save him, and his title caused him to be confined with so many of the clergy in the prison of the Carmes. On the 2nd of September these ecclesiastics, as is well known, were massacred. The Abbé de Boisgelin, at the last moment before the butchery, advanced before his comrades: "My life has been a scandal," he said, "may my death be a reparation." Then, kneeling, he made a public confession, and, having received the blessing of the venerable Archbishop of Arles, asked to be allowed to lead the way to death. His wish was granted, and he died in lingering agony, amidst the hacking of sabres and the stabs of pikes.

Before long our Count was in arms again, having joined a corps of Nobles raised in the pay of Holland when the murder of the French King had induced that state to declare war against France. In his new service the young nobleman was a simple private, and had to tend his horse, sweep the stable, and gather fodder as a genuine trooper. The force in which he had been enrolled was soon actively engaged, taking part in the combined operations directed against France by England, Holland, and the German powers. The Dutch army operated in Belgium and Flanders, being opposed by Dumouriez. Many scenes and circumstances of this campaign are vividly sketched by our narrator. The *emigrés* fought literally with their lives in their hands, as death was the certain fate of those who were taken. The army had to stand helpless on one bank of the Sambre while the enemy shot before their eyes, on the other, a nobleman captured the day before. These cruelties were not retaliated. Drouet, a "Representative," fell into the hands of the allies: but though every article of his attire was at once appropriated by his captors, and though the Hungarian hussars, hearing that he was one of those who were keeping the daughter of Maria Theresa in prison, wished to hang

him, and being prevented from so doing, drubbed him with the flat of their swords, and then dragged him with a halter round his neck, clad only in his shirt, in triumph to the camp, yet from those of his enemies who might have been expected to be most pitiless he experienced no cruelty, and after a captivity of two years was one of the number exchanged for the Princess Royal.

Some matters of mere personal interest in these memoirs are too curious or characteristic to pass over without a word. Such is the case of Launay, an *emigré*, a friend of our Count, a brave and expert soldier, who after many battles and dangers carelessly gone through, began to be haunted with a growing conviction of the approach of death. This conviction at last pointed to a particular day, and on that day, having gone through the thick of the fight without harm, he fell by an apparent chance when the danger seemed over. Such also is the adventure of the Count, who, being dogged by an opponent all through a skirmish, at last charged his persecutor, whom he wounded by a sabre cut, but was held from hurting further by the cry—"Mercy! I am a woman." She was wounded mortally, and in spite of all care died, but not before she had blessed her slayer for having brought it about that she should have the desire and the chance of making her peace with God before her death.

Other sketches are of a more general interest, such as that of the venerable almoner galloping up to a troop as it was preparing to go into action, and crying, "Gentlemen, many of you are probably about to appear before your God, kneel down and make your act of contrition and I will give you absolution *in extremis*,"—and the nobles who with all their many faults never lost their faith, knelt down much moved, and did as he bade them. Another vigorous sketch is that of the sacking of Solre-le-Chateau, where five hours' pillage was granted to the troops, and where, besides the usual horrors of such an occasion—the robberies and massacres and nameless enormities, the dying of numbers through sheer drinking, and the gutters running with strong liquors tinted with blood and mingled with filth, while precious stuffs and furniture, and even bags of coin, were thrown into the midst of the streets to lie amid gashed and disfigured corpses—a novel piece of brutality was devised by the Croats and Velaques, who formed a large portion of the victorious force:—having lighted a huge fire round the tree of liberty, they then piled it up with the bodies of the slain.

At Nimeguen, de Neuilly saw for the first time a regiment of "Scotch Mountaineers." Out of curiosity he followed them as

they advanced to storm a redoubt, and saw them, "unimpeded by *culottes*, clamber over the works like cats, with their guns on their backs, claymore in hand." The campaign, as usual, went against the allies; the United Provinces were evacuated, and soon after the force to which the Count belonged was disbanded. Meanwhile the Countess de Neuilly and her daughter had with the rest of the non-combatant *emigrés* found the bitterness of their lot increased not a little by the ill-fortune of their friends. Driven by the approach of the French from Utrecht, where they had been for some time staying, they betook themselves first to Amsterdam, and then with much labour and pain across a country cumbered with snow to the port of Helder, from whence they intended to embark for England. Numberless other refugees had betaken themselves to the same place with the same intent, but the sea was frozen; and, enclosed in a *cul-de-sac*, the luckless troop could but await in utter helplessness the coming of their enemies. These soon came, and dragged the fugitives amid all manner of indignities and hardships back again to Utrecht. There a military commission was to judge them; but when they reached Utrecht they found that the commissioners had migrated to Breda, and had to follow thither too. On the road a thaw set in after the long frost. The River Whaal, which lay in their way, had to be crossed partly on the ice and partly by fording on the horses of the hussars who acted as escort. Clementine de Neuilly, the Count's sister, stiffened with cold, fell from her seat into the water, and was carried beneath the ice; and when rescued she had to pursue her journey without even a change of clothes. Arrived at Breda they found the commission intent on severity, when a sudden deliverer arose for the Countess and her daughter in the person of General Vandamme, who for some unexplained motive interested himself in their fate, and not only rescued them from danger and obtained permission for them to betake themselves whither they would, but also provided them with a good round sum of money for their expenses, all at the charge of the republic "one and indivisible." "I fancy however," says the Count, "that Holland, which was a good milch-cow, really bore the burden." The Countess and her daughter then betook themselves to Hamburg, which was to be for several years the chief centre of the emigration.

At Hamburg the *emigrés* had to look the necessities of life boldly in the face. The funds brought from France were all spent, and the prospects of a recovery of their fortune seemed

desperate. Accordingly each struggled for a livelihood as he or she best could. The Countess de Neuilly established a small milliner's shop, and prided herself on the skill she displayed in trimmings and embroideries. M. de Neuilly also mentions a Marquis and a Countess becoming partners in a provision store; a Count turning himself into a distiller, while others taught drawing, dancing, or fencing, and the daughter of the Marshal de Noailles was rich beyond the common as owner of thirty cows, the superintendence of which was undertaken by the Marquise de Montagu.

After the breaking up of his corps M. de Neuilly joined his mother at Hamburg. He there encountered various celebrities, and notably Klopstock. Those who struggle in vain to follow the inspired frenzies of the "German Milton" (the *very* German Milton, as Coleridge observed) may be consoled to hear the bard's declaration that he often could not follow them himself, and that when he tried to begin in the middle of one of his own poems the attempt was hopeless;—he had to turn back to the commencement that he might catch the spirit. After a considerable period of forced inaction, unable to remain any longer eating the bread of idleness in his mother's house, the Count decided on entering the service of Austria. He enlisted as a simple private but was not allowed to remain in so low a rank. Before long the army of which he formed part was ordered to cooperate in Switzerland with the Russians, commanded by Suwarrow.* This gives occasion for an interesting sketch of that famous man, "whose troops were all obedience to his iron will, while they worshipped him and were ready to rush on certain death at his slightest beck." "I had thought," adds the Count, "to see one of those men who are grand in their very ugliness, strongly built, and with a face full of character. I beheld instead a little, old, insignificant-looking man, wizened and ill-formed, wearing a linen blouse, despite the rigour of the cold, affecting to speak the language of inspiration, and often looking uncommonly like a zany. Every day he took a cold bath, for weeks together he drank water only, then for a course of weeks he took to strong drinks, and the change had no visible effect. He was perpetually making the sign of the cross, and when he met a priest of whatsoever creed, threw himself on his knees and asked a blessing. Yet when one of his 'popes' fell into fault he would box his ears or condemn him to the knout. Sometimes without any motive he dressed himself in the full

* 1799.

uniform of a Field-marshal, with embroidery on every seam, and covered with stars and cordons of honour. Sometimes he sat down on the ground among his men and ate of their rations, in presence of his staff, and even of us. One of his generals having failed in his duty was rated soundly, and then bidden to don the leather bonnet and shoulder-belts of a grenadier, to shoulder a musket and mount guard for two hours at the commander's door. There I saw him."

Such was Suwarrow; the troops under his command were even less agreeable. Insatiable of appetite, light fingered, appropriating baggage or horses, or anything else, with equal readiness, and as a matter of course, they were the terror of the country they traversed, and though they came to deliver, were received everywhere with bolts and bars and barricades. Their appearance was ludicrous, their dress being in form like that of the Prussians during the seven years' war, but green instead of blue. Their hats were three-cornered, two of these corners drooped to the shoulder. Moreover these Russian soldiers were filthy in the extreme. The Czar determined to recall his forces from their distant campaign, and accordingly they set out for Russia by divisions. To each division was attached an Austrian officer acquainted with French, to act as interpreter. M. de Neuilly had to attend one in this capacity, and had moreover o act as a mediator between the high-handed soldiers and the peasants whose country they traversed. On one occasion three Russians had gone out to pillage, and a brawl having ensued two of them had been killed;—the Russian general, Count Cheremeteff, breathed revenge, and was for having the offending village put to the edge of the sword. M. de Neuilly interposed. He promised, if the matter were left in his hands, to settle it according to justice; but if Cheremeteff persisted in his designs of violence, the small Austrian force that attended the march should be called out to oppose, the tocsin should be sounded, and the *Landsturm* raised,—a breach between the governments might follow and "the Count Cheremeteff would assuredly start to trap blue foxes in Siberia." This alarming picture had the effect intended. M. de Neuilly was appointed arbiter in the matter, and decided that the peasants though justified in resistance might have stopped short of homicide, and that therefore the guilty parties should receive each a hundred blows of the cane from the Austrian corporals. These corporals were instructed to make as much show of hard hitting as was consistent with not hitting very hard, and private instructions were sent

to the victims to come with their clothes well padded, and at each stroke to wince and grimace as if in pain. Thus the matter came to a harmless end. The Russian dogs and horses of Cheremeteff were each in their way remarkable. The tall Siberian hounds made short work of a wolf which was caught and throttled almost as soon as seen; a Cossack horse, which M. de Neuilly was induced to mount, first absolutely refused to budge an inch, then at a word of Cheremeteff it went away like the wind and refused absolutely to stop; finally in mid career another word of its master brought the animal to a dead halt, and sent its rider forward on to the mane, vowing that never again would he mount a brute so utterly beyond reason.

At Ulm M. de Neuilly was relieved from his office of interpreter. Shortly after, an attempt to desert on the part of two Polish soldiers, who aggravated their guilt by firing on the sentries, gives him occasion to describe that most summary of tribunals, a drum-head Court-martial. What may be the practice of the English army in such cases we know not, in the Austrian service the matter is (or was?) conducted thus. The culprit must be judged and, if necessary, executed within twenty-four hours of his arrest without having meanwhile been under a roof. The judging body consists of a major, as president, two captains, two lieutenants, two ensigns, two non-commissioned officers and two privates. These assemble in the open air, in a semicircle. In front of the president stands a drum on which lie crossed a sword and a staff. The proceedings are conducted standing. The minutes of the process are entered in pencil on the vellum covering of a book. When the case has been stated and the evidence heard the president takes the sense of the assembly; those who are for a condemnation hold up their right hands, with thumb erect. If these be the majority the president takes the sword from off the drum and delivers sentence, otherwise he takes up the staff and kisses it. A hundred yards from the judges the youngest of the officers is waiting on horseback, and as soon as he learns a verdict of guilty has to repair at full gallop to the colonel to beg grace for the culprit. This the colonel may accord or refuse. In the latter case the execution follows at once. A still more awful ceremony is that of decimation, as employed in the case of a Croat regiment, which having served the usual time had refused flatly to serve any longer, and had been for marching off by force. Here were seen the hardening effects of long acquaintance with the shedding of blood. As each victim fell he was dragged aside that the next might

fill his place; often the man who was about to die helped to drag aside the corpse of the last slain. Many walked to death with their pipes in their mouths. None exhibited any softening or any fear.

Towards the end of April 1800 Moreau crossed the Rhine, and having utterly bewildered the Austrian commanders by his apparently contradictory manœuvres,* fought on the 2nd of May the battle of Engen against the Austrian centre, commanded by General Kray. In this battle M. de Neuilly's regiment was engaged. The battle went against the Austrians, who had weakened their centre to support their right, on which they expected the chief attack to be made. M. de Neuilly having been wounded in the leg and separated from his friends had to make a hobbling escape as best he could, sometimes getting a lift in a cart, sometimes obliged to travel on foot, and induced to travel quickly by the rapid advance of the enemy, who for three days were ever at his heels. Having overtaken his friends he in time recovered from his hurt and was presently despatched with two hundred men to carry on a partisan warfare in the enemy's rear—the scene marked for their operations being the Tyrol and the Voralberg. Their most notable exploit was the capture of a convoy of brandy, and the invention of an ingenious expedient to facilitate the safe conveying of their prisoners, the bands of whose trousers being cut, the occupants found ample employment in sustaining the said garments, and thus were rendered helpless for escape.

Rejoining the main army our informant was again witness of several note-worthy scenes: a temporary truce occasioned by the appearance of a luckless fox between the skirmishers of the two armies, who forgot their animosity to hunt him,—a more regular suspension of arms when those who had been enemies just before, and were to be enemies shortly again, met and chatted and pledged each other with the greatest good will; and a night's rest enjoyed by himself, wearied with a day's fighting on the field of battle, with a tree for shelter, and, as he found when light came, a corpse for a pillow. Being sent on a mission to Moreau the Count had an opportunity of observing the state of affairs in the camp of the enemy. While entertained for three days at the French Commander's table he heard with astonishment the "thous" and "thees" and "citizen-generals" of his countrymen. Moreau suspected the nationality of his guest,

* Alison xxxi 12.

and promised him every protection should he wish to betake himself again to his native land.

In a military point of view the French were immeasurably superior to their adversaries, over whose shortcoming M. de Neuilly groans in the letters written at this period to his mother. The evidence of abuses was as flagrant as their correction seemed hopeless. A set of "*vieilles perruques*" at the head of affairs thought that what had been must ever continue to be, aud that the supreme order of all things was red-tape. Granting that the tactics of the French were superior to their own, they yet never thought of altering the latter, and kept their men in unwieldy columns, packed "like herrings," while the enemy breaking into clouds of skirmishers always managed to turn their flanks. In addition to this the Austrian officers surrendered themselves prisoners with alarming facility, When they had fought against the Turks who beheaded captives it had been far otherwise; now when opposed to the more humane French, officers would speculate before a battle as to where they would probably be sent should they fall into the hands of the enemy, and promise themselves a pleasant time of rest. After the combat of Memmingen there were one hundred and thirty-three Austrian officers prisoners at Moreau's head-quarters, and some who had not been through all the engagements of the war, or nearly all, had yet been taken three or four times. The condition of the army in the winter campaign of 1800, under the Archduke John, was pitiable in the extreme. Weary and wasted with former labours, and disheartened by former ill-luck, wretchedly appointed, and so ill cared for as to have no sleeping place better than a ploughed field on a rainy November night, stinted of provisions, and destitute even of shoes, and the barest necessaries of clothing, the soldiers were dragged to meet their terrible foes. What wonder that such a state of affairs should have resulted in Hohenlinden!

The troops were at last sent to repose in winter quarters, January 1st, 1801. And high time, adds M. de Neuilly; had the campaign lasted a month more the army would have been dissolved. But in the gloomy picture there is one bright spot. Whenever the Archduke Charles appears on the scene, grumbling gives way to panegyric. He is "the guardian angel of the empire"—"all but the guardian deity of the army." When he is not with them the wretched soldiers pray for his coming. As soon as he comes amongst them their woes experience sensible relief. The imbecility of the commissariat is counteracted, there is some method in the marches, and some regularity in the supplies. Had not a

piece of State jobbery, says the Count, put Kray in the Archduke's place, the French would never have dictated a peace under the walls of Vienna. As it was, to him alone could it be attributed that the empire was not utterly overthrown. That empire might have been his if he would, but he was too loyal to desire more than the performance of his duty.

With this enthusiastic picture the main interest of the memoir ends. Before long the *emigrés* became aware that under the more intelligent rule of Napoleon, France was no longer closed to them, and accordingly flocked back to the country to which so long they had been strangers, if not enemies. M. de Neuilly, like others, returned to find, in his native province, a home and a resting place after his stormy youth. At the Restoration, in 1814, he was made "écuyer de main" to the King, and was afterwards promoted to the dignity of "écuyer cavalcadour." He lived to witness and to lament the second expulsion of the Royal Family in which his political allegiance was centred.

γρδ.

"Look up, and Speak to me."

Well fare the hand that thus thy mood hath caught—
That scroll of ancient wisdom on thy knee,
Thine eyes tranc'd down in deep and tranquil thought—
But, oh, look up on me!

Those sister faces gleaming from the wall,
Their gazing haunts me, turn me where I will,
A sad sweet welcome streams to me from all,
And thou alone art still!

And yet, not soaring thought nor storied scroll,
Nor that great task which took thee o'er the sea,
Can wake the musical echoes of thy soul,
As one short word with me.

Look up! tis time: thrice now the teeming ground
Hath told, in homage for the gracious showers,
From primrose to chrysanthemum all round,
Its rosary of flowers.

Thy favourite thorn hath bloom'd in tender red,
The myrtle plant hath prank'd her delicate spray,
Laburnums o'er thy seat their gold have shed,
And yet thou wast away!

Away! when not a waning moon, but brought
Some birthday, beaconing o'er the weeks before,
Some tender memory, shar'd in silent thought,
Of those who are no more.

Yule-tide, and haymaking, and harvest-home,
The apple-gathering, or the hiving bee—
From Christmas round to Christmas they have come,
How full of thoughts of thee!

How full each day, each hour, from when the dawn
Sets in clear light the jagged range afar,
To faintest sun-flush, lingering, where the lawn
Slopes to the west'ring star.

Oh! speak, 'tis time—not only falling leaves
Have fall'n, nor flowers alone have droop'd their head,
But that stern garnerer of human sheaves,
He hath us visited.

That fairy child, who, when she heard thy call,
Ran from her toys to crow upon thy knee,
Lies by her sire, beyond yon ivied wall,
Beneath the old yew tree.

Scarce faded were the ringings of her voice,
Scarce had our hearts been tutor'd not to miss
Her up-turned face beside us, and rejoice
That she was lapp'd in bliss,

Another went—our brother—he, thy friend
In all that kindred strife held fast thy part;
He bade me kneel beside him ere his end,
And bless'd thee from his heart.

Oh, come! thine old haunts call for thee, and I—
Once more the primrose stars the grassy lane—
Soon will all blossoms woo the soft May sky—
Look up, and speak again!

A Letter on the Proceedings of certain Westminster Magistrates.

London, Dec. — 1867.

Being a busy man, as you know, my dear Mr. Editor, I commonly go for my modern history to the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where I find the news of the day in a compressed form. May I beg a little of your limited space for a few questions, suggested to my mind by things which I have read there and elsewhere?

First. It has lately been pointed out very forcibly, how much England has to learn from Prussia and other Continental states in the art of war. When shall we see attention drawn to the lessons they teach us in the art of government during time of peace? Prussia's needle-gun is not so useful a study at this moment, as the prompt declaration of her Minister at the end of the late filibustering expedition of the Government of Florence, that she would respect with tenderness the rights and feelings of her newly acquired Catholic subjects. This declaration has, I think, been made good by deeds. Were Count Bismarck ruling here over our commingled races, would he suffer, in a time of discontent and agitation like the present, a dozen Visiting Justices in a Westminister prison, within sight of our Parliament Houses, to insult and exasperate the Catholic population of London, of England, and of Ireland, by enforcing that tyrannical system over the consciences of two hundred Irish women prisoners, which has lately been described in so many of our influential organs, and been made the subject of complaints in Parliament?

Secondly. I learn from the same sources, that twelve thousand brave men, and mules innumerable, are gone out to Abyssinia to take part in the work of chastising a tyrant who has dared to shut up in prison unoffending

British subjects. Hereupon, I ask myself this question: is there much difference between the sin of imprisoning unjustly a few British subjects, and the sin of treating with an injustice and cruelty, repugnant to divine and human law alike, a vast number of British subjects legally committed to prison? If the Visiting Justices of Tothill Fields persist, with Theodore, in spite of appeals, in spite of remonstrances, in spite of our press, and in spite of Parliament, in the indulgence of their eccentric tastes towards the prisoners in their power, ought not our soldiers, or our mules, or both, be made to practise first against these Theodores at home, and then to move on to Abyssinia? A very small force, it seems to me, would suffice to clear the board-room of Visiting Justices so entirely out of date, so unseasonable at a time like this, when all wise conciliation is so sorely needed, and to instal in their seats some authority less impenetrable and less impartial, or, if I may use a melancholy joke, less wooden than the present board.

Thirdly. I observe also in the same summary of news that the police are untiring in their domiciliary visits, in order to discover and bring to justice secret treason. Well, I say to myself, is there not a secret and most mischievous meeting held every Saturday, in the very heart of the Metropolis, with doors practically bolted and barred—so that no witness from the outer world shall be there, either to see the Visiting Justices of Tothill Fields sip their tea or to hear them give their votes? and is there anything decreed at the midnight meetings of Fenians more sure to perpetuate animosity, and hatred, and crime, than that persecuting code of prison discipline which these Justices doggedly maintain in full force against the consciences of two hundred helpless Irish women? No Sunday for them—no instruction, no worship, no religion—save the religion established by law for the Protestant population of England. The cell-door of these very miserable women is opened on these wintry Sunday mornings, and this choice is offered to each of them: either put out entirely the last remaining sparks of conscience and come to enjoy the music, the relief, the comparative bliss of the Protestant Sunday Service, or else—the door closes

again, and you must bear the triple torment of prolonged cold, of silent loneliness, and the bitterness of a revengeful heart.

Fourthly. I have further learned from the papers that the London cabmen are resisting resolutely the new law enjoining them to carry a light at night time. But I understand that they are rising in arms, not from any hatred to lamp-lights, but simply on financial grounds. Badly paid already, they object to any new tax that must lessen their scanty earnings. This is not very unreasonable; and if the Visiting Justices of Westminster Prison did nothing more than object to furnish at their own expense the light of instruction to poor Irish women in prison, well, this might indeed be a very unwise proceeding, and possibly, considering their office, a grave neglect of duty on the part of the Justices, but still it would fall immeasurably short of their present folly, which will not suffer a Catholic Clergyman to give a little light at his own cost, and without one penny of wages, to uneducated prisoners who badly want it, and for want of it are again and again recommitted to the care of these most unfit guardians. Now I suppose that we should not find one cabman in London unwilling to allow his cab to carry a lamp, provided some one were found to furnish lamp and oil and wicks, and to keep all clean and in order. Of the two, then, the cabman seems a more sensible, a more moderate, and more fair-minded being than the Tothill Fields Justice, and therefore I ask myself: is there no plan by which an exchange could be effected? would it be possible to have some select cabmen to manage our prisons, and to transfer to the Justices the care of cab-horses, which are by law protected from the cruelty of eccentric men?

Fifthly. The same journals inform me that the voice of this nation and of our Government has within the last few weeks proclaimed this great maxim, that leniency towards great crimes against society is suicidal weakness. Well, the Visiting Justices of Tothill Field are, I say to myself, guilty of a very grave offence against society, by preventing grace from reaching two hundred Roman Catholic prisoners, by turning a prison which ought to be a haven of refuge and a school of repentance, into a

spiritual slaughter-house, by letting loose prisoners more corrupt than when they entered; by fostering in the breasts of our Catholic population the mischievous conviction, that for them there is no fair play in England; and lastly by perpetuating that oppression of the poor which never fails sooner or later to call down vengeance from Heaven, and to bring on that wild retaliation of the poor which is the appointed scourge of those who tyrannize on them. Therefore, I remember our old school lessons, and I ask, *Quousque tandem*—how long are these Catilines to abuse our patience? How long is Heli's feeble method to be followed towards these sons of Heli who misuse their powers? When shall we see tried upon the obstinate malady of these Justices some stronger medicine than a mild remonstrance from the Home Secretary? When shall we at last have seen the end of Permissive Bills which give these Justices—facetiously so-called—*permission* to be fair to the Irish women in their prison? Permissive Bills! If ever we submit again to hear that Parliament is kindly preparing another Permissive Bill to *empower* Justices to be just to the Irish Catholic Prisoners, we ought at least beseech our law-givers to grant at the same time permissive bills allowing our milkmen to pour no water into their cans, our Westend tailors to give clothes for nothing, Mr. Whalley to make no speeches, the Ritualists to use no incense, and the Dean of Westminster and Dr. Tait to resign their dignities in order to become Papal Zouaves.

Sixthly. I have gathered from the papers that the Royal Commission in the Ritual Question has adopted as a fundamental principle of its report, that no man has a right to force upon reluctant parishioners a form of worship abhorred by them. Well, then, I ask, do the Commissioners, does Parliament, does the nation at large, make an exception in favour of the Visiting Justices of Tothill Fields Prison? Are they to be allowed as their special privilege to compel by the torment of cold, of silence, of loneliness, and by many other petty aggravations, two hundred imprisoned Catholic women to attend the ministrations of the Protestant Chaplain?

Lastly, we have been told over and over again of late, that now "Ireland's evil day is over"—that England has

every disposition to bring her habitual love of fair play to bear on the wrongs of her sister. God grant that these prophecies may be true! For to those who like myself have intimate friends and a real home in both countries, what so terrible as this everlasting feud between race and race, creed and ereed? Still I cannot help saying to myself—if the good time be come indeed, why do we still see our Visiting Justices, our picked model men, the very types of this country's fairness, here in the centre of London, where the new fashion of justice to Ireland ought to make its earliest appearance, oppressing two hundred Irish women, to whom the dawn of clemency should come earlier by rights than to Irish men, with a severity which no magistrate in our dominions would dare to employ against two hundred English women, or two hundred Scotch women, or two hundred Welsh women. Picture to yourself the scene reversed. Let it be known in England that some daring and demented Catholic justices are, within the walls of a certain Bastile in London, by well devised penalties and annoyances, compelling two hundred Protestant women to assist at Mass and say their beads. What would be the effect of this intelligence? Within a week Hyde Park would be occupied by monster meetings, and the rare spectacle of a Home Secretary in tears would once more be seen as deputation after deputation confronts and browbeats him—"Pity me, my friends," he would say, "pity me, and give me time, and it never shall happen again—never—never."

A Lover of Celt and Saxon.

Eudoxia; a Picture of the Fifth Century.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

It was the last year of the fourth century. In the imperial palace of Constantinople a strange silence reigned: every foot trod softly, every voice was subdued: it was as though all the inmates were oppressed by a sense of foreboding and expectation. In one of the ante-chambers, three men, lounging on luxurious cushions, had yielded to the influence of the prevailing atmosphere. One was asleep, the second was nodding, and the third was yawning. Suddenly the heavy silken curtain over the entrance-door was drawn aside, and a fourth person glided in.

"Amantius!" cried the yawning gentleman so loud, that his companions were wide awake in a moment, while Amantius lifted his hand warningly. "Come, now, tell us all about it; have you seen her?"

"Seen her?—I!" was the amazed answer, "you are dreaming, Hylas!"

"And how long is this cheerful state of things to continue, I wonder? Sacrifices are offered in silence to the infernal gods: I think *our* sacrifice is unconscionably long."

"Only, good Hylas, there are no infernal gods," said Amantius quietly.

"True—only earthly goddesses—all I know is, but for you I should be apt to follow Arsenius."

"Then certainly it is well for you that I *am* here. Tired out with three quiet days, and yet meditating on the life of a solitary, and perpetual silence," said his friend smiling, "no, my Hylas, *that* is not your vocation."

"Ah—it just shows what ideas one may take up in a state of semi-petrifaction."

"*You* may take up certainly: Arsenius came to his resolution by rather a different process."

"How was it then? tell us for pity's sake: anything to stir one up a bit; I feel myself shrivelling up perceptibly. Now begin—Arsenius was the tutor of the illustrius Arcadius,"—

"But before Amantius could commence his tale, there was a rustling and movement in the outer ante-chambers. The four chamberlains started to their feet, and a haughty looking woman entered. There were the remains of great beauty in her face but the look of pride was still more striking. Hylas and his companions stood on each side in respectful attitudes, and the lady, in her long trailing robes of the finest white wool passed silently between them. But when some other ladies were about to follow her, Amantius stepped forward, for the chamberlains had to guard the inner apartments, and if an exception were to be made in the first lady's favour, he saw no reason for admitting her suite. The lady, however, just glanced over her shoulder at Amantius, and saying "I will take it upon myself," passed on, and the curtain fell behind her and her attendants.

When the echo of their footsteps had died away, Hylas said, "I would give anything if she were refused admission. How I should enjoy seeing her come back!"

"A mother can always visit her daughter," answered Amantius.

"But she is only foster-mother to our illustrious mistress."

"She has been a real mother in all care and tenderness."

"O, I dare say she laid her plans from the first, and foresaw all along that the most noble Eudoxia would fill the place she does."

"No, Hylas, no," said Amantius gravely, "such a thing would have seemed a sheer impossibility."

"She managed to make it possible, anyhow!"

"Wrong again: it was not her doing."

"Who did it then?"

"Eutropius."

Hylas stared at the speaker incredulously for a minute, and then he said in a still lower voice, "All Constantinople knows that between Eutropius and the Empress there is— no love lost."

"And yet the facts are as I say, and all Constantinople knows that too. Only it is not talked about, because the Consul is not popular."

"Not popular! that is a mild expression: Eutropius not popular, indeed!"

As Hylas raised his voice a little, the third chamberlain caught

the words, and said, "I beg your pardon, he is uncommonly popular with his friends."

"He has not got any," growled Hylas, "only creatures and accomplices."

"As you please: they swear by him all the same. Witness Leo the wool-carder, and Alexander the sausage-dealer, whom he has made commander of the cavalry and imperial treasurer."

"If I were Augustus, the whole lot of cattle should soon be sent packing," said the indignant Hylas: "I wonder he didn't set the sausage-maker's daughter on the throne, it would have been more in his line."

"Other motives, other influences were in the ascendant in those days," returned Amantius: "and besides, the deepest plotter is outwitted now and then."

"Heaven send we may see such an event in the case of Eutropius! You are to be envied, Amantius, for remembering a time when he was not the principal person in the empire."

"The principal person!" said the third chamberlain, in a puzzled tone, "why that can only be the illustrious Arcadius."

"Quite right, Theophanes. Hylas lets his tongue run rather fast, but he knows that as well as you or I. And you need not envy me, Hylas: every day brings its own cares."

"Still, the time of the great Theodosius must have been worth living in—a man who carried the world and its cares like Atlas, on his shoulders! Come, I am determined on having a story of some sort: tell us something about him and the saintly empress Ælia Flaccilla, your first mistress. That's the way you got all your goodness: example's everything!"

"If I had followed hers, I should have considerably more goodness, Hylas:" and Amantius went on to speak tenderly and reverently of Flaccilla, her many virtues, and her early death. It was by her wish that he had remained in the service of her young son Arcadius, who was only eight years old at his mother's death, though he had worn the purple as Augustus for two years. Arcadius had always honoured his mother's faithful friend, and by his command Amantius was attached to the household of the Empress Eudoxia.

"Go on, Amantius," said Hylas presently, "we have come to none of the cares you spoke of yet."

"Do you believe in none but personal sorrows, you selfish Hylas?" said Amantius playfully, and he went on to tell of the second marriage, with Galla, sister of Valentinian, the Emperor of the West, of the murder of her two gallant nephews

Gratian and Valentinian the younger, and then of the death of the great Emperor himself in the prime of life.

"So it all ends," said Hylas,—"death at last for all, emperors and beggars! with this difference, that beggars do not get murdered."

"Which is the best off, then," asked Theophanes, "the beggar who lives to old age, and dies as poor as he has lived, or a Cæsar Augustus, who is cut off in all his glory by the hand of an assassin?"

"I do not admire extremes," answered Hylas, "I am for something between the two."

"Hark!" whispered Theophanes, "she is coming back: it has been a short visit."

"The lady looked displeased and out of sorts, and the folds of her mantle or shawl, as we should call it, were less carefully arranged than usual. She passed through the suite of ante-chambers into an arcade which surrounded the inner court, where her litter-bearers, six gigantic Cappadocians, all clothed in dark blue, and all of the same height, were lounging beside a sparkling fountain which fell into a deep basin of prophyry. On the appearance of their mistress, they hastened to bring forward a costly litter of cedar inlaid with ivory, and when she had placed herself on the silken cushions, the slaves bore their burden with swift elastic tread through the network of streets leading from the palace to the harbour, till the whole train vanished from sight in a stately dwelling overlooking the Bosphorus.

CHAPTER II.

THE LORD OF THE EAST.

The century which was just closing began with Constantine, and drew to an end with Theodosius. Now, in its last year, Arcadius, a youth of two and twenty, ruled from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, from the Danube to the cataracts of the Nile. I say, he ruled these fair lands: but an unworthy favourite ruled him. Everything was bought and sold, justice, place, honours: every one cringed to the favourite: and avarice, luxury, and self-indulgence were the idols to which sacrifices were offered, as many and costly as when the old heathen temples were thronged with votaries. And yet Arcadius was not a bad, not even a frivolous young man. He was gentle and pious, and pure in

life, but of a character so inconceivably weak, that he seemed incapable of independent action, and was all his life ruled by others, less from want of understanding than from weakness of will. It must be hard, certainly, to turn out good for much when one has been an emperor from one's childhood, and consequently treated with the slavish idolatry with which Orientals honour their masters; it must be difficult to strengthen a character which has never known opposition, and a heart which has never been visited by those heavenly messengers—trial and sorrow. He lost his mother too early to mourn for her; still, young as he was, she had laid the foundation of firm Christian principles, and he preserved them with fidelity at least, though their fruits were scanty. His father was rarely with him, and his tutor Arsenius, a man of high and noble character, disgusted with the courtly atmosphere in which his influence was powerless, left the palace for the desert of the Thebaid. Just now, Arcadius was in anything but a comfortable state of mind, for the breach between his consort and his favourite widened daily, and he could not propitiate the one without irritating the other. He loved his beautiful Eudoxia passionately, and believed in Eutropius as the most faithful of his servants: and now she fretted herself ill over the insults which she endured from this all powerful favourite, and revenged herself on the Emperor. For three days she had been invisible, even to him: the palace was in confusion, the Emperor in despair.

It was sunset on a fair summer's day: Arcadius walked restlessly up and down a hall open to the west and looking out on a scene of matchless beauty. The Hebdomon Palace, which he occupied, lay at one end of Constantinople, landwards, and on an eminence: at the other end was the Palace of Constantine on the spot where the Bosphorus falls into the Propontis, and between the two lay the imperial city in the arms of the sea. Beyond the Bosphorus spread the blooming Bithynian coast, with Chalcedon in the foreground, and in the background Olympus with its diadem of eternal snow. But Arcadius saw nothing of all this lavish loveliness: the setting sun shone in vain for him, though it lit up the glittering pinnacle of the Bithynian Olympus, till it gleamed like a ruby between heaven and earth; and though the little islands which dotted the Propontis showed like jewels in a silver basin, they won no glance from the moody Emperor. And that fair land of Bithynia called up thoughts of Tribigild the Goth who had raised a revolt in Asia Minor, and of Leo, the incapable general

who had been sent against him. Nothing but strife and tumult in the palace and the empire—with friend and foe: he might well be moody and perplexed, poor Arcadius! A different man would have made an effort to get out of all these difficulties—would have done something—taken some step, even if it were a wrong one. But Arcadius did nothing: he just let himself go helplessly with the stream. His appearance was lacking in dignity, like his character: we all know the charm which a high and noble spirit can give to the homeliest features, but no such light redeemed the plainness of the Emperor's. He wore a tunic of cream-coloured silk embroidered in gold, and the short purple boots which were the especial insignia of imperial dignity, and which, by the way, a thousand years later, revealed the fate of the last Roman Emperor of the East. At the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, Constantine Palæologus fell, and a heap of bodies covered his: later, when he was sought for on all sides, the purple boots told the tale. Presently a fine stately looking man appeared on the terrace, and Arcadius beckoned him to approach. It was Elpidius, a relation of Theodosius, and like him, a Spaniard. "Well, Elpidius, how do matters stand?"

"Reports differ, most Illustrious: the Phrygians are said to be in arms. Whether for or against the Goths is not certain."

"O those eternal Goths!" said the Emperor impatiently. "I am weary of their name—I meant *your* affairs, Elpidius."

"Mine!" and the large brilliant eyes flashed with light;—"look yonder, my Emperor! Olympus there bears her name, her beauty, and her icy coldness."

"There is *one* difference, Elpidius: Olympus is bright with rosy light, and her life is clouded by sorrow."

"She can alter it all with a word, but she will not: such obstinacy is insupportable in a woman, and which is worse still, it is audacious insolence to you, my lord and master."

"Not so—Olympias has a noble heart, and is incapable of insolence. Elpidius, I pity her: do you think this is the way to gain her consent?"

"I think, most Illustrious, that Eutropius expressed your sentiments in saying that Olympias gives a dangerous example by lavishing her fortune on churches, monasteries, and hospitals. Will not numbers follow it, and withdraw their property from the use of the state to spend it in excessive alms-giving? It is in the nature of women to run to extremes, and it is for their good to check them, and save them from the regrets which

would come in time, if they were not restrained. *Were* not these your own sentiments, most noble Arcadius?"

"Anyhow," said Arcadius evasively, "it seems hard that such a woman as Olympias should not have perfect liberty as to her property, and her person. She has always been a virtuous and high-minded lady; and it is treating her like a child or a fool."

"Pardon, most Illustrious, if I repeat that she is guilty of disrespect to you in rejecting me, her equal in birth and riches, and favoured too by your gracious recommendation of my suit. Thousands would feel honoured by it, and she rejects it."

"But with what humility!"

"In words, I grant it; but words and deeds are often in startling contrast."

"Not with Olympias: have you forgotten how she acted when deprived of the disposal of her fortune till her thirtieth year, and placed till then under the guardianship of the Prefect of the city? She wrote to thank me for my considerateness, saying it might save her from the vanity and self-seeking into which it is easy to fall when giving large alms. I tell you, Elpidius, I think her an admirable creature, and I want to know if you have any hope of gaining her consent: if not, would it not be more reasonable and more generous to cease from this persecution of a defenceless woman?"

"As you will, most Illustrious," answered Elpidius with assumed calmness, "but if I withdraw my suit, it must be on condition that you will graciously announce your determination to Eutropius, in order that Olympias may be really free."

"I look at the matter from a different point, my friend," Arcadius answered rather nervously:" the first step should be taken by you, and I beg you to signify to Eutropius that you are weary of your thankless suit, and desire that Olympias should be altogether free."

"Pardon, once more, my lord; but even if in obedience to your wish I consented to speak falsely, it would, as you well know, have no weight with Eutropius, who will obey none but you; spare me, therefore, the useless mortification, and settle the matter yourself with him."

The Emperor groaned inwardly at the thought of his utter helplessness with regard to the favourite, and turned the conversation awkwardly enough, back to the subject "of the eternal Goths" and his incompetent general Leo, and then dismissed Elpidius as soon as he decently could. The composure of the latter was only external: inwardly he was burning with indig-

nation against Eutropius, whom he suspected of having, for ends of his own, changed the Emperor's sentiments towards Olympias. "He wants to get rid of me, the shameless villain! and then to bring some accusation against her which will put her fortune in his power," he thought. Elpidius was wrong: it was not Eutropius, but Eudoxia, to whom the Emperor's state of mind was due, not, however, intentionally on her part. He was forcibly struck by the contrast between her way of resenting a slight, and the quiet submission with which Olympias bore an unheard of injustice, and he was possessed by the idea that the best way to gain the help of Heaven in a reconciliation with Eudoxia would be to do justice to Olympias. But how was he to manage with Eutropius, now that he could get no help from this proud Spaniard?

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT.

The great Theodosius had no more valiant or trustworthy general than Bauto the Frank, and at the emperor's desire he brought his wife and child from Trèves to Constantinople, and spent with them the short snatches of repose which those warlike times afforded. He was a man of cultivated mind, as well as a brave soldier, and was very fond of his gifted and beautiful child; but neither he nor his wife lived to see their bud unfold. His wife died soon after coming to the East,—she pined away in home-sickness for the hazel-bordered banks of the Moselle. Bauto commended his orphan daughter to the care of his brother in arms, the consul Promotus, for there were consuls still, though mere shadows of the old republican consuls, and their dignity was much desired though little reverenced. It was no safeguard, however, to Promotus, for he had for his enemy a man so high in the Emperor's favour that, though a barbarian of low birth, he had attained the highest dignities of the empire and was appointed regent of the West, when Theodosius had to be in the East, and while Arcadius was still a child. This man was Rufinus, now prime minister in Constantinople. In the Emperor's presence, only his valuable qualities came out, and Theodosius prized his acuteness, courage, and boundless loyalty. But the people hated him for his avarice, and the nobles for his arrogance. Once, in a dispute with Rufinus, Promotus was so

far carried away by anger and contempt as to strike the *parvenu* Gaul in the face. That blow was the ruin of Promotus: He was sent to Thrace to put down an insurrection, and Rufinus took care that he should never return: he was attacked by an ambuscade, and slain.

His widow Marsa continued her motherly care of Bauto's orphan, and took the greatest pains with her education. She was thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of the Christian religion also, and under different influences would have been a noble character. But instruction is only one part of education—the other, and most important, is example. Marsa had no higher aim than worldly success and *éclat*. She spent the greater part of the day in her dressing-room, surrounded by a crowd of attendants. Ladies of rank and fashion never appeared in public at this period except in a robe and mantle of pure white, with a purple gold-embroidered hem: only women of inferior rank and doubtful repute wore coloured dresses out of doors. But the ladies consoled themselves by wearing all the colours of the rainbow in their own houses, or in the country. Marsa changed her mind a hundred times before her toilette for the day was chosen. Then another engrossing employment was the purchase of ornaments for her person and her apartments. Next came visits to or from other ladies, or to the circus, or perhaps to a church if there was to be a sermon by some famous preacher, so that she was fully occupied all day, and went to rest at night perfectly satisfied with herself. This was how Marsa and her special friends Eugraphia and Castricia passed their lives, and this was the atmosphere in which the orphan Eudoxia grew up to youth and beauty.

The great Theodosius died, and the child Honorius was Emperor of the West, and Arcadius, a boy of sixteen, of the East. His father had made Rufinus his principal adviser—in reality he was absolute ruler. His avarice and ambition were boundless, and now without restraint. This weak boy was not Theodosius! Rufinus aimed at nothing less than the Imperial crown, and as a preparatory step, planned his daughter's marriage with the young emperor. But, though he was the master, he was not the favourite of Arcadius. That place was occupied by an Armenian freedman, who began his career as a groom in the imperial stables, and gradually got to be a sort of underling among the palace servants. He was gifted with a serpentine faculty for twisting and turning, and creeping through narrow and crooked ways, which stood him in good stead now, so that at last his attention to his duties, his eagerness to obey a word or a look, drew the

notice of the good natured and unsuspecting Arcadius. Eutropius petitioned to be advanced from the wardrobe-room, which had hitherto been his post, and placed amongst the emperor's personal attendants. The petition was granted, and the game won. Rufinus, in his haughty arrogance, never noticed the little viper lurking in the shadow of the throne, and strode on in his path of tyranny and oppression, followed by the curses of rich and poor. The time seemed now ripe for carrying out his project for his daughter's advancement, but Arcadius had as little admiration for her as liking for her father, and of late Eutropius had been incessantly sounding the praises of another young lady, whose beauty and intellect he described as matchless. By cunning and bribery of every kind, he managed to procure Eudoxia's portrait, which had all the effect on Arcadius which his favourite hoped: he fell desparately in love with the beautiful orphan's picture.

When Rufinus returned from a distant expedition, he found the court and the whole city in a state of excitement and preparation for the Emperor's marriage, the day for which was fixed. Strange to say, the bride's name was unknown. Arcadius said not a word: so far did the influence of Eutropius extend, who had resolved to feast his eyes on the utter ruin of the powerful minister. No suspicion was in the mind of Rufinus; he was a severe husband and father, utterly regardless of the treasures he possessed in wife, daughter, and sister, who were among the noblest of women, and who sought by a life of tears, prayers, and works of mercy, to make daily reparation for his life of injustice and oppression. He ordered his wife to dress her daughter in a manner suited to the imperial bride whom the messengers of the emperor would come to receive. Sylvina, her mother, and her aunt Sylvia, had no desire for such a dizzy elevation, but they obeyed without question or complaint. Besides, to reject the wooing of a Cæsar Augustus was simply impossible. The day came, as lovely a one as ever smiled over the Propontis; a crowd was assembled round the palace of Rufinus, and the interior was thronged with courtiers anxious to be amongst the first to greet the Emperor's father-in-law. The procession began to move from the imperial palace, led by Eutropius, the lord-chamberlain. Several pages carried the bridal presents uncovered, so that all could see and admire,—strings of pearls, milk-white and rose-coloured, emeralds, diamonds, jewels of every kind and hue, piled up in costly profusion in golden baskets, stuffs of many dyes and richest texture, phials of transparent Egyptian alabaster filled with perfumes of fabulous

cost: these and many a priceless gift besides, were borne onward as the train wound through the streets, to stop—so all expected—at the palace of Rufinus. But, at a signal from its leader, it halted before Marsa's dwelling: the doors of the court were flung open, and the brilliant procession vanished from the sight of the gaping and bewildered crowd.

Rufinus listened with swelling heart to the surging sound of thousands of feet drawing nearer and nearer: suddenly all was still,—what did it mean?—Some little accident, perhaps,—some little obstacle in the way. But no! there was no sound of advancing feet—all continued silent, and the moments went slowly by. Then, like a thunderclap, burst upon his ear the shout with which the crowd greeted Eutropius as he came, without the bridal presents, forth from Marsa's palace. Eudoxia herself was overwhelmed with astonishment, Marsa with delight. "It is like a dream," said the young girl, as she stood looking with bewildered eyes on the treasures heaped around her.

"Are you not glad, lady?" asked one of her attendants, "I should be out of my senses with delight."

"We are different, my poor Aglăe," said her mistress, quietly. "All these things are very beautiful: but I shall not enjoy them till I am Empress."

"Yes, when the East is at your feet!" cried Marsa, triumphantly. "But come, girls, and let us adorn our empress: in a couple of hours, the ceremony takes place at Sta. Sophia."

"When they were alone, she embraced her adopted daughter tenderly, saying, "How little did Promotus think, my Eudoxia, when first he took you to his home, that you would one day revenge him on his deadliest enemy."

"Yes, *that* is something worth being glad about. But it is not *my* doing; it is the hand of God, and I shall never forget that your loving care has been the means of placing me on the throne of the East."

Eudoxia became the bride of Arcadius. The first few weeks went by in the whirl of excitement which was natural to her sixteen years: then came some drops of wormwood in her cup of nectar. Arcadius loved her passionately and entirely: why, then, was she only his consort, and not Augusta? It rested with the Emperor to declare his son Augustus, or his wife Augusta, and Arcadius had not so honoured her! her title was only, "most noble:" she felt this more bitterly on hearing that after their father's death the imperial brothers had declared their little half-sister, Galla Placidia, Augusta. What

did it mean? whose influence withheld the title? she had not yet learned what fetters held the weak indolent Arcadius prisoner.

"Patience, most Illustrious," said Eutropius; "when the most noble Eudoxia has given you a son, then she will have earned the title of Augusta."

"What has that to do with the question?" asked Arcadius discontentedly.

"Much, my lord and emperor; for, if unhappily, the most noble Eudoxia has no son, it would be easier for her to retire into her former position, before bearing the higher title."

"Are you mad enough to suppose that any reason could part me from her?"

"Even a Cæsar Augustus has a duty to his people," answered the favourite pathetically. And the great word "duty," which was an empty sound to him, was powerful with the pious Emperor, and he remained silent.

It must not be supposed that Rufinus had forgotten the past: he thirsted for revenge—revenge on a grand scale—revenge on the Emperor himself. He entered into a secret conspiracy with the Goths, who, under generals of their own, formed divisions of the imperial army, and were far more devoted to these generals than to the Emperor. In this way, Rufinus hoped to gain the purple. But the spies of Eutropius were on the watch, and the treason Rufinus meditated was his own ruin. The Gothic leader, Gaïnas, found it more to his interest to act for the Emperor in concert with Eutropius, than with the disappointed plotter. Gaïnas was returning from the West after conquering Arbogastes, and according to custom the Emperor met the troops at the Golden Gate of the Hebdomon Palace: his court surrounded him, Rufinus was at his side, bolder and statelier than ever: there, at the feet of the horror-struck Arcadius, Gaïnas gave him his death-blow.

The murder was unpunished: Eutropius and Gaïnas had clear proofs of the treason of Rufinus, and the people hailed them as deliverers from the tyrant they hated. Their joy, however, was short-lived, when they learned more of the character of his successor. Rufinus was at least a man of ability and courage, who filled his office with dignity, and could speak and act in a manner worthy of it. But Eutropius!—he was not only hated but despised, and by no one more than by the young empress. It was plain to the favourite that the day which should see her admitted, as Augusta, to a share of sovereignty would be

the last of his power, and so his own aim was, at all events, to delay its coming.

Eudoxia spent unheard of sums in dress and jewellery: but they were never too great to be supplied by the favourite: she might hate him, but he would make himself useful, indispensable to her. Yet she wept tears of rage over her diamonds: one day Marsa found her weeping, with a splendid coronet lying before her. "Tears!" she said, "with such jewels before you!" and she was about to place them on Eudoxia's rich blonde hair. But she turned away with the passionate exclamation: "It is not the diadem of the Empress! it is worthless in my eyes!"

Then came bitter disappointment: twice she became a mother, but not of a son. In a melancholy and thankless spirit she received her second daughter, little thinking that on her alone, of all his descendants, would rest the spirit of the great Theodosius: that child was Pulcheria, the Saint in the Purple.

The Church Property of Ireland.

THE number of pamphlets lately published on the appropriation of the ecclesiastical revenues of Ireland, together with the parliamentary or extra-parliamentary declarations of politicians, and the fact that a Royal Commission has been issued for the purpose of investigating the present state of things with regard to those revenues, may be considered as indicating the desire generally felt in England as well as in Ireland, for the speedy settlement of the question of the Irish Establishment altogether. Unfortunately, as Irishmen and Catholics know too well, the discussion of a subject with which the prejudices and personal interests of a long dominant and still powerful class are mixed up, may often proceed very far, and indeed may even issue in a conclusion universally received by thinking men as to the justice or even the necessity of a certain course, without our having any security that that course will be at once taken. It required the pressure of a great emergency to carry Catholic Emancipation, though that measure of simple justice had long been promised and its necessity long acknowledged. We need not enquire whether the present widespread feeling of the importance of at once settling the great questions which concern Ireland has been produced by any sense of similar emergency, nor are we disposed to deal with the question at length, nor to treat of its political aspect. It is enough for us to take for granted what we asserted last month, that no questions at present are felt to be more momentous or more urgent than Irish questions, and especially that of the removal of the hideous and insulting anomaly which calls itself the Irish Establishment, and which furnishes the enemies of the English Government with the ground of their highest hopes, and the critics of England with their most irresistible arguments. Our object is simply to contrast the views put forth by irresponsible though philosophic reasoners,

by men of thought and speculation however high-minded and earnest, on the one hand, and the simple practical conclusion at which those who have the best right to be consulted and listened to have arrived, on the other. In the contrast of which we speak there will, we believe, be found matter for the most serious consideration on the part of all those who are anxious for the welfare of the two great countries, one of which is to receive a long delayed measure of justice at the hands of the other.

We can hardly select from among the number of those who have written on the subject of the Church Settlement of Ireland, a better specimen of the calm and philosophical thinker than Mr. Aubrey de Vere. No one can question the simple purity of his intentions, the sincerity of his convictions, the earnestness with which he urges them, or the argumentative force and the brilliancy of language with which he sets them forth. The series of pamphlets which he brought to a conclusion two or three months ago, by an answer* to the pleas for "secularisation" of the revenues of the Establishment against which he writes, would have been enough, we think, to establish the fame of a political writer hitherto unknown. He has fairly embraced the whole field of discussion open to him, and dealt with all its parts. We do not say that he may not have miscalculated the proportionate weight of the various considerations on one side or on the other, but at all events he has gone through them, and treated them ably and conscientiously. His pamphlets remind us somewhat of what was once said, we believe, of a certain great historian of our own times, when he was in Parliament—that he would be the greatest of statesmen, if politics were like a game of chess. The theory of Mr. de Vere's pamphlets hangs beautifully together, and is perhaps logically unanswerable. He would give to the Irish people that which certainly belongs by right to that people, and he would give it in a form and under such conditions, if any, as to impose no obligations to which under ordinary circumstances there could be any objection. And yet the best friends, the responsible leaders, the most legitimate and

* *Pleas for Secularization.* By Aubrey de Vere. London: Longmans. 1867.

authoritative representatives of the Irish people, those to whom Ireland owes it that she is what she is, instead of what centuries of oppression and misrule might have made her, those who alone possess the instinct of her true safety and welfare, and to whom in the future she may yet owe still more if possible than she has done in the past,—these men, acting as a body, have not accepted as satisfactory the proposals made with so much ability and sincerity by Mr. de Vere.

Mr. de Vere carefully defends the proposal which he has made as to the acceptance by the Catholic Church in Ireland of a share, at least, in the revenues and property which are now engrossed by the usurping Establishment, from the charge that it suggests a simple and direct payment of the Catholic clergy from such sources. The endowment of the clergy is but one of the many uses to which Church property may be applied, and in Mr. de Vere's actual proposal it was placed among a number of other such uses, with the additional proviso that recourse should only be had to the fund in question for that particular purpose at the discretion of the Bishops. Mr. de Vere also answers the objections that the people would cease to trust their clergy unless they themselves supported them, and that the clergy would neglect their duties if they were made independent of such support. This last objection supposes, of course, that the Irish clergy, who have in past times laboured so nobly and so successfully for the welfare of their flocks in every respect, would degenerate at once into that indolence of which the well paid ministers of the Irish Establishment have set them so perfect an example. The objection proceeds from an ignorance of the character of the priesthood. We suppose also that it is not easy to deny that there is much force in the considerations urged by Mr. de Vere, that either Church property or something which may produce the same results is required in order to place the religious position of Ireland on a level with that of the most flourishing Catholic nations. We think, however, that he has underrated the power of the voluntary system. The principle of that system does not limit itself to offerings made weekly, monthly, or yearly, or at certain fixed

occasions during the year. It extends itself to gifts for the service of God of whatever kind, and it is shackled by all laws which forbid the free disposal of property for the benefit of the Church. Let Ireland once be at rest, and allowed to develope her natural resources for her own benefit, and let all obnoxious legislation be swept away, and the Church of Ireland will certainly not be long without adequate means for all those purposes which Mr. de Vere has so carefully enumerated in the second chapter of the pamphlet before us. She will have enough for magnificent ritual, enough for educational establishments, enough for the needed increase in the number of her clergy, enough for cathedral institutes, for universities and missionary colleges of her own. She is not in her present condition with regard to all these matters, simply because old Catholic endowments have been taken away from the Church for which they were designed, but because of centuries of cruel and legalised persecution, the object of which has been to degrade the religion of the nation when it could not be extinguished. That persecution has within the memory of living men been abandoned perforce, but its influence still haunts the land where it wrought so much mischief. It would be bad enough, perhaps, if it haunted that land in memory alone; but its spirit has to some extent survived, though it manifests itself now under a changed form. It has mixed itself up with acts of justice and measures which wear the appearance of liberality and good intentions. It is the most unwise thing in the word to insist on being kind only in your own way, and to run the risk of insulting those to whom you are professing to restore their rights. Has there been any act of justice yet done to the Catholics of Ireland which has been done in a way acceptable either to their feelings or their consciences? Some benevolent Protestants rejoice above all things in getting hold of a starving Catholic on a Friday, and setting a beefstake before him. They will take in a poor wandering Irish girl, and make her a servant; but then they must make a difficulty about her going to Mass, and she must make no difficulty about attending family prayers. This is not the way either to be just or to be charitable, and yet up

to the present time, whatever has been done for the poor of Ireland, whatever has been done for her education, higher or inferior, has been done in some way which has implied either an insult to Catholic convictions or an insidious attempt to undermine Catholic Faith. We need not prove an assertion which is self evident, nor enter into the long discussion which might be necessary to explain how it has been that so great a mistake has been made. The error may be set down partly, no doubt, to the ignorance of well meaning men, and to that strange confidence which makes certain Englishmen ready to lecture the whole world and set everybody to rights in a way of their own: but it cannot be denied that it has also been connected with the still cherished tradition of Protestant ascendancy, and that most hateful of all bigotries, the bigotry of a false Liberalism. It is this which has hitherto prevented any real and solid reconciliation between the nation and its Government on all matters which concern the religion of Ireland. Measures of justice have been conceded with the *arrière pensée* of so conceding them as to adulterate the faith of the population, and withdraw them from the legitimate influence of their natural guides. We all remember Dr. Whately's declaration to his friend as to the end which he hoped to gain by the national system of education. The same policy has been pursued on other occasions. Looking at the matter simply in a political and prudential view, what can be more obvious than the folly of such institutions as the Queen's Colleges and the Model Schools, except on the supposition that the Irish people might be bribed or cajoled not to listen to their Bishops?

When the true history of Ireland, and particularly of the Ireland of the last three quarters of a century, comes to be written, Englishmen will see with amazement two prominent facts upon the pages of the annalist. The first fact is, that through all these years, Ireland has possessed in her Bishops and clergy a race of men who have blended together to an extent hardly paralleled in any age or in any people the two great instincts of patriotism and Catholicism, and who have been forced by the circumstances of their time and country to be the leaders and

defenders of the people as well as their pastors and spiritual guides. The position of the clergy in Ireland has borne some analogy to that of the Roman Pontiffs in Italy, at the time when the inhabitants of the Peninsula had no other protectors against the hordes of barbarian invaders. It is not our province to single out particular persons or to pass in judgment the several instances of the exercise of this influence of the clergy in leading, guiding, or moderating the national impulses in Ireland. It is enough to say that history will bear witness to the noble devotion, to the instinctive wisdom, to the loyalty at once to the great principles of Catholicism and the best interests of the nation, with which that influence has been wielded. It will also record—at least up to the present time it will have to record, and we may hope the tale will never have to change its tone—that though this great and most beneficent influence has been only sullenly, if at all, accepted out of Ireland by those who ought to have welcomed it as the best ally of all her well-wishers, it has nevertheless, though almost unaided in its efforts, secured to the nation whatever blessings it now enjoys, and kept it from throwing aside altogether its long tried and much abused patience. The historian will have to show how entirely the clergy of Ireland has identified itself with all true national progress, and how firmly it has dealt, at one and same time, with legalised oppression and with the evil passions naturally engendered by such oppression in its victims. Ireland has had her great men, to whom she has owed much: but her great men themselves would have been powerless for her good, or might have been powerful for her ill, but for the existence in the country of a body of men not so great singly but far more important collectively, in whom it has been one of the chief blessings of Irishmen that they have placed unbounded confidence. But not in Ireland alone ought such a race of men to be honoured. Least of all ought Englishmen to deny them their sympathy and their reverence. Their honest and manly patriotism, their unflinching attitude in the presence of intimidation and social oppression, their zeal and energy in the cause of the poor and the afflicted, as well as the continual and

labourious self-sacrifice of which their lives are made up, would long ago have won universal admiration in this country but for the blindness created by Protestant prejudice. Alas, the admiration and sympathy of Englishmen have been lavished on heroes of a very different stamp. The men whose hands are stained with blood, but blood shed, not by the sword of the soldier, but the dagger of the assassin: the men who have reduced the once flourishing provinces of Italy to a state of beggary and bankruptcy, while their own chests are filled by plunder and peculation—the men who win victories by bribery, and carry plebiscites at the point of the bayonet—men steeped in sacrilege and blasphemy, who call for a new religion to supplant that of Christ—these men, because they are enemies of the Holy See, are idolized in England, at the very moment that their accomplices are working on the sense of wrong and the natural discontent of the subjects of the United Kingdom to bring about a revolution which is to upset the altar as well as the throne.

Secondly, the historian who may record the noble part borne by the Irish Clergy in the nineteenth century, will also have to tell how blind to the best interests, not of Ireland alone, but of the whole Empire, those have been in whose power it has chiefly rested to secure both from degradation and misery. The men whose hands should have been strengthened, whose advice should at all events have been listened to, have been treated with studied neglect and legalised insult. Institutions designed by them for the benefit of their fellow countrymen have remained unacknowledged by the Government, which would neither venture nor wish to refuse all legal sanction and recognition to establishments of the same kind in Canada or Australia. Institutions erected with the avowed object of benefiting the population in a similar manner, but tainted by the insidious design of tampering with their Faith, have been supported at great expense from the national funds, and almost forced upon the people, after their chief pastors have denounced them as "godless." In short whatever the natural leaders of Irishmen, in all matters connected with the religious welfare of the population, have proposed, has been rejected; whatever they have opposed has been

enacted. Such has been the policy of an Empire which is supposed to be ruled by common sense—not to speak of the higher claims of justice and right—at a time when an immense and aggressive state, more threatening and more hostile to England than to any other country in the world, and numbering among its subjects many millions of Irish exiles, has been growing into a great military and naval power on the other side of the Atlantic. We need not say more of the danger of the present time: but surely, if now again the statesmen of England deny altogether the full measure of justice which the Catholic population of Ireland requires, or attempt to administer remedies of their own to the crying evil of the dominant Establishment, and that in some way which shall make it impossible for the Clergy to accept their proposal heartily, then the enemies of the country will have the best reason for rejoicing at such a display of that obstinate infatuation which the old saw tells us is the providential forerunner of destructive chastisement.

When Mr. de Vere wrote his last pamphlet, the Irish Bishops had not issued the manifesto in which they have since dealt with the question upon which he has written so much and so well. It was not of course to be expected that an authoritative document like that of which we speak should deal in speculative considerations as to the probable effect of this or that proposed measure of relief for Ireland, or argue those many controverted points with which Mr. de Vere and others have occupied themselves. The significance of the Bishops' declaration, which, we trust, will be understood in this country, lies in the practical decisiveness with which it demands and rejects certain things. There can be no question now as to the so-called "sentimentality" of the grievance of the Irish establishment. Its history is connected with all the attempts to degrade and enslave Ireland since the days of Elizabeth, and its present action is to perpetuate discord and foster "a corrupting and degrading system of proselytism." Nor again do the Bishops, speaking as a body, leave any doubt on the public mind as to their own acceptance of state endowments of any kind. Here we would entreat the attention of candid Englishmen to the reasons given for

this determination—reasons, we may venture to say, which would not have existed but for the sectarian spirit which has animated the policy of England since the time of Catholic Emancipation. Two things are evident, first, that in many Catholic countries the Clergy are supported by State pensions, and second, that the possession of endowments and property for her own purposes is a right of the Church, and has been her constant practice. "But for ourselves," says the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, "we refuse State pensions and Government gifts, because, were we to accept of them in the circumstances of this country, the liberty of the clergy would be fettered, the free and beneficent action of the Church would be paralysed, and its influence for good greatly diminished." These are dangers greater than that want of resources for the full development of the life of a great national Church, rich in institutions of learning and charity, brought home in its blessings to every man's door by the ministrations of an abundantly manned clergy, as to which Mr. de Vere has spoken. This is the ultimate result of government by the ascendancy of a sectarian minority.

Again, in the mind of the Bishops of Ireland, the poor of that country are in a state of exceptional misery. The Poor Law, hard and niggardly as is its administration, utterly fails to reach them in their destitution. They are in a state parallel to that of which we sometimes read in history, when Bishops and Saints have taken the chalices from the altars and broken them up to buy bread and clothes for the perishing members of Christ's mystical Body. And so, the one recommendation which the Bishops made with respect to the disposal of the property of the Establishment when disendowed, is contained in the resolution "that by appropriating the ecclesiastical property of Ireland for the benefit of the poor, the Legislature would realise one of the purposes to which it was originally destined, and to which it was applied in Catholic times." Surely Englishmen will recognize in this the voice of a true Christian Episcopate. Whatever cavillers may say, candid minded persons must see that the Bishops have but to hold out their hands, and the revenues of the Establishment would be theirs, at least in great part, and

that in receiving them they would only be receiving what belongs to them of right. No one could blame them, if they possessed themselves of these revenues, and the possession would give them the power of applying the treasures of the Church for the relief of the poor of their flocks. The poor may, in one sense, lose by their refusal, and they plead earnestly for some measure of appropriation which may soften such a result, and apply the ecclesiastical revenues to one at least of their legitimate purposes. The possessions of the Church are the patrimony of the poor; and surely, never were they more needed to relieve poverty than at the present time in Ireland.

Our remarks have already run to so great a length, that we must refrain from entering on the other topics suggested by the resolution of the Bishops. We might wish to dwell particularly on the question of the Catholic University, though, as nothing is said of any proposal to endow it out of the ecclesiastical revenues, it does not strictly fall within the scope of this paper. Only let Englishmen ask themseles this question—can the age of persecution be truly said to have come to an end as long as a charter is refused to an institution such as the Catholic University? Let them ponder the grave words which Cardinal Cullen has addressed to his flock on this subject: "Were this institution hostile to the creed of your fathers, were its teaching and traditions directed to cast reproach upon our country, had its lot been cast in Scotland or Canada or Australia, or any other portion of the British Empire, its claims would long since have been considered, a charter would have been granted to it, and the cultivation of science within its walls would have been encouraged by the munificence of the Treasury. *But its claims now remain disregarded, and our repeated demands receive no response, because it is a Catholic institution in which science walks hand in hand with religion, and in which the interests of Ireland are not ignored.*"*

* Pastoral of H. E. Cardinal Cullen, *Nov.* 9, 1867.

Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America.

VI.—The Picada Feliz and The Aldeias.

The season was advancing, and we must now expect broken and uncertain weather; it so proved, and disagreeably so in this picada. The morning after our arrival a thunderstorm ushered in violent rain, which fell fast and copiously for seventy consecutive hours! Heavens, what a flood it was! The drops, large as hazel-nuts, falling straight, close, and heavy, for three days and nights without intermission! The earth literally steamed under the bountiful gift. It was, however, no joke for the poor people who came from all parts and great distances—twenty and thirty miles round—to receive the Sacrament of Confirmation. To say they were drenched to the skin gives but a faint idea of their curious appearance. Most of the women, as is the fashion in many parts of Flanders and Germany, wore gay-coloured cotton handkerchiefs by way of head-dress; and as they rode, mother and daughter, side by side, on thick pillions, they had tied up their petticoats around their ankles with forest brambles as a sort of protection against the rain. Their condition was truly pitiable when they reached the church. The worst was that the roads were becoming, according to the accounts of the pilgrims, absolutely impassable;—a beautiful prospect this for us who had somehow to make our way, as soon as the weather cleared up, to the Picada Feliz, many leagues further on. Although the little church of Bom Principio was not more than a mile from our lodging, it was deemed imprudent for the Bishop, whose health was not robust, to attempt to go thither to administer Confirmation. The sacred rite was privately given in the house itself to all who came. As for myself, I was loth to omit saying Mass: quietly and unobserved I left the cottage at an early hour, and made my way on foot across pools, mire, and mud, to the church. I reached it at last with great difficulty, and I scarcely knew whether I was solid or liquid. I had not a dry thread on—I do not remember ever getting such a

complete soaking. The people who filled the church greatly admired what they called my heroism, but they had come thither themselves under much greater difficulties, and mostly in the dark too. They would not let me return on foot; and indeed I was nothing loth to mount the horse they brought me.

The sky cleared up at last, and an intensely burning sun shone over nature to gladden it after its short season of mourning. Afraid of a recommencement of the rain, we determined to depart, anticipating a fatiguing ride. When we came to the banks of the Cahy, which we had to recross, the ford had disappeared; the waters had risen more than ten feet; but a boat had been procured, manned by several colonists, with one or two Indians to steer. The horses were unsaddled and made to swim across; we passed over in the canoe with the baggage and the saddles, and mounted again on the other side. Some of our companions with the guides, more adventurous, disdained this tame way of crossing the river, and boldly dashing into the turbid flood, swam their horses across without any accident. The road coasted the stream for many miles, and as it lay low was but one continued series of pools and mud-holes. Nevertheless we made good progress; and for my part I was so much taken up with the extraordinary magnificence of the scenery as not to heed the difficulties of the way. The stream meandered much, and now and then opened to our delighted gaze nooks and corners of wonderful loveliness. One is almost afraid of seeing these flowery solitudes inhabited; for man begins his settlement by cutting, burning, uprooting, and hacking everything. Imagine a black-looking, many-windowed, towering factory with its ugly brick chimneys amidst the palm-trees, magnolias, and cedars! Picture to yourself the bright waters of this lovely stream, now so full of life, serving to turn the noisy wheels of some cloth-dyeing mill, to roll along a turbid blue or brown flood of poisoned liquid, as may be seen in so many pretty vales of Yorkshire! May this profanation never befall the beautiful Rio Cahy!

Before night we had again to cross the river in order to reach the Picada Feliz—"the Happy"—which lay about a league and a half on the other side. The stream was less rapid here, although still very deep; there was neither boat nor canoe near at hand; the guides, literally kneeling on the horses' necks, took to the water. We were told to do the same, but I could not be prevailed upon to take my feet from the stirrups. I wetted my legs of course, but this is a very ordinary occurrence in these parts, and the warmth of the sun soon makes all things right again. On the

further bank some colonists were waiting to escort us. Our way ascended very abruptly one of the highest hills of the Serra Geral; a peak which we passed covered with brushwood, was surmounted by a large wooden cross, from the foot of which the eye could range over an immense prospect of forest, and trace the valley of the Cahy almost up to its source. But the trees were so lofty, close and leafy that nowhere could the river itself be seen. No one could tell me who had planted that cross; no doubt it had been raised in days of old by some Jesuit Missionary, on assembling together some wild tribe of Tapés, willing to listen to his teaching, for this was ever the first step taken in the foundation of the Indian Reductions. No trace was left here of the spot having once been inhabited, save perhaps that the knoll on which the cross stood was bare of large trees. The Jesuit Missionaries of the 17th and 18th century have left sufficiently numerous traces of their labours throughout the country, as I shall have occasion to show later on. The work to which the Society devoted itself for so many years had been commenced in the right way at last; and if the good Fathers had not been torn away, as they were, from these vast regions, by the cruel and insane policy of the Kings of Spain and Portugal, or rather by their crafty ministers d'Aranda and Pombal, there is scarcely room to doubt but that by this time not a single pagan or uncivilised Indian would remain throughout the South American continent. The work of the Indian missions is now, I fear, irretrievably ruined. Who shall be held responsible in the sight of God for so many souls daily lost among these poor nations for want of the saving knowledge of Christ? Missionaries would not be wanting now any more than of old; but they must have freedom of action in order to labour fruitfully. God has not made the evangelising of nations depend on government superintendence and red-tape regulations. *

The good Father Miguel, of São José, had preceded us, and was awaiting the Bishop at the head of a procession a little in front of the colony. This is the highest site in all the picadas;

* The Government of Brazil would naturally of course rather see the numerous tribes of aborigines still inhabiting the forests Christians, though merely nominally so, than the ferocious savages they now are; and certain great landowners here and there are decorated with the pompous title of *Protectores dos Indios*. Sums are annually voted in the Budget for the Indian missions. But these are generally misapplied by irresponsible peculators, and the "Protectors," mostly Freemasons, take no heed whatever of their charge.

and I think nearest the unexplored wilderness. Right in front of it, on the other side of the deep intervening valley of the upper Cahy, is a mountain whose lofty summit forms a perfectly flat and horizontal table which can be seen at a great distance. It goes by the name of *Morro do Tigre*, or Tiger Mountain, from the great number of jaguars which its flanks sheltered before the foundation of the picada. They still do so for aught I know to the contrary, for the place is apparently as wild as ever it was. Just beyond that mountain is the source of the Rio Cahy, in a plain some three or four leagues in extent, but considerably raised above the level of the sea, and almost entirely covered with marshy pools. When we crossed the plain we saw an immense number of storks, bitterns, coots, and herons paddling and dabbling about with their long shanks, or standing on the edge of the pools. There were also innumerable *marécas*, a small species of teal, very much sought after near the settlements for the exquisite flavour of their flesh. This was an indication of great abundance of fish in the pools; and in order to give us evidence of the fact, some of our guides dismounted close to one of these, and tucking up their leggings above their knees, walked into the water, dragging after them a small net or seine, while a man followed close behind the centre of the net armed with a rusty sabre which he held aloft ready to strike. They had not been long at work when the swordman became very busy knocking on the head some of the larger fish which tried to leap over the net and escape. In about half an hour they had landed three good sackfuls of fish, some of which, much esteemed for their flavour, I heard called "taïna," weighing seven or eight pounds apiece. There were also some enormous eels, as large as Channel Island sea congers, and a quantity of small greenish shell-fish, exactly resembling cray-fish or diminutive lobsters. One of the men, armed with a gun, had gone to explore the banks of another neighbouring pool, fringed with high sedge. He shortly returned with a small caïman, a sort of crocodile, he had killed. All the people said it was excellent eating, but it did not tempt my appetite as long as I saw more Christian eatables about. Frei Gaëtano de Troina, the Sicilian Capuchin, who had met us some time before—a man with a wonderful stomach and still more wonderful taste—bagged the horrible beast, and, I was told, feasted upon it for a week afterwards. That Frei Gaëtano would eat anything that came in his way—curújas or owls, urubús or carrion-crows. He had been used to it, he said, when preaching to the Indians of the forests of Malto-Grosso. When we resumed our journey I saw another of

these caïmans basking in the sun on the edge of a marsh; it quickly wriggled itself out of sight into the sedge when it saw us approach. Its length might be from four to five feet. Such of the larger streams as I have crossed, as the Guayba, the Tacuhi, the Uruguay, the Tocoary, contain immense numbers of these animals, called here yacarés. They sometimes reach the length of fourteen feet, and are occasionally known to feed on a poor man's goats, or may be on his children, for the monsters are not at all particular or over-dainty in their choice.

We stayed two whole days at the Picada Feliz, occupied with missionary work as in the other places we had visited; and the unusual beauty of the spot would perhaps have induced us to remain longer, but the weather appeared likely to change for the worse, and the settler's hut where we had put up being situated at a great height up the hill, the cold was rather keen at night. The good Bishop, born and bred under the tropical sun in the province of Bahia, complained much of the cold—although it seemed to me no worse than that of our fresh September nights in England—so that we resolved to retrace our steps towards São José d' Hortencio. But the journey was a long one, and not over-inviting if we went by the low grounds alongside of the river. The guides told us they knew a shorter road through the cordillera or mountain defiles, but although it was extremely rough and difficult, yet by starting very early with well-picked horses, and losing no time on the way, we might arrive at São José before night-fall. The experiment seemed rather dangerous, for if surprised by darkness in the woods, we could find no other shelter than the underwood, and in this yet uncleared and scarcely visited part, wild beasts were probably still numerous, and somewhat unscrupulous of behaviour. But in the uncertainty of the approaching rainy season, depart we must, and did. The road did not certainly belie its reputation; and had we known beforehand what it was, it is questionable whether we should thus have ventured to risk our necks. The guides themselves acknowledged that the late storms had made it, in places, all but absolutely impassable. We had to clamber up ascents more fit for goats and squirrels than for men and horses. Several of these last we had to leave behind, hopelessly lost in neck-deep sloughs, a certain prey to the jaguars. Now and then a huge tree, thrown across the path by the tempest, obliged us to deviate through the tangle, to the great damage of our skins and garments. We persevered however, and as the sun was dipping beneath the western peak of the Serra, we emerged from the dense woods upon the green slope, some two miles from

the church of São José. Here our guides fired their pistols at short intervals to give notice of our arrival, for we were not expected to return that way. We spurred our jaded yet willing horses, and as it was rapidly getting dark, for there is scarcely any twilight in that latitude, we dismounted at the little cemetery gate, where Father Agostinho and two or three of his people received us with open arms. We were perfectly exhausted with fatigue, and half famished besides. An extemporised dinner, plenty of oranges, and a shake-down of maize-straw soon made us forget our tribulations.

It was only on the following day that our stiffened limbs made us aware of the extraordinary fatigue we had undergone the day before. The charm of the road had been such to me—the variety and abundance of the beautiful plants, trees, and flowers, and parasitical climbers, as we crossed the primeval forest, had so engrossed my attention, that I was not aware until the morrow how completely nature was exhausted. We could do little more than lounge about all day. After my Mass a youth came to me carrying a covered basket, apparently containing some heavy thing. "Señhor Padre," said he, "I want to show you one of our friends!" He opened the basket. It contained a freshly-killed cobra—frightful beast! The boy had met with it on his way to church, and killed it with his club: nobody ever goes about without a stout stick, in case of an attack from snakes or wild dogs. I stretched the serpent out at full length upon the ground, and measured it: it was seven and a half feet long, and, in the middle, of the size of a man's arm. It was a very dangerous snake, of the species called in the country gerará-cucú, which does not confine itself to brakes and woods, but haunts also the habitations of men. This one had been seen and destroyed at the back of a house, doubtless in search of some stray fowl or tender suckling-pig for breakfast.

After thus resting a whole day at São José we started for the aldéia of Sancta Anna do Rio dos Sinos, whose church, one of the best of the country, is served by a little round-faced Italian monk, with the quaint name of Roccatagliata. We were now about to leave the picadas to return towards the older settlements of the Portuguese. This aldéia had been one of the very first of their foundations, and was situated on the left margin of the Rio and edge of the Campos, or even plains, which extend westward for countless leagues between and beyond the several branches of the Rio de la Plata to the foot of the Chilian Andes. It was originally called Sancta Anna dos Tapés, and had been a Reduction of the

Jesuits, established by those missionaries in the latter half of the seventeenth century. When the first settlers came from the Azores, about the time of the expulsion of the Jesuit Fathers from the Doctrines (as they were called before they took the name of Reductions), they found this aldéia the chief residence of the two friendly tribes, the Tapés and the Guaïcaïnans, who had preserved the Christian faith after the loss of their spiritual guides. There are still a great many of these Indians of the great Guarani family about the neighbourhood, but they are settled, several having intermarried with the Portuguese. They cultivate much mandioca and maize, and rear quantities of cattle. When we left São José on our way thither we were accompanied by a number of Germans and two of the missionaries to the very limit of the colonies—a small stream, an affluent of the Rio dos Sinos. When about to ford it, we dismounted. Our good people were to leave us here, with the exception of the two guides. It was not without much sorrow we parted from them. For many weeks they had shown us the greatest attention, and edified us much by their piety and simplicity. But no happiness can last in this nether world—no friendships are ever formed but must be broken some time or other by separation.

Our party was now reduced to four or five people; and for about three hours we wended our way through a country less thickly, yet very sufficiently wooded, and very thinly inhabited. Houses might be two or three miles apart, and exclusively tenanted by Brazilian estancieros or cattle-breeders, or else by a capataz * and his peons. The Indian labourers do not like to live with the whites, as the negroes do, but dwell alone with their families in ranchos in the plain or amidst the woods. It has always been found impossible to reduce them to nominal and contented bondage, like the African blacks; and now of course that slavery is decaying everywhere, they are safe from any further attempt on their liberty. It was, alas! not always so; and this very portion of the country, at one time the most thickly populated in all South America, was exposed for more than a century to the continual incursions of the slave-hunting Mamelus or Paulistas, who, if we may believe a Royal Decree of King Philip V. of Spain, dated 1746, stole within that space of time three hundred thousand unhappy Indians, who, for the most part, miserably perished in the

* Capataz, a care-taker or manager of an estate, the owner residing elsewhere. Peon, a sort of general servant, attending on the cattle. Peons are mostly Indians or half-breeds.

labours of the mines. These Paulistas* were almost all slave-hunters and dealers; to their expeditions in search of their nefarious gain we owe such knowledge as is now possessed of the far-distant solitudes of the boundless interior. They were cruel ememies to the Paraguay and Uruguay Missions, many of which they utterly ruined several times; and the Jesuit Fathers, in order to repel their repeated attacks upon the beautiful villages, had been obliged to obtain from the Spanish monarchs, though not without great difficulty, permission to provide their neophytes with fire-arms, and to train them up in their use, and in the European system of defence.

About two leagues before we reached the aldéia of St. Anne, we finally emerged from the woods to journey through them no more during this excursion. We were now in the campos, covered with great numbers of horses and horned cattle. One would imagine that the pastoral life led by the gauchos or herdsmen would naturally give them gentle manners and simple tastes; but on the contrary, nothing is so painful as to behold the savage ferocity of these people, and their utter disregard of the infliction of pain. They never move a step without the laço and long knife, and the latter they use without scruple or remorse not only when they are angry with their beasts, but also when they are quarrelling among themselves. I shall never again wonder at the continual sanguinary partisan wars of the Montevideans, Buenos-Ayreans and the inhabitants generally of this extreme South of the Brazils. Nearly every man has been brought up amidst scenes of animal slaughter carried on in a wholesale way. The sentiment of pity seems utterly unknown where killing is so common. I have beheld with irrepressible horror and disgust the doings of the black cooks among the estancias, doings never interfered with by their masters; and when I suggested, as I once or twice attempted to do, a more merciful manner of handling and putting to death poultry, kids or other animals, a stupid stare or a brutal laugh was my sole reward. They apparently could not understand why a white man should take any interest in things so inconceivably beneath even the thoughts of a slave. In the great *Xarqueadas* or factories of jerked beef, which extend for leagues along the Rio de Saõ Gonçalo, the Lagoa Mirim, and in the neighbourhood

* For a fuller account of the Mamelus see Charlevoix, Hist. du Paraguay, vol. II., p. 159, and passim. São Paulo de Piratiningua, founded by them, is now a celebrated school of jurisprudence.

of Petotas, the children of the proprietors, dark-eyed little ones of five or six, as well as boys and *girls* of twelve or fourteen, are often to be seen in the slaughter-yards, wading ankle-deep through blood, grease, and filth, armed with a knife or pointed stick, with which they cleave and poke out the eyes of the dying animals, laughing at the contortions of agony of the poor expiring brutes! One of the gauchos driving a herd of bullocks towards the fatal enclosure had to gallop after a truant which had tried to run away; he overtook the unfortunate beast, and in his savage fury drove his eighteen-inch knife to the halft into the wretched creature *under the tail!* At an early period of my wanderings in these parts, I had already noticed that, with the exception of a singing bird here and there, neither children nor grown up people seemed to keep pet animals, as is so commonly the case in Europe. But I shall have more to say later on concerning native cruelty of disposition.

I have hitherto met with only one man, an old farmer, one Señhor Justino, who possessed a large orange orchard and estancia on the shores of the beautiful Lagoa Viamão, who seemed to appreciate the vast treasures for natural history which the country furnishes. He had made a very fine collection of butterflies and beetles, and gave me much valued information on the haunts and habits of the caïmans, the water-snakes and other denizens of the lake. It appears he had known and frequented the celebrated Paraguay traveller and botanist Bonpland, and had helped him to enrich his collections, most of which were afterwards confiscated or destroyed by the sanguinary Francia.

Some weeks before, while at Saõ Leopoldo, the Bishop had made a promise to visit a rich estanciero of this neighbourhood, one Colonel Rocha, whose residence was about twelve miles off. This gentleman came to Sancta Anna to claim the performance of the promise and escort us to his house. We started at about eleven o'clock, and while galloping over the bare campos we greatly missed the cool forest shade, for the sun, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, shone with great splendour. The ride was however by no means uninteresting; every moment partridges and wild turkeys rose with a loud whirr before our horses' feet; and if a stone or forsaken ant-hill rose but a foot or so above the ground, it was sure to be the perch of a pair of curiejas, small speckled grey owls, watching in apparent somnolence, close by the tiny cavern into which they glided at the first alarm, the coming of some snakeling or mouse. Now

and then a flock of urubús, or gigantic ravens of the plains, would congregate on some prostrate dead horse or bullock that had doubtless perished by the bite of a serpent or some poisonous spider. These ravens, as they stood motionless on the carrion watching us passing along, suggested by their singular gravity the idea of a row of lilliputian Benedictine monks assembled for chapter, dressed all alike in ample black robes. There were many other birds to be seen of almost all sizes, but very few of which I recognized from having seen them before depicted in works of ornithology. This was strange, I thought; but the cause probably is that most of the illustrations of our books on natural history have been drawn from dead and stuffed specimens, and the great majority of taxydermists are utterly ignorant of the habits of the birds and animals in their native haunts. I here greatly admired the fiery-red cardinal bird, and also the Joās Grande, a sort of gigantic plover; a glossy deep-azure bird of the size of a thrush, shining in the sun like transparent lapis-lazuli; the João-de-Barro, John the muddy-fellow, of the size and shape of our black-birds, dusky-red on the breast like the robin, and so called from its strange-looking nest, shaped like a diminutive Indian wigwam, in viscous yellow clay, and containing interior chambers. And then there was the shrill-noted bemtivi; the pomba, a small greyish dove, always going in flocks; the curlew and other long-shanked creatures frequenting the marshy pools; the storks, curiejas and cáracáras, feeding on snakes and locusts, and therefore never short; the alma-de gato, which picks insects off the grateful cattle; a most elegant and tiny sort of magpie, flying in pairs like its European cousin, and whose splendid double feathered tail has caused it to be vulgarly called tesoura or scissors. The Sabiá, much resembling a thrush for size and colour, had been much extolled to me for the beauty of its song, which was supposed—by Brazilians only—to surpass in melody that of the nightingale; but although very pleasing, it is far, very far indeed, from the music of our incomparable songster. Riding through these plains at leisure, and trusting to the sagacity of the horse, no accident is to be feared; but the estancieros and their peons *will* race sometimes to parade or to prove their horses' mettle. This is highly dangerous, and the cause of many fatal mishaps; for the animal impelled forward at full gallop, will often encounter a deep hole hidden in the grass, break its leg, and throw its rider with violence. These buracos or holes are very numerous in the campos.

They are made by raposas or foxes, and also by the owls and other animals, as well as the wasps and various insects.

One of the most stupendous phenomena of the natural history of the South American continent, and a fatal bar perhaps for many years to come to any great progress of colonisation and agriculture, is the prodigious multiplication of ants. I can scarcely tell how many species of that insect are to be found, but they must be numerous and of all sizes and varieties of colour, from the large brown ant fully an inch in length to the almost imperceptible black ant. Their ravages are awful—their voracity and numbers truly astonishing. I am convinced from careful observations and calculation, that many an ant-hill or colony contains myriads of millions of these insects, and these colonies in some parts are truly innumerable. The hills and plains are intersected in every direction for leagues and leagues by narrow paths, such as the hares make in our fields, and these are worn bare and hard by the mere passage of the ants on their way to and from their place of abode, each one busily carrying homewards a fragment of a leaf or twig or flower. Nothing is so frequently heard in the neighbourhood of cities as the complaints of gardeners, who say that the formigas destroy everything. A missionary told us that having received one evening from one of his people a barrel of a new kind of maize for making a fresh plantation, he placed it until the morrow in a loft above his room. But he had forgotten or neglected to draw the ladder away, and by the next morning the ants had carried it off to the last grain. I have seen the largest orange trees stripped to the bark in a very few hours. The growers of fruit have in some places a simple and effectual contrivance to keep the ants from their trees. They encircle the trunk about a foot from the ground with a inverted funnel of polished zinc; the ants reaching this on their way up the tree find it burning hot from the sun, or else very slippery, and they drop down to the ground and make off. When the weather is about to turn wet, migrations of these insects often take place on a large scale; and woe be to the spiders, caterpillars, or beetles which happen to be in the way of the living torrent! Instant annihilation is the result. One of these emigrations I saw a few days ago: the countless hosts were descending a low wall, which looked as if copious streams of fast-running inky water were pouring down the surface. A couple of hours later I went again to the spot, and not one out of all those incalculable millions was any longer to be seen.

A Narrative of the Days of Persecution.

PART II.

FATHER Gerard's Narrative, after telling us of his safe arrival in London, where he had been anxiously looked for by his friends, proceeds to relate the beginnings of his ministry among the English Catholics. We shall extract some passages which may give an idea of the readiness with which many souls, dissatisfied with Anglican Calvinism, which had not yet the prestige of prescription and the hold now given to it by hereditary prejudices, embraced his teaching, as well as the dangers which beset him. Our first extract shall give an account of his residence with the gentleman with whom he had fallen in at Norwich :—

My dress was of the same fashion as that of gentlemen of moderate means. The necessity of this was shown by reason and subsequent events; for, from my former position, I was more at ease in this costume, and could maintain a less embarrassed bearing than if I had assumed a character to which I was unaccustomed. Then, too, I had to appear in public and meet many Protestant gentlemen, with whom I could not have held communication, with a view to lead them on to a love of the Faith and a desire of virtue, had I not adopted this garb. I found it helped me, not only to speak more freely and with greater authority, but to remain with greater safety, and for a longer interval of time, in any place or family to which my host introduced me as his friend and acquaintance. Thus it happened that I remained for six or eight months, with some profit to souls, in the family of my first friend and host; during which time he took me with him to nearly every gentleman's house in the county. Before the eight months were passed I gained over and converted many to the Church, among whom were one of the brothers of my host, his brother-in-law, and his two sisters; one of these, as I have before mentioned, was my friend's housekeeper, and had been all along a red-hot Calvinist. I reconciled, moreover, the sister of a Judge * who

* Dr. Oliver, in the *Catholic Spectator*, vol. I., p. 328, states this Judge to have been Sir Henry Yelverton. It was he who condemned Father Arrowsmith. His unexpected and almost sudden death in the year following is narrated by Dr. Challoner, in his *Missionary Priests*, vol. II. (s.v.) "Edmund Arrowsmith".

even now is the most firm support of the Calvinist party. This lady, having been brought up in his house, had been imbued with this detestable heresy. A very remarkable thing had happened to her some time previously. Being very anxious as to the state of her soul, she went to a certain Doctor of the University of Cambridge of the name of Perne,* who she knew had changed his religion some three or four times under different sovereigns, but yet was in high repute for learning. Going to this Doctor Perne, then, who was an intimate friend of her family, she conjured him to tell her honestly and undisguisedly what was the sound orthodox faith whereby she might attain heaven. The doctor finding himself thus earnestly appealed to by a woman of discretion and good sense, replied, "I conjure you never to disclose to another what I am going to say. Since, then, you have conjured me to answer, as if I had to give account of your soul, I will tell you, that you can, if you please, *live* in the religion now professed by the Queen and her whole kingdom, for you will live more at ease, and be exempt from all the vexations the Catholics have to undergo. But by no means *die* out of the faith and communion of the Catholic Church, if you would save your soul." Such was the answer of this poor man, but such was not his practice; for putting off his conversion from day to day, it fell out that, when he least expected, on his return home from dining with the Pseudo-Archbishop of Canterbury, he dropped down dead as he was entering his apartment, without the least sign of repentance or of Christian hope of that eternal bliss which he had too easily promised to himself and to others after a life of a contrary tendency. She to whom he gave the above-mentioned advice was more fortunate than he, and though she at first by no means accepted his estimate of the Catholic Faith, yet later on, having frequently heard from me that the Catholic Faith alone was true and holy, she began to have doubts, and in consequence brought me an heretical work which had served to confirm her in her heresy, and showed me the various arguments it contained. I, on the other hand, pointed out to her the quibbles, the dishonest quotations from Scripture and the Fathers, and the mis-statement of facts which the book contained. And so, by God's grace, from the scorpion itself was drawn the remedy against the scorpion's sting, and she has lived ever since constant in her profession of the Catholic Faith to which she then returned.

I must not omit mentioning an instance of the wonderful efficacy of the Sacraments as shown in the case of the married sister of my host. She had married a man of high rank, and, being favourably inclined to the Church, she had been so well prepared by her brother, that it cost me but little labour to make

† This was Dr. Andrew Perne, Master of Peter House, Cambridge, and second Dean of Ely. He is incidentally mentioned by Miss Strickland, *Lives of the Queens of England*, vol II., p. 208, as having changed his religion four times.

her a child of the Catholic Church. After her conversion she endured much from her husband when he found that she refused to join in heretical worship, but her patience withstood and overcame all. It happened on one occasion that she was so exhausted after a difficult and dangerous labour, that her life was despaired of. A clever physician was at once brought from Cambridge, who on seeing her said that he could indeed give her medicine, but that he could give no hope of her recovery, and having prescribed some medicines, he left. I was at that time on a visit to the house, having come, as was my wont, in company with her brother. The master of the house was glad to see us, although he well knew we were Catholics, and used, in fact, to dispute with me on religious subjects. I had nearly convinced his understanding and judgment, but the will was rooted to the earth, "for he had great possessions." But being anxious for his wife, whom he dearly loved, he allowed his brother to persuade him, as there was no longer any hope for her present life, to allow her all freedom to prepare for the one to come. With his permission, then, we promised to bring in an old priest on the following night, for those priests who were ordained before Elizabeth's reign were not exposed to such dangers and penalties as the others. We therefore made use of his ministry, in order that this lady might receive all the rites of the Church. Having made her confession and been anointed, she received the Holy Viaticum; and behold in half an hour's time she so far recovered as to be wholly out of danger; the disease and its cause had vanished, and she had only to recover her strength. The husband seeing his wife thus snatched from the jaws of death, wished to know the reason. We told him that it was one of the effect of the holy sacrament of Extreme Unction, that it restored bodily health when Divine Wisdom foresaw that was expedient for the good of the soul. This was the cause of his conversion; for admiring the power and efficacy of the Sacraments of the true Church, he allowed himself to be persuaded to seek in that Church the health of his own soul. I, being eager to strike the iron while it was hot, began without delay to prepare him for confession; but not wishing just then that he should know me for a priest, I said that I would instruct him, as I had been instructed by priests in my time. He prepared himself, and awaited the priest's arrival. His brother-in-law told him that this must be at night time. So, having sent away the servants who used to attend him to his chamber, he went into the library, where I left him praying, telling him that I would return directly with the priest. I went down stairs and put on my soutane, and returned so changed in appearance that he, never dreaming of any such thing, was speechless with amazement. My friend and I showed him that our conduct was necessary, not so much to avoid danger, as in order to cheat the devil and to snatch souls from his clutches. He well knew, I said, that I could in no other way have conversed with him and his equals, and without conversation it was impossible to bring round those who

were so ill disposed. The same considerations served to dispel all anxieties as to the consequences of my sojourn under his roof. I appealed to his own experience, and reminded him that, though I had been in continual contact with him, he had not once suspected my priestly character. He thus became a Catholic; and his lady, grateful to God for this two-fold blessing, perseveres still in the faith, and has endured much since from the hands of heretics.

Besides these I reconciled to the Church, during the period of my apperance in public, more than twenty fathers and mothers of families, equal, and some even superior, in station to the above-mentioned. For prudence' sake I omit their names. As for poor persons and servants, I received a great many, the exact number I do not remember. It was my good fortune, moreover, to confirm many weak and pusillanimous persons. I also received numbers of general confessions.

The narrative goes on to speak of a number of persons to whom Father Gerard gave the Spiritual Exercises, of St. Ignatius, and of the great fruits which resulted from their meditations. We take as a specimen the account of a gentleman of the name of Wiseman, two of whose brothers had placed themselves under Father Gerard's guidance, and embraced the religious state:—

The elder of the above-mentioned brothers, before he left England, succeeded in persuading his eldest brother, over whom he had great influence, to make a trial of the Spiritual Exercises. This gentleman was indeed a Catholic, but without the least care for Christian perfection. He had lately come to his estate, on the death of his father, and had made himself a large deer-park in it. There he lived like a king, in ease and independence, surrounded by his children, to whom as well as to his wife he was tenderly attached. As he kept clear of Priests from the Seminaries, he lived unmolested feeling nothing of the burden and heat of the day; for the persecutors troubled chiefly those who harboured the Seminarists, not caring to enquire after those who kept the old Priests, i.e. those who had taken Orders before the reign of Elizabeth. So now-a-days a great difference is made between seculars and the Priests of the Society; the persecution being much fiercer against Ours and our friends, as may be seen from what occurs when they who afford us comfort and shelter are discovered. This good gentleman then, who lived in calm and safety in his house and possessions, and evaded so cautiously the wiles of the persecutor, perceived not and dreaded not enough the wiles of Satan; yet he did not escape the toils of God's grace, but came to them willingly, and once taken wished not to be free. On the third day of the Exercises, after having well pondered the

purpose of God in creating him and all other things, feeling the stirring of the waters, he went down into the pool and was healed. He succeeded admirably in each meditation, as the resolutions he made and the lights vouchsafed to him proved. He left nothing within or without which he did not strive to rectify and order unto God's greater glory: he resolved no longer to enjoy, but only to use all created things, and that sparingly; to govern his household as a charge committed unto him by God; and to get two other Priests to whom he would commit the direction of himself and of all belonging to him. He further proposed to spend his leisure hours in pious reading, or in the translation of spiritual books. For he was learned and able, and did afterwards publish many such translations; among others the life of our Blessed Father, the Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great, Father Jerome Platus' work on the Advantages of the Religious State, and others of the same kind. He set himself very useful rules of conversation, not only for his personal direction, but in order to brotherly correction and the encouragement of virtue in his neighbours.

Such were his resolutions; such too was his subsequent practice. From the first he expected an obstacle, which he could not but foresee. His servants were heretics for the most part; and he could not hope that his wife would second his plans. Again, he had as Chaplain one of the old Priests, and these were not often wont to agree with younger men, especially with those of the Society, whom they looked upon as troublesome reformers. He could not then but be anxious. But having through God's goodness, conceived a firm and practical resolution, he determined to dismiss his servants in a kindly and opened-handed way, and to take good Catholics in their stead; to prevail over the opposition of his lady and the Chaplain if possible by reason and affection, but should these fail, to show that he was master of the family, and to make use of the authority given him by God. This being settled, he began to urge me with all earnestness to come and take up my abode with him, alleging reasons that I could not fairly meet. Moreover at that time my host, for whose sake especially I had come to my present abode, was preparing to depart; for Fr. Garnet had settled that he should come and live with him in London until he could be sent abroad; and the good Priest I found there was well able to administer to the spiritual wants of this gentleman's mother. Another advantage of this proposed change was that it brought me nearer to London, and placed me in a family where I could do much more good than in my present abode after the departure of my host. I submitted all these considerations to the judgement of my Superior, with whom I was going to leave my hospitable friend after I had introduced him. As Fr. Garnet approved my availing myself of this new opportunity which God's Providence had offered me, I accepted the invitation, and after a couple of months I went to my new dwelling, having taken care, in order to escape odium and jealousy, to

get my host to inaugurate his improvements, as far as could be done, before my arrival, so that he, and not I, might appear to be the prime mover.

We procured then a staff of good and faithful domestics, whom I hsd formerly known in other places, and whose characters I had proved. Nor did I find it so difficult as we had feared, to bring the lady of the house and the old Priest to consent to the changes. Far from opposing, they furthered my views; the wife especially outshone all the household in her zeal for the decoration of the altar, and the charity she showed to my wants. This lady was rather of a quick temper, and had great difficulty in observing the rules of patience with her servants and others, yet I never let any such fault pass without either private or (if the nature of the case required it) public notice and reproof. This I never omitted during the whole of my stay with this family, but this notwithstanding, she not only bore with me cheerfully, and tried to subdue her temper, but ever showed me fresh marks of attachment and respect, as will appear in the sequel.

A good part of the time of missionaries such as Father Gerard was spent in excursions to different parts of the country. The north was even then beginning to be the stronghold of Catholicism. Father Gerard thus speaks of his excursions:—

In my excursions I almost always gained some to God. There is however a great difference to be observed between these counties where I then was, and other parts of England; for in some places, where many of the common people are Catholics, and almost all lean towards the Catholic Faith, it is easy to bring many into the bosom of the Church, and to have many hearers together at a sermon. I myself have seen in Lancashire two hundred together present at Mass and sermon; and as these easily come in, so also they easily scatter when the storm of persecution draws near, and come back again when the alarm has blown over. On the contrary, in those parts where I was now staying there were very few Cathofics, but these were of the higher classes; scarcely any of the common people, for they cannot live in peace, surrounded as they are by most violent heretics. The way of managing in such places, is first to gain the gentry, then the servants: for Catholic masters cannot do without Catholic servants.

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I used also to make other missionary excursions at this time to more distant counties towards the north. On the way I had to pass through my native place, and through the midst of my kindred and acquaintance; but I could not do much good there, though there were many who professed themselves great friends of mine. I experienced in fact most fully the truth of that saying

of Truth Himself, that no prophet is received in his own country; so that I felt little wish at any time to linger among them. It happened once that I went to lodge on one of those journeys with a Catholic kinsman. I found him in hunter's trim, ready to start for a good hunt, for which many of his friends had met together. He asked me to go with him, and try to gain over a certain gentleman who had married a cousin of his and mine. I answered that some other occasion would be more fit. He disagreed with me however, maintaining that unless I took this chance of going with him, I should not be able to get near the person in question. I went accordingly, and during the hunt joined company with him for whose soul I myself was on the hunt. The hounds being at fault from time to time, and ceasing to give tongue, while we were awaiting the renewal of this hunter's music, I took the opportunity of following my own chase, and gave tongue myself in good earnest. Thus, beginning to speak of the great pains that we took over chasing a poor animal, I brought the conversation to the necessity of seeking an everlasting kingdom, and the proper methnd of gaining it, to wit, by employing all manner of care and industry; as the devil on his part never sleeps, but hunts after our souls as hounds after their prey. We said but little on disputed points of faith, for he was rather a schismatic than a heretic, but to move his will to act required a longer talk. This work was continued that day and the day after; and on the fourth day he was spiritu ally born and made a Catholic. He still remains one, and often supports Priests at home and sends them to other people.

He gives the following account of a very celebrated lady of the time, Penelope, Lady Rich, the sister of Essex and mistress of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, afterwards Earl of Devonshire.

Indeed, besides others of less standing, whom she bronght me to be reconciled, she nearly won over a certain great lady, a neighbour of hers. Though this lady was the wife of the richest lord in the whole county, and sister to the Earl of Essex (then most powerful with the Queen), and was wholly given to vanities, nevertheless she brought her so far as to be quite willing to speak with a priest, if only he could come to her without being known. This the good widow told me. I consequently went to her house openly, and addressed her as though I had something to tell her from a certain great lady, her kinswoman, for so it had been agreed. I dined openly with her and all the gentry in the house, and spent three hours at lest in private talk with her. I first satisfied her in all the doubts she laid before me about faith; next I set myself to stir up her will, and before my departure I so wrought upon her, that she asked for instructions how to prepare herself for confession, and fixed a day for making it. Nay, she

afterwards wrote to me earnestly protesting that she desired nothing in the world so much as to open to me the inmost recesses of her heart. But the judgments of God are a deep abyss, and it is a dreadful thing to expose oneself to the occasions of sin. Now there was a nobleman in London who had loved her long and deeply; to him she disclosed her purpose by letter, perchance to bid him farewell. But she roused a sleeping adder; for he hastened to her, and began to dissuade her in every kind of way; and being himself a heretic, and not wanting in learning, he cunningly coaxed her to get him an answer to certain doubts of his from the same guide that she herself followed, saying that if he was satisfied in this, he too would become a Catholic. He implored her to take no step in the meantime, if she did not wish for his death. So he filled two sheets of paper about the Pope, the worship of the saints, and the like. She sent them with a letter of her own, begging me to be so good as to answer them, for it would be a great gain if such a soul could be won over. He did not, however, write from a wish to learn, but rather with the treacherous design of delaying her conversion; for he got an answer, a full one I think, to which he made no reply. But meanwhile he endeavoured to get her to London, and succeeded in making her first postpone, and afterwards altogether neglect her resolution. By all this, however, he was unwittingly bringing on his own ruin: for later on, returning from Ireland laden with glory, on account of his successful administration, and his victory over the Spanish forces that had landed there (on which occasion he brought over with him the Earl of Tyrone, who had been the most powerful apponent of heresy in that country, and most sturdy champion of the ancient faith), he was created Earl by his present Majesty; and, though conqueror of others, he conquered not himself, but was kept a helpless captive by his love of this lady. This madness of his brought him to commit such extravagancies that he became quite notorious, and was publicly disgraced. Unable to endure this dishonour, and yet unwilling to renounce the cause of it, he died of grief, invoking, alas! not God, but his *goddess*, as he called her, and leaving her heiress of all his property. Such was his miserable end, dying in bad repute of all men. The lady, though now very rich, often afterwards began to think of her former resolution, and often spoke of me to a certain Catholic maid of honour that she had about her. This latter, coming into Belgium about three years back to become a nun, related this to me, and begged me to write to her and fan the yet unquenched spark into a flame. But when I was setting about the letter, I heard that she had been carried off by a fever, not, however, before she had been reconciled to the Church.

Chapters on Casuistry.

I.—Some Anglican Writers on Casuistry.

It was to be expected that the movement in the Anglican Establishment which calls itself a revival of Catholicism, and has certainly done much to familiarise the minds of some classes of our countrymen with doctrines, rites, and practices that have been proscribed for three hundred years, should at last turn the attention of some Anglican students in the direction of Casuistry. Casuistry is a term which has a very forbidding sound in the ears of all good Protestants, and as we shall have reason to see, not good Protestants alone, but many Englishmen who repudiate the Reformation, thoroughly misunderstand what it means. The ignorance which prevails about casuistry is almost as intense as the prejudice. The structure of study and reasoning which goes by the name has naturally been entirely neglected among Anglicans, because the Sacrament of Penance, the practice of Confession, and the consequent continual application of the principles of moral theology have been thrown to the winds among them. This fact is confessed on all hands, and by none more clearly than by some Anglicans themselves, who, strange to say, seem not to be aware how seriously it damages the claim of their own Establishment to the character of a "branch" of the Catholic Church. It would really almost seem as though everything Catholic had to be implanted *de novo* in that Establishment, as if a new Reformation must create afresh what the first destroyed; and that this is somehow or other a proof that the first Reformation did not destroy the Catholicity of the Establishment, and that by practically abandoning such doctrines as that of the Real Presence, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Sacramental Absolution, and the like, Anglicanism had not shewn itself to

have failed entirely in guarding the sacred deposit of the truth, and in providing for the spiritual welfare of its children. However, what we are now concerned with is the fact that, along with the assumption of the powers of the Catholic priesthood, by a certain school of Anglican ministers, has come a revival of interest in the science of Casuistry. This is undoubtedly a good and healthy sign. At present, as we shall see, even the most promising of Anglican students in this field are very much at fault; but this is a matter for no surprise, and ought not to discourage us. The first step is the great point here—to get good, honest and intelligent men to lay aside their prejudices against Casuistry as such, and to look in the face of their own need of it. We can wish them no better reward for their intelligent industry in the study of Casuistry, than that they should learn from it how to deal practically with the difficulties of their own very anomalous position.

We have now before us several Anglican writers on the subject on which we have been speaking, and we shall proceed without further preface to remark upon them in order. First in the dignity of position, or at all events in point of time, comes Mr. F. D. Maurice,* "Knightsbridge Professor of Casuistry, Moral Philosophy, and Moral Theology, in the University of Cambridge." But for his position, however, Mr. Maurice would hardly claim our notice as a writer on Casuistry. His ideas on that subject are generally incorrect, and they are often so vague as to be unintelligible. With great respect to the University of Cambridge, it must be said that its Professor of Casuistry has yet to learn what he has been appointed to teach. He seems to consider that Casuistry is the science of choosing, or teaching people to choose, between right and wrong. His illustrations of it are, the fable of the choice of Hercules by Prodicus; Hamlets soliloquy "To be or not to be," and Lancelot Gobbo's discussion with himself, whether he shall follow his conscience or listen to the tempter's voice. It would seem therefore that Cambridge students are to be taught that Casuistry is to guide them

* *Inaugural Lecture on Casuistry, Moral Philosophy, and Moral Theology.* Macmillan, 1866.

in such choices as these. This is about the same thing as to say that the study of equity is to help people to choose between acting equitably and acting iniquitously. After this, it is not wonderful that we should find Mr. Maurice denying that the Schoolmen understood Casuistry. "The Schoolmen," he tells us, "thought themselves casuists, but they could not reach its problems. They could discuss everything about the man, only the man himself was lost. He lay crushed under the huge mass of opinions and propositions. . . ." On the other hand, Luther appears to Mr. Maurice, "to have restored Casuistry: to have vindicated the reality and the hopefulness of the conflict between the man himself and the oppressors that hold him down, which is the very root and ground of Casuistry!"* Then he jumbles together things which are perfectly distinct. Thus, he has read the common stories about the Casuistry of the Jesuits, and he has heard of a perfectly different charge, namely, that among them the individual is entirely sacrificed to the advancement of the Society. Of course if this charge were true, it would fall on the Constitutions of the Society, and not on its Casuistry. But Mr. Maurice must needs confound them together in a sentence which is one of the finest specimens of grandiloquent nonsense that ever was written. Speaking of "what some suppose to be the complete Casuistry which was elaborated by the disciples of Ignatius Loyola," p. 19, he says: "There were certain intelligible maxims which were always recognized in it; beneath them all lay that demand of utter death to the individual man that the Society should flourish and reign, which is, as I think, the hugest falsehood concealing the grandest truth that was ever expressed in speech or embodied in acts: What the falsehood is, what the truth, each man must learn in himself! It is the ultimate problem of Casuistry. The business of a Professor of Casuistry is to assist the student in working it out!" We need only trouble our

* Quite of a piece with this absurdity is the statement, p. 42, that "the great aim of a Professor of Moral Philosophy should be to counteract the danger of belief in—an infallible authority." He might just as well have said the Eternity of Punishments and the Temporal Power of the Pope at once; or anything else in the world which he dislikes.

readers with one more remark upon this very original "Professor of Casuistry." It is obvious that he considers *Probabilism* to be the main vice of the Casuistry he rejects, and of course he misunderstands it like the rest. He says, p. 23: "That which made straight-forward action impossible, was the doctrine that questions of right and wrong may be treated as questions of probability." And later on he calls it "a plea for uncertainty in moral questions, developed into full proportions in the Jesuit system." We hope to shew before we conclude that perhaps it would be more accurate to call Probabilism "A plea for certainty in moral questions."

We pass on from Mr. Maurice to a more favourable specimen of an Anglican writer on casuistry. We speak of the author of a clever article which appeared nearly a year ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, on "Penance and Absolution." This article probably represents the views on the subject of by far the greater number of Anglicans. The writer is a man of ability: he is entirely above the use of any of those unworthy means which are sometimes employed to make this subject more attractive to certain classes of readers. Of course he is prejudiced on many points, and must be looked upon rather as a "careless Gallio," than as the representative of any strong and positive religious idea. Of the power of absolution he says:—"The English Protestant rejects it altogether as superstitious, . . . but to the High Churchman the subject is full of perplexities—fuller, perhaps than any other. Yet he cannot but see . . . . that the Church of England nowhere asserts it in her articles of belief at all . . . . Newspaper controversy assures us that the practice of confession exists, otherwise we should hardly know the fact. But how many *men* does the great High Church Bishop X., or the greater Anglican director Y., absolve in a year? or, which is still more to the purpose, how often are they absolved themselves?" He then goes on to speak of it in a way which, if it manifests entire disbelief in the sacrament—which he rejects with a kind of vehemence—at the same time displays a strange yearning that such a power might be true. He seems, therefore to be one of that large number of fine-minded men who have been so utterly poisoned against the Catholic

faith as to be, as it were, under a moral incapacity of understanding it. His article is a review of the late Father Gury's "Cases of Conscience." He writes with a fairness unusual in Protestants. He speaks kindly and even repectfully of Father Gury. One would think that the genial and charitable spirit of that venerable old man had breathed forth from his writings, and exercised some attractive influence on his reviewer. Still this author cannot divest himself of the prejudices of education. He misrepresents (unintentionally, it would seem,) the whole theory and practice of confession. Without attempting to go through the various misrepresentations of the writer, we shall confine ourselves for the present to his notion that Catholic casuists reduce morality to a question of probability. We subjoin his words:—

"Hence arose the much talked of science of Casuistry—and inasmuch as actions vary infinitely in their moral quality, and it is by no means always clear on principle whether an action is sinful or not, the confessor must be sometimes helped by the aid of authority. His conscience may be at rest—and consequently that of his penitent—if the sentence he pronounces, though by no means assuredly right, is fortified by the consent of doctors of sufficient number and weight and *proveable* as such out of their works. Hence the very singular chapter in that science called *Probabilism.*"

And then the critic proceeds to enumerate the evil effects of this system.

"It is the peculiarly mechanical lowering tone in which virtue and vice, good and evil, come to be habitually spoken of. They lie so very near each other. So many an act is probably right, probably wrong. The distinction in minor cases is so very technical, so very evanescent, that the mind almost unavoidably loses sight of the breadth and reality of the abstract distinction between right and wrong altogether. All the radical, honest, spontaneous repulsion with which the enlightened conscience shrinks from what its own sympathies infallibly tell it to be wicked, is speedily obliterated in the mind of the student of this realistic code of ethics if he really takes it in earnest."

All this displays great ignorance of the practical working of casuistry. The author sits down in his study with a compendium of that science before him, and he spins this web of imaginary consequences. We clearly see that he does not understand the nature of sin, the malice of which

he measures by its opposition to our natural sympathies. It is true that in some sins there is such an opposition; but other sins actually proceed from natural sympathies not sufficiently controlled. The true malice of sin is in the offence against God: that is its essence. Again, the author does not seem to know that the most fervent and devoted members of the Catholic body are those who frequent this Sacrament, while those who neglect it soon lose their piety, and often become a disgrace to the Church. Above all he displays a complete misconception of the nature of Probabilism.

But certainly the most important of the recent Anglican essays on Casuistry is that edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley, which forms number six of the *Tracts for the Day*. It may be considered as a Ritualist manifesto on the subject. It formally proposes the establishment of a "purified school of Casuists."* It closes by declaring that "if the men of the same school which is 'improving' Anglican worship and Dogmatic Theology should be able to carry out this design and inform the conscience, and make men more saintly in their intercourse with one another, they will have achieved a work which will cover them with glory." His work will help, like other publications of the Ritualists, to dissipate many Protestant errors, and so prepare the way for Catholic faith. Moreover this writer is singular among those Anglicans whom we have as yet met with in understanding something of the nature and object of Casuistry. This evidently comes from his belief in the Sacrament of Penance. He sets forth the meaning and value of Casuistry in a very interesting manner, and his tract is certainly worth reading, as well on account of its general interest as for the insight which it gives us into the dispositions and tendencies of the Ritualist party. No Catholic writer would be listened to at the present time by those who will read and appreciate this essay, and it will thus do a work which we could not do, and tend to expose another Protestant misrepresentation, and bring some Anglicans a step nearer to the Church.

* That is, purified from the "vicious casuistry" of the Jesuits, against whom he repeats the calumnies of Mosheim and the Jansenists.

For these reasons we cannot refuse our sympathy to what has been well done by this writer, and we can afford not to be surprised or offended if he seems to be still in many points under the influence of "the Protestant View." The same spirit of fairness which has already enabled him to overcome many prejudices will in time enable him to shake off those under which he still labours, and to correct many theological errors. But, having said so much, the spirit of justice obliges us to add that where the essay treats directly of Catholic writers, it abounds in faults. Most of all ought its author to regret that he should have stained the pages of his essay with the most atrocious and often refuted calumnies of the Jansenists and Mosheim. This is the less pardonable, because he confesses the virulence of Mosheim at the same time that he declares him the best historical guide (p. 25). He never seems to have looked at the Catholic historians, or even to have consulted those Protestant writers, such as Schœll, who wrote without party spirit.

It would be impossible for us to find space to refute the multitude of calumnies which are here heaped together. We are not bound to do so, for there is not one of them that has not been refuted over and over again. The writer is evidently not aware that the Jansenists have been convicted of innumerable falsifications of texts,* that their works were condemned as infamous libels by the courts of Law, and also as impious by the Holy See. He is not aware that in France no one believes the "Provinciales" to be anything but a pungent satire, in which the Catholic Church is ridiculed in her ministers. He does not know that even Voltaire protests against the chief charge of the Jansenists, a charge which we find repeated in the Tract,† p. 9. If this author had read

* De Ravignan says that the answers to the "Provinciales" and the "Extraits des Assertions," have proved that they contain as many as nine hundred alterations or falsifications of passages. Institut des Jesuites, 7 Edit., p. 20.

† Vóltaire (Siecle de Louis Quatorze, l. 3. c. 37.) says, "Pascal attempted to prove that the Jesuits had a design to corrupt morality, a design which no society ever had or could have; but the point was, not to be right, but to amuse the public." Chateaubriand says of the *Provinciales*, "After all, Pascal is only a calumniator of genius; he has bequeathed us an immortal lie."

Catholic authorities, or even liberal Protestant writers, he would certainly have never staked his literary reputation on the "consummate honesty" of Pascal. Tract 6, p. 21.

We regret that we cannot now enter into particulars, because there is much in the way in which this writer brings forward his charges to shew that he does not do so from a spirit of hostility to the Church, but rather because he has given credit to bad authorities. For example, he guards himself against being understood to make any charge against Casuistry in general. Also, he certainly might have found in Mosheim accusations still more slanderous than those he has reproduced. But he seems to have thought, not indeed without some foundation, that he had already gone far enough in that direction. Lastly, he seems to misunderstand Probabilism less than the generality of Protestant writers. Yet it must be said that in more than one passage, he speaks of it in language which shews that he participates, to some extent, in the general ignorance of Protestants on the subject. And, as ignorance of the true nature of Probabilism, wherever it is found, is invariably connected with other mistakes in Casuistry, we shall try to unfold the meaning of the term. This is the best way to answer one of the gravest charges of Protestant writers against the Casuists.

II.—What is Probabilism?

PROBABILISM is the name of a doctrine or rule by which theologians ascertain the existence of rights and duties in certain doubtful cases. It has been utterly misrepresented by the Jansenists and Protestants, and it is misunderstood by well-meaning Anglicans, and even by some Catholics. It is well worth our while, therefore, to set this matter in a clear light. When it is fairly examined, it will be seen that Probabilism is grounded on the fundamental laws of our free intellectual nature. We accept the issue as it is put forward by the author of Tract No. 6, p. 19, where he speaks of the "very dangerous doctrine that it was lawful to follow a probable opinion in opposition to one more probable." He adds that "this was among the *propositiones*

damnatæ of Innocent XI., and that it led to the dangerous development of casuistry, which has brought reprobation on the whole study." We pass over a crowd of other charges brought against Casuists, in order to examine this one more fully. In the first place, therefore, it is an error to suppose that Innocent XI. ever condemned the doctrine of Probabilism.* Any one acquainted with theology will see this at a glance. We recommend our Anglican Casuist to read Viva on the Condemned Propositions, before he undertakes to interpret them, a task requiring some theological discrimination. In order to understand the meaning of Probabilism, we must call to mind the nature and object of moral theology and casuistry. They constitute the science of moral and conscientious duties, a science which is indispensable for the proper administration of the Sacrament of Penance. The spiritual director is liable to be consulted by all classes of persons upon all sorts of conscientious obligations, and he should be able and ready to give prudent advice to all who consult him. Hence, the science of moral theology and casuistry (which is nothing else than applied moral theology) embraces the entire circle of moral and religious duties, considered from a religious and practical point of view.

In by far the greater number of cases, the rights and duties of men are easily and clearly ascertainable. The natural law, the positive divine law, the human law, whether ecclesiastical or civil, impose a multitude of obligations which are evident and certain, and about which there can be no question. In these Probabilism has no place. We may, therefore, put aside the consideration of all obligations and duties which are certain, because, by its very definition, Probabilism has no operation except in cases of doubt. But on the outskirts, as it were, of all laws, there are doubts: not only doubts of ignorant persons (of such persons indeed there is no question in the present enquiry), but doubts of able and educated professional men. As eminent lawyers will differ about undetermined points of law, so do eminent theologians differ about uncertain moral obligations. And

* What really was condemned by Innocent XI. was the doctrine "that it is lawful *in any case* (*generaliter*) to act upon a probable opinion, *no matter how slight* (*quantumvis tenui*) the probability might be." Everybody will see that the writer before us does not understand what he quotes.

as legal doubts are sometimes insoluble except by the interpretation of the supreme juridical tribunal, so also theological doubts are sometimes insoluble except by the decision of the Church. It is with undetermined and insoluble doubts of this sort that Probabilism has to do; it is where the Church has not spoken, and where theologians are in doubt, that it is in some cases lawful to follow a probable opinion against one that is more probable. But it is necessary to explain this matter much more fully, and our readers must excuse us for entering into some technical details which are necessary for the clearness and accuracy of the proof.

The idea of conscience is the central point of moral theology: the whole theory of morality depends upon it. The conscience is the proximate rule of morality, which, when rightly informed and illuminated by faith, puts our moral actions into harmony with the supreme rule of right, which is the eternal law of God. The conscience is an act of the intellect, by which we apply our knowledge to the things which we do, and this may take place in one of three ways:—First, when we recognise that we have done anything or omitted anything, and in this sense the conscience is said to *testify;* secondly, when we judge that anything ought to be done or ought not to be done, and in this sense the conscience is said to *oblige;* thirdly, when by our conscience we judge that what we have done was ill done or well done, and in this sense the conscience is said to *accuse* or *reproach*, or the reverse, as the case may be. (St. Thos. 1ª 2æ, q. 79., a. 13. c.)

The conscience may be modified by certain qualities; for example, by certainty, doubt, or opinion. Certainty is the firm adhesion of the intellect to its judgment, without apprehension of the contrary; doubt is the suspension of the intellect between two opposite judgments; opinion is the adhesion of the intellect to one of two opposite judgments, with the fear or apprehension that the other may be true. A doubt is said to be negative when there is little or no reason on either side; as, for example, if we were to ask ourselves whether the number of the fixed stars be odd or even. There is no foundation for either assertion: it is a negative doubt. A doubt is positive when there are

serious reasons on both sides, as when there is conflicting evidence in a trial. A speculative doubt is about the existence of an obligation in general; as, for example, in the American war, the question whether the Southerns had a *bellum justum*, a just cause for war, against the Northerns. A practical doubt is of the subjective lawfulness of a particular action; as, for example, if in the same case a citizen had doubted whether in his own particular circumstances he could then and there take up arms in the Southern cause. A doubt of law is of the existence of an obligation; as in the question, Is it lawful to paint on a Sunday? A doubt of fact is of the existence of a fact upon which depends the application of a law; as, for example, Is this day a holiday of obligation? These definitions are necessary for the examination of the nature and lawfulness of Probabilism in its more elementary form, which is all that we can here attempt.

Before proposing our own theory, we shall lay before the reader an abridgement of the Protestant author Jeremy Taylor's view of Probabilism. The extracts are taken from the "*Ductor Dubitantium*," Edit. Lond. 1856, vol. 9., p. 150. This book is styled the "Guide of Doubters, the rule of conscience in all her general measures serving as a great instrument for the determination of cases of consience." The work is evidently based on some Catholic theologian's treatise on casuistry. The arrangement of the books and chapters is almost identical with that of all the well-known casuists, but it embraces only a few of the principal treatises, and omits the greater part of the practical questions—which, indeed, to a Protestant casuist are not necessary. In his dissertations on the Probable Conscience, he speaks as follows:—

"A probable conscience is an imperfect assent to an uncertain proposition, in which one part is indeed clearly and fully chosen, but with an explicit or implicit notice that the contrary is also fairly eligible. For a doubtful conscience considers the probabilities on either side, and dares not choose, and cannot; but the probable (conscience) does choose, though it considers that in the thing itself there can be no certainty; and from them both, (a sure conscience and a doubtful) it is distinguished by the intervening of the will. For in a sure conscience, the will works not at all, because it is wholly conducted by the understanding

and its proper motives. In the doubtful, the will cannot interpose, by reason of fear and an uncertain spirit. But in the probable it can intervene, not directly, but collaterally and indirectly, because the motives of the probable conscience are not always sufficient to make the conclusion without something of the will applied to extrinsical motives which reflect also on the understanding.

For it is remarkable that a probable conscience, though it be in speculation uncertain, may be practically certain. For if it were not safe to do that which is only probable, then nothing could be done till something were demonstrated, and then in moral theology, we should often stand still and suspend our act, but seldom do anything. Yea, sometimes it happens that false things are made more probable than true. And it is remarkable that Cicero *(Pro font c. IX.)* saith that "*Arbitror*" is "*verbum consideratissimum.*" Aristotle (*Eth. Nic.* l. 1. c. 1.) says: "He is well instructed who expects that manner of proof of things which the nature of things will bear." And in moral things it is sufficient that a thing be judged true and certain though by an uncertain argument, and the opinion may be practically certain, when the knowledge of it is in speculation only probable."

Again, in his Rules, Bishop Taylor says, Book 1, c. 4, Rule 11:—

He that hath given assent to one part of a probable opinion may lawfully depose that conscience and that opinion upon confidence of the sentence (opinion) of another. Rule 13. He that is asked concerning a case that is on either side probable may answer against his own opinion, if the contrary be probable and more safe or more expedient and favourable. Rule 14. When the guide of souls is of a different opinion from his charge or penitent, he is not bound to exact conformity to his own opinion which is but probable, but may proceed according to the conscience of the penitent. Rule 15. The sentence (opinion) or arbitrament of a good man, though it be of itself but probable, yet it is more than a probable warranty in actions otherwise undeterminable. "*Sicut vir prudens eam definierit*" is the great measure which Aristotle (*Eth. Nic* l. 11. c. 6, tom. 2, p. 1107) and all the moral philosophers assign to very many cases and questions. Book 1, c. 5, Rule 6. It is lawful for the conscience to proceed to action against a doubt that is merely speculative, For there is nothing but a weak man may be made to doubt of; for if the speculative doubting conscience should always prevail in practice, the weak and ignorant might be abused and made miserable in all things, and the most knowing in very many.

So far writes Jeremy Taylor. All that is valuable in his work, its plan, order, and the subjects he treats of,

are evidently taken from some Catholic casuists of the time, and of course he changes what he does not like. For example, in the chapters on laws, he destroys the beautiful order of the Catholic *Treatise de Legibus*, which sets forth the independence of the Church; and, in the true spirit of protestantism, he makes the civil power supreme.

Book 3, c. 2. The supreme civil power is also supreme over all persons and in all causes ecclesiastical. Rule 6. Kings have a legislative power in the affairs of religion and the Church.

Bishop Butler, in his *Analogy*, Introd. p. 7, has the following remarks on Probability:

"Probable evidence, in its very nature, affords but an imperfect kind of information, and is to be considered only as relative only to beings of limited capacities. For nothing which is the possible object of knowlege, whether past, present, or future, can be probable to an infinite Intelligence; since it cannot but be discerned absolutely as it is in itself, certainly true or certainly false. *But to us Probability is the very guide of life.*"

We have extracted these passages partly to give some notion of the older Anglican casuistry, and partly to show that what is called "*Direct Probabilism*" was not confined to the Jesuits, but was a general philosophical view, and in fact, as Voltaire said, "If Pascal had wished it, he could have found matter for his "*Provinciales*" in the writings of Casuists of the other schools; but his purpose was to assail the Jesuits, and he confined himself to them."

We shall now give another explanation of the matter, it being hardly necessary to say that we do not put forward the Anglican doctrine as our own; we claim to be heard and judged by our own statement. The question into which Probabilism chiefly enters is this: where there is a positive speculative doubt as to the existence of an obligation, how does it affect our liberty? All theologians agree that in a *practical* doubt about the lawfulness of tany action we are bound, if we cannot resolve the doubt to take the safest side. And the reason is clear. In a practical doubt the intellect is suspended between two opposite judgments; one, is the judgment that the act here and now to be done is unlawful; the other, that it is lawful. To act in this doubt is to act against the conscience, which

apprehends the danger of sin—according to that, "*omne quod non ex fide est peccatum est*" (Rom. xiv. 23). What is not done with a clear consciousness of being right is wrong. Our duty is in such cases to resolve the doubt, or, as it is commonly expressed, "to form our conscience" by the adoption, on prudently chosen grounds, of some practical dictamen which extricates us from practical doubt, though it may not, and perhaps cannot, solve the speculative doubt. For example, if one sees clearly that the doubt is not solidly founded, but is a mere unreasonable apprehension, he may discard it altogether by an act of his will; but if the speculative doubt (which always underlies the practical doubt) be *positive*, then it cannot be prudently discarded. It is in this case chiefly that probabilism comes in.

In considering the motives in favour of either side in speculative doubts, we find that they have many shades or degrees of Probability, which qualify the opinions founded on them. A probable opinion is said to be an opinion which is founded on so weighty a motive, whether intrinsical of reason or extrinsical of authority as to be capable of drawing to itself the assent of a prudent and well-informed man (St. Alph. l. 1. t. 1, c. 3, n. 40) We may conceive it either as an act of the intellect, or as the spoken or written judgment which represents to others the probable opinion of a theologian, and this is the more usual sense. A slightly probable opinion, *opinio tenuiter*, or *dubie probabilis*, is one which though not destitute of motives, is wanting in that degree of support which is necessary to constitute a probable opinion; a "more probable" opinion, *opinio probabilior*, is one which seems to have a greater degree of probability than the contrary, without necessarily excluding the solid probability of such contrary; a most probable opinion, *opinio probabilissima*," is one which is so probable that the contrary cannot be considered to be sufficiently probable, but at most to be "*tenuiter probabilis*". In all these cases we are to suppose that the respective degrees of Probability have been estimated by competent judges, and after consideration and comparison of the reasons and authorities in favour of the contrary opinions. It is to be noted

that when Casuists speak of probable opinions as affecting the certainty of the law, they do not mean the great general laws or precepts in themselves,—for about these there is never any doubt in Casuistry,— but by a law they signify the extension of such general precept to particular cases, or, in other words, the comprehension of any particular case under the general law; if this be doubtful the law is said in casuistry to be doubtful. We shall use the word in this sense.

To come back now to our speculative doubt, let us suppose that the opinion in favour of liberty is solidly probable, are we allowed to use it against a more probable opinion in favour of the law, or are we bound to obey the law? All theologians agree that where there is obligation of securing some end, which is independent of the formation of our conscience, we are obliged to act so as to secure that end. This chiefly occurs in doubts of fact. For example, rose water is doubtful matter of Baptism; and as the Priest who administers the sacrament has to secure its validity, he cannot follow the probable opinion except in case of necessity—such necessity as would justify him in risking the validity of the sacrament, as for example, if a child were dying without Baptism and there were nothing but rose water at hand; and so in innumerable other cases. The question thus becomes limited to that class of doubts which relate to the mere lawfulness or unlawfulness of our own act, considered in itself; as for example, in questions concerning the obligation of fasting or hearing Mass; and even in such cases the solution must not be considered separately from collateral circumstances, such as the danger of scandal, offence, and the like, which, if they should occur, would modify the decision. It is necessary to narrow the issue to this point in order to test the validity of Probabilism in its most fundamental principle on which all its applications to other and more complicated cases are founded.

When therefore there is a speculative doubt affecting solely our subjective obedience, we affirm that it can be resolved with the help of a probable opinion in favour of liberty of action against even a more probable opinion

in favour of the law. For when there is a solidly probable opinion in favour of liberty, it is clear that the contradictory assertion in favour of the law cannot be certain; and this is true even if the opinion in favour of the law be the more probable of the two. Because either the reasons and authorities in favour of the law, are such as to diminish the solid probability of the contrary opinion in favour of liberty, or they are not. If they be such as to render the opinion in favour of liberty doubtfully or slightly probable, then that is not our hypothesis—the case is changed, and the opinion in favour of liberty is no longer solidly probable, no longer to be relied upon. But if after full examination and consideration by competent judges of all the reasons and authorities alleged in favour of the law, the opinion in favour of liberty retains its solid probability, it is clear that the contrary reasons cannot produce certainty; and it evidently follows from the probability in favour of liberty, that the law or obligation in question is absolutely doubtful, because by its definition a probable opinion is founded on a motive so weighty as to be sufficient to draw to itself the assent of a prudent and competent judge. How therefore can the contrary be *certain?* And if the law be doubtful, how can it impose a certain obligation?

What would be the difference between a doubtful and a certain obligation if men were equally obliged to obey in both cases? and would it not follow from such a conclusion that the same obligation was at the same time certain and doubtful, which is a contradiction in terms?

When the doctrine of Probabilism is rightly understood it commends itself to our reason. To say that man is bound to obey in all doubts is simply absurd. It is well for a man to obey all certain laws, whether natural, Divine, or human. Happy is he who can say, "All these have I kept from my youth" (St. Matt. 19, 20). It may be indeed a matter of perfection or counsel, to obey in doubtful cases out of reverence for the law-giver, and to avoid even a material violation of the law. But it is quite unreasonable to oblige all men to do so under pain of sin. St. Thomas Aquinas (in 4 sent. d. 15, a. 6. ad 2m.) declares that "what is prohibited by

no law is lawful." And again, (De Verit. 9. 11, a. 3) "that no one is bound by a law unless through the knowledge of such law," and he clearly holds that knowledge is incompatible with a contrary probable opinion. From these, and a crowd of other authorities and reasons St. Alphonsus deduces the fundamental principle of his system of Probabilism. "*Lex dubia non potest certam inducere obligationem*" (St. Alph., l. 1, n. 26). *Lex dubia non obligat* n. 55).

Of course these considerations are suited only to persons capable of judging of the reasons and authorities for and against any obligation of which there is question; and that is chiefly the business of Casuists. As for the simple and ignorant, they must be guided in doubtful cases by others, by their Pastor, their Confessor, or their Superior, or by some prudent friend. St. Thomas Aquinas (2ª 2æ., q. 4. a. 8., ad. 2) says, "*aliquis parvæ scientiæ magis certificatur de eo quod audit ab aliquo scientifico quam de eo quod sibi secundum suam rationem videtur*," that is, "one of little knowledge is more certain of that which he hears from a well-informed person than of that which seems to him according to his own reason."

We are now in a position to see how we can lay aside a practical doubt, and within the above-mentioned limits form our conscience by a practical and certain dictamen wherever we have a probable opinion in our favour. Thus; "Where there is a probable opinion in favour of liberty "the obligation is doubtful, and therefore does not hold. "Now I have a probable opinion in favour of liberty in "this case, therefore I am certainly free to act without sin." This is called "reflex probabilism," and it is distinguished from the "direct" probabilism, of which we have a good specimen in Jeremy Taylor, who maintains that in a speculative doubt we can take up and adopt as our own the probable opinion on either side, making it our own judgment by an act of the will. The principle of the reflex probabilism is "*Lex dubia non obligat*," a doubtful law does not oblige." The principle of the direct Probabilists was "*Qui probabiliter agit prudenter agit*:" he who (in doubtful cases) acts in conformity to a probable opinion acts prudently. St. Alphonsus, n. 55, asserts this latter

principle to be false, because it is not sufficient for the formation of a certain dictamen of the conscience. With the greatest reverence for the wise and saintly author, we venture to think differently. Surely we can form our conscience to a certain dictamen in this way: "in such and such speculative doubts we are certainly at liberty to follow a probable opinion in favour of liberty; in this particular case I have a probable opinion, therefore I am certainly at liberty to act." Here is a certain practical dictamen. Moreover the reasons of Jeremy Taylor in favour of direct Probabilism have something in them, and they concur with those of eminent theologians. However, that is merely a question of the schools, and we adhere to the system of St. Alphonsus. Practically it comes to the same thing.

In contrasting the two systems of direct and reflex Probabilism we certainly recognise two great advantages to sound casuistry which are due to St. Alphonsus. The first is that St. Alphonsus has gone far towards destroying the ground of dispute between Probabilists and Probabiliorists; for if the opinion in favour of liberty be sufficiently well founded to shew that the obligation is doubtful (and except it be so it is not truly probable), then the principle, "*Lex dubia non obligat*," evidently has its place, whether the contrary opinion be more or less probable. It may seem that there is something of a "vicious circle" in deducing the doubtfulness of the law from the opposite probability, and then estimating the sufficiency of the probability by the doubtfulness of the law. But in truth the foundation of the probable opinion lies in its intrinsic reason and extrinsic authority, and we refer to the law merely as it may sometimes help us to correct our estimate. Just as in practical astronomy, the observations regulate the clock, but the clock is made use of to secure greater exactness in the observations. There is no vicious circle in either case. The second advantage is that a sound and moderate system of moral theology, equally free from laxity and rigour, has been widely diffused The wise and moderate system of St. Alphonsus has now become generally accepted. The *quasi* approbation which his writings have received, while it does not oblige us to follow his opinion in all cases, yet

warrants us in doing so, so that henceforward there will be much less cause for difference of opinion amongst Catholic Casuists. The author of the Tract on Casuistry indeed tells us that St. Alphonsus is accused of leaning too much to the side of laxity by Dr. Newman. But he has evidently mistaken the drift of Dr. Newman's words. In the passage from the Apologia, to which the author probably alludes, Dr. Newman argues against those with whom St. Alphonsus has the repute of being a lax moralist, and his object is to account for the accusation, and to defend the personal holiness and austerity of the saint. We assert confidently that Dr. Newman has never accused St. Alphonsus of leaning too much to the side of laxity. St. Alphonsus seems to have been raised up by God to stem the flood of Jansenistic rigorism with which the Church was threatened at the end of the 17th and beginning of the 18th century, and to set a stamp on many opinions of eminent Casuists whose name and authority had been assailed by the unrelenting enemies of religion. The Jansenists had endeavoured to introduce Calvinism into the Church; in their dogmatic teaching they maintained that some of the commandments of God were impossible, and that Christ had not died for all men. With the true spirit of heresy they violently resisted the authority of the Holy See, and equivocated in their interpretation of the Pontifical decisions. In their moral theology, with great consistency, they assumed everywhere a subtle and hypocritical severity which rendered the sacraments inaccessible to repentant sinners; but they were detected and overthrown at all points. Their dogmatic teaching was declared heresy; and this, and their rigorism in casuistry, were condemned by Alex. VIII. and other Popes.

It may be well to examine the only solid objection urged against Probabilism—that, it exposes us to the danger of a material violation of the law, and that out of reverence to the Law-giver we should avoid such a danger. We answer, first, that if we sedulously observe all the known and certain laws under which we live, we shall not be wanting in reverence to the Law-giver by considering ourselves to be at liberty where we do not *know* of any obligation to the contrary, being always prepared to obey in all cases where the proper authority may intervene to determine the doubt.

Secondly we have the highest authority for the safety of such a course, as will appear from the following examples: 1. Sinnich and the Jansenist Wendrock (Arnauld's assumed name) denied that it was lawful to follow even the most probable opinion in favour of liberty, and that doctrine was condemned by Alex. VIII. in prop. 3., 7 Dec. 1690. Hence we have the authority of the Church for following an *opinio probabilissima*, and thus exposing ourselves to the *danger* of materially violating the law. 2. The whole school of Probabiliorists, including the Jesuits Gonzalez and Antoine, the Dominicans Concina and Patuzzi, and a crowd of others, maintain that it is lawful to follow a more probable opinion, and thus expose ourselves to the *probable* danger of a material violation of the law; and this may be said to be allowed by the whole body of theologians, on the ground that to oblige man to obey the law in all doubtful cases would be to expose him to intolerable perplexity.

Now this consent of the Casuists of all the schools is irresistible authority, in favour of using our liberty in doubtful cases even though we thereby expose ourselves to the *probable* danger of materially violating the law. As to the shade of difference between the probable danger and the more probable danger, it would be infinitely more perplexing to oblige us to determine that. Where there is doubt, a clever theologian may easily make his side appear a little more probable. The only solid foundation of obligation is the certainty of the law. Indeed, as we have shewn, there is no room for Probabiliorism in the system of St. Alphonsus. There was obviously a plausible reason for Probabiliorism in those who held with Jeremy Taylor that it was lawful to conform the judgment to a probable opinion *directly*. In such a course there would be a moral discomfort in choosing the less probable in contradiction to a more probable opinion, even though one might think it lawful. But where liberty depends upon the absence of any certain obligation, it is evident that the whole question turns on the certainty or uncertainty of the law. At first sight it may seem to some of our readers that we go further than St. Alphonsus in our doctrine of Probabilism, but we think we have

represented his principles exactly. The key to any difficulties which may be urged from some obscure passages in his works, we think to be this. In the entire course of his works, St. Alphonsus uniformly allows the use of a solidly probable opinion; but it must be remembered that whenever he says of an opinion that it is "*verior*" or "*tutior*" or "*longe probabilior*," he does not allow that the opposite opinion is solidly probable. Those who may wish to see this matter thoroughly discussed, and our view elaborately demonstrated, would do well to read Ballerini "*Dissert de Moral. System. S. Alfonsi.*," *Romæ*, 1863.

Our readers have now before them this "very dangerous doctrine" of Probabilism, and they will be able to judge of the charges brought against it. The truth is, that modern writers do not trouble themselves to understand it at all, but take up the calumnies of Pascal and Mosheim without examination. If intelligent Protestants, such as the writers of the article on Penance in Fraser, and of Tract 6, were to examine the theory of Probabilism for themselves, they would be likely to admit that the principle was evidently true—so true, indeed, that they might add that it was hardly worth while taking such trouble to prove it. But however reasonable and well supported it may be, Probabilism is one of those things which required explanation, as it has been habitually misunderstood and misrepresented by Protestant writers even to the present hour, and so we have entered into it more fully, perhaps, than many of our readers will like.

In conclusion, we shall only ask them to compare our doctrine with the charges of our adversaries. Is there anything in Probabilism to show that it is "a plea for uncertainty in moral actions"; that "it makes right and wrong a question of probability"; that it is "a web spun by the Jesuits to make straightforward action impossible" (Maurice p. 22); that it is "one of the great scandals of casuistry" (Tract 6 p. 20); that it is, in a word, any one of those monsters which have been conjured up by Protestant imaginations? Probabilism is evidently none of these. It is a principle of natural right which signifies that we retain possession of our liberty until we know that it is

curtailed by lawful authority. Moreover, it is a doctrine chiefly intended for the training of Casuists and directors, who alone are qualified to judge of solid probability. But it is wrong to suppose that the education of a Catholic Priest is confined to casuistry—besides this, and his dogmatical and scriptural studies, he has to learn and to practise ascetical theology during a protracted course of preparation for the priesthood. As for the faithful, it is well known that in the Catholic Church they have abundant means and helps to practise a life of perfection,—sermons, retreats, missions, sodalities, multitudes of pious books, and a variety of religious orders suited to every disposition. It is most unfair to fasten on a compendium of casuistry, and make it appear that it is the spiritual guide of Catholics. The work of perfection begins where the works of obligation terminate, and the promotion and cultivation of perfection is one of the chief duties of a Director. When will Protestants examine fairly the full operation of the Catholic system?

Σ.

Our Library Table.

1. *New Poems*, by Matthew Arnold.—2. *Histoire de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament*, par les seuls témoignages profanes, ou La Bible sans La Bible.—3. *The History of the Norman Conquest of England*, its Causes and its Results. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A.—4. *Vie du Cardinal d'Astros, Archevêque de Toulouse*, par le R. P. Caussette, Superieur des Prêtres du Sacré-Cœur.—5. *English Monasticism*, its Rise and Influence. By O'Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S.—6. *Vie et Œuvres de la Bienheureuse Marguerite Marie Alacoque*. Publication du Monastere de la Visitation de Paray-le-Monial.—7. *Life of the Blessed Virgin St. Catharine of Siena*. By Doctor Catarinus Senensis. Translated into English by John Fen, Priest. —*The Inner Life of the Very Rev. Père Lacordaire*. By Père Chocarne. Translated by a religious of the same Order.—*Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine*. By Count Falloux. Translated by H. Preston.—*The Family:* its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows. By Count A. de Gasparin (translated).—*The Epistle of Jesus Christ to the Faithful Soul*. By Lanspergius. Translated by Philip, Earl of Arundel.—8. *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*. By Mr. Baring Gould.—9. Miscellaneous Notices.

1. Although the enthusiastic but extremely able criticism on Mr. Arnold's poetry which has lately been put forward in the *Fortnightly Review* by Mr. Swinburne, may to some extent exaggerate the merits of the subject of its praises, there can be no doubt that it is in a great measure true and sound in its appreciation. Mr. Arnold has not written very much, and, up to the present time, has kept back from the gaze of the public a good deal of what he has written. His works require a cultivated taste, and a memory stored with the echoes of the grandest and most artistically perfect poetry of ancient Greece in those who would enjoy them thoroughly. We do not intend to limit his audience to those who possess classical cultivation in the highest degree, still less do we mean to say that Mr. Arnold has not studied in other than classical schools, or that he has not that loving acquaintance with all that is beautiful and touching in nature which is requisite in all true poetry. We are only speaking of characteristics in his writings which make them most fully understood within a comparatively small circle. Then again, his name is hardly connected in the public mind with any single piece which stands out as preeminent among his various poems. Nevertheless, he is one of the very few poets of our time who are really its representatives, and who, as such, exercise an influence over its thoughts. His artistic power, when he chooses to exert it to the utmost, and when he is at his best, is wonderful; the apparently simple, easy, and unerring power of a true master. In the beauty and eloquence of his pictures he is surpassed by no living writer, and yet these pictures are so natural as to seem almost spontaneous, and we should never tire of them, were it not that the most exquisite natural beauty palls on the mind after a time. Then, again, Mr. Arnold has caught the traditions of older schools of poetry, he has, as it were, taken their lore into his own mind, and set it forth again with perfect command over it, giving it the hue, the setting and the tone which exactly suit the generation to which he belongs, the feelings, yearnings, and dominant ideas of which he thoroughly shares. These two qualities, perfect artistic power and thorough sympathy with the deeper chords of the mind of his age, are necessary to every one who has a claim to be considered as one of those poets who influence their contemporaries.

It is obvious that while the highest success in the exercise of the former of these qualities must depend in great measure on the par-

ticular form and subject selected by the poet, the use made by him of the latter gift is closely connected with responsibilities of the gravest kind. Poets who have it in their power to raise and ennoble the practical philosophy of life among their fellow countrymen, to cheer them on by high hopes in the discharge of duty, and to encourage a vigorous, manly, and happy tone of thought and sentiment, instead of helping men on in the downward course either to effeminacy, sensuality, or scepticism, are in reality, within a certain sphere of their own, preachers and prophets. We fear that it must be said that Mr. Arnold's philosophy is somewhat dreary and despairing. He charms us by very sweet music, and places a number of beautiful pictures before our eyes: but his poetry is on the side of scepticism, rather than on that of faith. How many men, for instance, will be found to draw a motive for virtue from such doctrine as the following, called "*Anti-desperation*," which reads like an answer to St. Paul's words, "If according to man I fought with beasts at Ephesus, what doth it profit me if the dead rise not again? *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die.*" Mr. Arnold says,

> Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
> How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
> *Christ*, some one says, *was human as we are;*
> *No judge eyes us from heaven, our sin to scan;*
>
> *We live no more, when we have done our span.*
> "Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?
> "From sin, which heaven records not, why forbear—
> "Live we like brutes, our life without a plan!"
>
> So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
> "Hath man no second life?—Pitch this one high!
> "Sits there no judge in heaven, our sin to see?—
>
> "More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
> "Was Christ a man like us?—Ah! let us try
> "If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

And there is something snappishly contemptuous about the following verses, which are headed *Pis-aller*, p. 160.

> "Man is blind because of sin;
> "Revelation makes him sure.
> "Without that, who looks within,
> "Looks in vain, for all's obscure."
>
> Nay, look closer into man!
> Tell me, can you find indeed
> Nothing sure, no moral plan
> Clear prescribed, without your creed?
>
> "No, I nothing can perceive;
> "Without that, all's dark for men.
> "That, or nothing, I believe."—
> For God's sake, believe it then!

The extracts which we have made will we think give a fair idea of the unhealthiness which, we are sorry to say, pervades Mr. Arnold's often very beautiful writings.[1] They are taken from his last publication, called *New Poems*.* The contents of this volume are unequal in merit, and very various in character. The chief poem in point of length is a dramatic lyric on Empedocles on Ætna, printed many years ago, but never circulated, and now published at the recommendation of Mr.

* *New Poems*. By Matthew Arnold. Macmillans, London. 1867.

Browning. It abounds in lovely bits of poetry, but all through there runs the philosophy of despair. The next most noticeable piece in the volume is the wonderful elegy on the late Arthur Hugh Clough, entitled *Thyrsis*—certainly one of the very noblest poems of the kind in the English language. It was, we think, originally published in Macmillan's Magazine. Some fine sonnets, and a number of minor pieces complete the volume. We must allow ourselves the pleasure of quoting at least the last stanzas of the *Thyrsis*:

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
Sole in these fields; yet will I not despair;
Despair I will not, while I yet descry
'Neath the soft canopy of English air
That lonely Tree against the western sky.
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold,
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold.
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wert bound,
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour;
Men gave thee nothing, but this happy quest,
If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude Cumnor ground,
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime;
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy. country tone,
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which tasked thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
It fail'd, and thou wast mute;
Yet hadst thou always visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here!
'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis, in reach of sheep-bells is my home!
Then through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
To chase fatigue and fear:
Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! the light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our Tree yet crowns the hill,
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside.

2. It seems premature yet to attempt to reconstruct the full sequence of Bible History from exclusively profane sources. The real value of many existing materials has still to be determined; many more, it may reasonably be expected, will before long reward modern research, while science is far from having said her last word on controversies which would inevitably fall under examination in such a work, and which in the present state of evidence could only be unsatisfactorily prejudged. The Abbé Gainet* has nevertheless ventured on this difficult task. He professes to reproduce the Bible narrative from Genesis to the Christian era out of the writings and monuments of cotemporaries, the half-articulate voice of early tradition, and the conclusions of modern science. Of course the novelty of such an undertaking lies rather in its extent than in its character. Some of the very earliest of Christian apologists tried to find a harmony between the utterances of revelation and the records and traditions of antiquity. Besides those who have laboured in the strictly historical field in our own days, Sepp has pointed out the Christian and prophetic significance of the rites of heathen worship, and it had entered into the plans of Ozanam to study the legends and folk-lore of the whole Indo-European family in their relation to the early faith and history of humanity. On the other hand, many writers both before and after Strauss have made use of similar sources to discredit the sacred volume. It is against these that the Abbé's five volumes, three on the Old Testament and two on the New, are directed. As this, we believe, is the author's first appearance before the world, a few words of introduction about himself will not be without interest. His life belongs almost to the romance of authorship. Entrusted with the care of a country parish he early resolved to devote all his leisure to a careful study of the Bible. But this was a matter of no small difficulty. To provide himself with all the necessary books, so far beyond the means of a country priest, he had frequently to forego his dinner and fast on bread and water. To gain time for these pursuits, he stole from his sleep what he could not spare from the labours of his office. The fruit of such simple-hearted devotedness and anxious work continued for fifteen years, has been "La Bible sans la Bible." A life passed in the seclusion of a village presbytery is little likely to supply those correctives to a one-sided erudition which literary and scientific men find in the mutual interchange of thought. It is to this circumstance, and to the fixing too settled a gaze upon the main point of interest, that we must attribute, in addition to the necessary imperfections of such a work, some errors of detail and execution, which it is difficult to account for otherwise.

We fear that the praise bestowed on this work in a portion of the French press has been somewhat overcharged. Certainly it is not without great merit. The results of extensive reading directed to a single aim cannot but be useful. It supplies a large store-house of valuable evidence corroborative of the Bible records. What however is wanted, is more definiteness of statement, more careful sifting of evidence, a greater sobriety of expression, and occasionally a more inexorable logic.

The materials for the work have been furnished in great part by the labours of Josephus and Eusebius in his Præparatio Evangelica: the compilations of men who have gone over some of the same ground, as Huet and Grotius, etc., the results of modern scientific travel and dis-

* *Histoire de l'Ancien et du Nouveau Testament*, par les seuls témoignages profanes ou La Bible sans La Bible. Paris: Henri Guinot, 1866.

covery, especially in the great fields of Bible story, Palestine, Assyria, and Egypt. Strictly scientific matter is more sparingly found.

In character "La Bible sans la Bible" is constructive rather than simply apologetic. Is is as if a number of witnesses were called to depose to the general veracity of the Bible on certain leading points, rather than a strict judicial enquiry investigating with minute precision some particular questions. This style of defence is not altogether conclusive. It scarcely meets the attacks of those Rationalists who mainly strive to deprive the Bible of the character of a *sacred* record. These writers are perfectly willing to admit even a larger proportion of truth in the Bible than in any other early records, but they absolutely refuse to allow its claim to a higher *grade* of truth. Their efforts are directed to show that it must be interpreted exclusively by the ordinary rules of Hermeneutics; that the narrative is open to all the imperfections of *human* composition both in defect and in excess, that it has, occasionally at least, its positive mistatements and even its contradictions. Against this school, it is not enough to build up a general character for veracity. The Bible must be defended not by collateral testimony to the general drift of the story, but by meeting the specific charges in a spirit of solid and sober criticism. For example, it is not proved that the Deluge occurred under precisely all the circumstances found in the Bible record, by adducing the parallel traditions of three-fourths of the human family, all varying infinitely in detail, to bear testimony to a universal flood, any more than the Mexican version of the same great disaster can lay claim to the special privilege of infallibility on account of its fundamental agreement with all other tradition.

It is however no inconsiderable gain for Catholics to have an easily-accessible work like the Abbé Gainet's. They are here supplied with a large repository of facts and documents, which even if they do not always admit of being used polemically, still have a very legitimate cogency in steadying a wavering faith or changing doubt into conviction. There is something no doubt very striking in this cumulative evidence to a believer. The subsidiary documents become quite luminous with the reflected light of the sacred text round which they are gathered in homage. But it is quite otherwise in the process of inquiry. They are here made to throw light on what is hypothetically dark and doubtful, and without any exceptional ground for trustworthiness, and discrepancies will be as much noted as points of contact.

Some of the Abbé's evidence is inadequate on other grounds. *A priori* views of the value of certain popular reminiscences of great men are very fallacious. It is absolutely impossible for us to estimate the cogency of the argument by which, for instance, he introduces the Arab traditions about Ismael. "Though other Arab traditions ought to be received with caution, there is no opening for suspicion when they are connected with the main features of the story of one of their chief patriarchs." Still worse evidence are the Arab traditions as *independent* testimony to Bible truth if of post-Mahommedan origin or growth. M. Gainet does not always distinguish between those which are and those which are not, yet à priori, we should assume such traditions to have *followed* the Bible into Arabia. A similar objection may be raised to much that is found in Josephus and the authors quoted by him: the Bible stories were not improbably the foundation of these tales and traditions, popular fancy supplying the local detail and colouring. At least such a genesis of legend is not uncommon nor unlikely, and evidence to be trustworthy at all should be alto-

gether unexceptional. For example, our author gives the letters of Solomon to Hiram and Vaphres, found in Josephus and Eusebius, as authentic testimony; yet both versions hardly could be so—for they differ considerably—except on the unproved hypothesis that they formed different parts of a prolonged correspondence. Indeed the author himself suggests that Josephus had his eye on the text of Kings when he wrote his version. Critics generally reject this correspondence as apocryphal, though a few apparently still support its authenticity.

The Abbé Gainet combats the view entertained by most modern Egyptologists on the subject of the shepherd-kings. Following Josephus and Lenormant, he identifies them with the sons of Jacob, who (according to him) formed not, as in Ewald's view, a part of a large Semitic invasion, but the whole body of so-called invaders, and constitute the only foundation for the dynasties of Manetho and the accounts of Africanus and Syncellus. Whatever intrinsic probability this view may offer to Lenormant and others, the Abbé Gainet scarcely succeeds in making it acceptable to his readers. They are left to form their own judgment on the probability of the Egyptians exaggerating so hugely their national misfortunes and humiliations, a *prima facie* difficulty of the greatest moment. No sufficient explanation is given for the rejection of the first account of Manetho which that historian declares to be authentic, and the adoption of the second which is rejected too by Josephus himself on whose authority mainly this view is taken up. The reference which historians, as Palmer and others, find in this second account to an irruption of Irak-Arabs during the time of Joshua meets with no specific refutation. The Abbé Gainet grounds his explanation on the silence of all historians except Manetho on the subject of *shepherd-kings* and on the absence of ruins traceable to the devastations of these foreigners, two negative arguments of no very great weight.

The Abbé's views of Egyptian history are somewhat revolutionary in some other points. We find it gravely argued that as the name of Memphis was borne by one of the descendants of Joseph, it is probable that this Hebrew, otherwise unknown, founded the city of Memphis. An assertion so striking and novel requires more corroboration than can be got out of the statement of Mariette that no existing ruins at Memphis are traceable to an earlier date.

Our author decides in favour of the identity of origin of the Egyptians and Ethiopians, counting both among the descendants of Ham; yet in two other places he assigns to the latter a Semitic origin, grounding upon this supposed fact an argument for the possibility of wide differences of physical type between nations of confessedly common origin.

Ethnologists will also be surprised to find a Semitic origin attributed to the Chinese. The philological knowledge displayed in this work is unfortunately not of a character to raise its credit with learned men. The old explanation of the Nomen Tetragrammaton, which made it include a perfect, future and a present form, is again given for good coin, while the pronunciation on which it rests is deservedly rejected in a note; the same word is declared identical with the Latin *Jovi*; Ενοε is derived from it as 'ελελευ from *eloha*; Noah is recovered in Satur-nus, the Carib Chemim (a name of God) is the Hebrew *Shamaim* (Heavens); Teocalli, the Mexican "house of God," is unmistakeably akin to Θεοκαλία; Αἰων reappears as ἀεί-ὤν; the old Scandinavian Thor turns up in Tartary. In a supplement on the Divine Name in all languages, the *classification* might be advantageously altered. At present it follows consistently neither philological

nor geographical principles, and might consequently mislead the student.

Not the least important part of the work are Essays on the Unity of the Human Species and on the universal existence of Monotheism in the earliest times of which we have any historical knowledge. A great number of interesting observations are brought together from good authorities, and are handled with considerable power and breadth. The general conclusions of the Abbé are usually correct; he seems however too generous in white-washing whole peoples from the charge of idolatry. The Celts and Germans of the date of the opening of the Christian era are absolved on evidence which does not strictly prove more than that there was some knowledge of one supreme God among them. He does not meet the specific assertions of historians, such as Rawlinson, who finds idolatry prevalent among the Chaldeans on their first appearance on the stage of history, or of others who carry it back far beyond the date he allows it in Egypt. He is also unjustifiably rash in bringing down the Vedas to a date comparatively so very modern, apparently because if allowed the age now commonly assigned to them they prove the existence of idolatry at an inconveniently early period. He clearly means to make them at least as recent as the fourth century B.C.; for Herodotus is his main support in his attempt to show that the Indians had not in the fifth century B.C. attained that degree of civilisation which would account for the production of Vedic poetry. Herodotus however, on the showing of Rawlinson, was not acquainted with any inhabitants of the Indian Peninsula; in Bk. III. c. 98 he has left us a description of the rude tribes of the Punjaub. On the other hand, the Abbé allows an antiquity of 3000 years to the Mahabharata, without saying a word about the linguistic argument which is so conclusively clear as to the relative antiquity of this poem and at least the earlier portion of Vedic literature.

With all these short-comings, which prevent the Abbé Gainet from taking rank among critical scholars of the first class, there is much that is very valuable in his three volumes on the Old Testament, which portion only of his work we have examined. Such a mass of heterogeneous evidence cannot but have great weight on candid readers in spite of occasional flaws. The author's honest enthusiasm for his work, though at times a little fierce, gives a charm and freshness to his book, which literature of this class seldom possesses.

3. We are very much in need of a good History of England, and Mr. E. A. Freeman has many of the qualifications required in the author of such a work. He is thoroughly industrious, and, on most matters, judicious enough in the use of his authorities. He understands, moreover, what some writers on the subject have not understood, that English history does not begin with the Conquest, and still less, of course, with the Reformation; and that its earlier centuries must be carefully studied, in order that the annals of later times may be seen in their true light. Few things of the kind are more absurd than the manner in which the Conquest is ordinarily looked upon as marking an epoch almost as disconnected from the centuries preceeding it as the second beginning of human society after the Deluge. The only greater absurdity that is likely to be perpetrated in the subject matter before us is, that other mistake to which we have alluded—them istake of writers like Mr. Froude, who care little and perhaps know little about the progress of the English nation up to the time of the Tudors. No one will find fault with Mr. Freeman, at all events, for any neglect of the

period preceeding that to which his chief attention is directed. His work is called a *History of the Norman Conquest*,* but the one goodly volume which alone is at present before the public only treats of the preparation for that Conquest. It is, in fact, a clear and able account of the history of England up to that time—of England, as distinguished from Britain, for Mr. Freeman begins with the Saxon, or as he insists on calling it, the English conquest of the island. As the narrative draws nearer to the time of the Norman invasion, it becomes fuller and more elaborate, and the thread of the Norman history itself is traced to the time when it becomes blended with that of England. The close of the volume leaves us at the beginning of the reign of St. Edward the Confessor.

Mr. Freeman has worked up the successive chapters of his book with great care. After a brief introduction, he gives a very good account of the main outlines of what is commonly called Anglo-Saxon history up to the opening of the eleventh century. The chief features in this history are, of course, the conversion of the English to Christianity, and the growth of the unity of England under the supremacy of the Kings of Wessex out of what is commonly but not accurately called the Heptarchy. Then follows an admirable chapter on the Constitution of England in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The history of Normandy during the tenth century is the subject of the fourth chapter: two more follow, embracing the three quarters of a century which were occupied by the Danish wars of conquest and the Danish reigns over England. We are thus led up to the immediate preparation for the Norman Conquest, as the reign of St. Edward was in a certain sense its actual commencement. Even in his present volume, Mr. Freeman has indicated what he considers the true view to be taken of the effects of the Conquest itself. "Its whole importance is not the importance which belongs to a beginning, but the importance which belongs to a turning-point. The Norman Conquest brought with it a most extensive foreign infusion, which affected our blood, our language, our laws, our arts; still it was only an infusion; the older and stronger elements still survived, and in the long run they again made good their supremacy. So far from being the beginning of our national history, the Norman Conquest was the temporary overthrow of our national being." (p. 1. 2). He professes that his view is made up of the united views of Thierry and Sir Francis Palgrave. Each of those two great writers is right in what he has asserted positively, and wrong in his omissions: thus Thierry has exaggerated the thoroughness of the effects of the Conquest, and Sir Francis Palgrave has, perhaps, understated them.

Mr. Freeman's opinion appears to us to be certainly right, and we shall look with much interest for the volumes in which it is to be worked out more fully. He has, as we have said, many and rare qualifications as a writer of English history, but we are afraid it must be added that he has not all. In the first place, it is clear that he has little sympathy for the religious part of the history. It is strange to turn to his pages from the eloquent volumes which the great historian of Western Monasticism has lately devoted to the annals of the English Church. It must be plain to every unprejudiced reader of M. de Montalembert's work that the religious history of our forefathers forms an unusually important feature in that of the development of their

* *The History of the Norman Conquest of England*, its Causes and its Results. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. Late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford. 1867.

national existence, nor is it at all philosophical to write about the glories of the successors of Cerdic and of the formation of the unity of the English people without giving due prominence to the civilizing and unitive power of the Catholic Church, and, in particular, to the influence of monasticism. So far Mr. Freeman is guilty of the same omission, which he seems to himself to find in Augustine Thierry and Sir Francis Palgrave. Again, he has evidently certain strong prejudices, and we cannot but fear that they will now and then overmaster him. We can enter into his enthusiasm for Alfred the Great, whom he calls the most perfect character in history; but there was no need for putting St. Louis in unfavourable contrast with Alfred, because he was a Crusader. "Even in St. Louis," says Mr. Freeman, "we see a disposition to forsake an immediate sphere of duty for the sake of distant and unprofitable, however pious, undertakings. The true duties of the King of the French clearly lay in France, and not in Egypt or in Tunis." This is narrow. The King of the French was also a prominent leader in the great European commonwealth of Christendom, and it is quite conceivable that his duties, even merely as a guardian of the best interests of his own people, and much more as a defender of the common interests of civilisation and religion throughout the world, may have been more in Egypt and in Tunis than in France, if his presence there served to beat back the ever advancing tide of Mussulman barbarism from Europe. Then again, Mr. Freeman speaks of "the abject superstition of some other royal saints, who were so selfishly engaged in the care of their own souls that they refused either to raise up heirs for their throne or to strike a blow on behalf of their people." In another place we are told of St. Edward, that he lived to be at once King and Saint, yet he was "perhaps through his own grovelling superstition, the last male descendant of Cerdic and Ecgberht," by whom the English crown was actually worn. Mr. Freeman appears to us to have been sitting at the feet of Mr. Kingsley. There is a smack of the *Saint's Tragedy* about all this—and Mr. Freeman's history is really soiled and degraded by it. All his industry and all his conscientiousness in sifting the value of his authorities will not be enough to fit him for the task which he has undertaken, unless he can keep a civil tongue in his head about the counsels of perfection and the examples of the Saints, when writing about Catholic times.

4. A few years since a bulky volume appeared, * in which Father Caussette told the story of the life of a French Cardinal Archbishop, whose name, it may be, escaped the notice of many of our readers. Cardinal d'Astros played a part in the ecclesiastical politics of the First Empire and of the Restoration which is well deserving of study at the present day, when few have the courage boldly to raise their voices in defence of the rights of the Holy See, which, nevertheless, they would wish to see universally acknowledged. We may hereafter give a detailed account of some of the controversies in which the years of Cardinal d'Astros were passed. In the meantime we here offer a short sketch of his life. It will perhaps come before some who, while ready to speak on behalf of what they certainly know to be the cause of truth and justice, yet keep silence, disheartened by a sense of isolation, by the exulting confidence of their adversaries, and by the lukewarmness of some who ought to be foremost among their friends.

* *Vie du Cardinal d'Astros, Archevêque de Toulouse*, par le R. P. Caussette, Supérieur des Prêtres du Sacré-Cœur. Paris: Auguste Vaton, 1853. 8vo. pp. 666. lxxxij.

Such will derive encouragement from knowing how a courtier of the first Napoleon chose to incur disgrace and imprisonment rather than betray the rights of the Pope, at a time when the Pope lay a captive at Savona, and when a Cardinal did not hesitate to abet the imperial project of a national schism.

The life, from which we take the following particulars, is perhaps rather diffuse, and occasionally gives undue prominence to trivial circumstances. Some readers might complain of the fullness with which certain matters are detailed which seem to belong rather to general history than to biography; but no more is given than is necessary for a right understanding of the Life. The author seems to have aimed at rendering reference to other works unnecessary; and he will be thanked for his care by many readers to whom the details of modern French history may not be familiar.

Paul d'Astros was born at Tourves, a small town near Aix, in the year 1772, and he lived till the year 1851. Being descended from families long devoted to the practice of the law, he imbibed in his infancy, and retained through life, some of that spirit of upholding national liberties in opposition to the general law of the Church, for which the old French Parliaments were notorious. Throughout his life he was considered a Gallican; † but his Gallicanism never led him to renounce his character of Catholic; and it is noticed by his biographer as remarkable, that on four or five controverted questions only did he fail to uphold the side most favourable to the rights of the Pope. D'Astros was a precocious child, but, as so often happens, his precocity was not the forerunner of eminent intellectual gifts. For years he had to contend, and with moderate success, against a marked difficulty in expressing his ideas, whether by speaking or writing; but the piety of his latter years was merely the continuation and natural result of that which adorned his infancy. He was early destined for the ecclesiastical state, and, receiving the tonsure when eight years of age, he showed that he fully understood the meaning of the ceremony. On his return from the bishop's palace his sister would have taken him by the hand. "Keep off," said the young cleric, withdrawing himself, "I am consecrated to God now."

According to the practice of the time, he received a benefice while yet a boy, which he lost on the seizure of all church property by the Government in 1789. He was then at liberty to renounce his clerical state, but he refused to do so, and was in consequence required to take the oath to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. Knowing, however, that this oath had been condemned by the Pope, he refused, and was forced to leave his native place; but before long the influence of his family enabled him to return. However, neither the example of the Curé of the parish, who had been director both of his conscience and of his studies, nor that of many other priests around, could induce him to comply with the demands of the revolutionary party. The young man could not argue the point with theological reasoning, but, as he said, he *felt* they were wrong. Detestation of schism was already strong in his heart.

Men were required for the revolutionary armies, and the Abbé d'Astros was drawn in the conscription, and sent to the siege of Toulon, where he met the future emperor Napoleon. War, however, was not to his taste, and soon contriving to desert, he devoted his time to assisting the few courageous priests who, at the peril of their lives, ministered to such of the people as remained faithful to the Church.

† *Life*, p. 143.

While engaged in these duties, d'Astros was often out of doors at unseasonable hours, and was one night locked up by the constable as a rogue and vagabond. A happy thought, which he ever deemed a providential answer to prayer, suggested to him the means of escape, and thus he was saved from the certain death which awaited him when his true character became known. On another occasion, a furious mob surrounding the house whither an errand of charity had led him, clamoured for him to be delivered up to them. He was, they said, an incorrigible enemy of liberty. To save the house from destruction he showed himself, and holding up a crucifix before his assailants, he strove to calm them. All was in vain, until a voice was heard to cry above the rest, "Let him alone; he and I made our First Communion together." The emotion produced by these words in the hearts of all, saved the intended victim, and the *recidiviste* was allowed to escape.

The persecution ceased in the early part of 1795. The Abbé d'Astros was ordained priest, and in 1800 he removed to Paris, where he found his kinsman M. Portalis in the enjoyment of considerable influence with General Bonaparte. When negotiations were opened with the Pope with a view to the reconciliation of France with the Church, the business was entrusted to M. Portalis, who, in his capacity of Minister of Worship, appointed d'Astros his private secretary. The young and unknown priest thus found himself placed in a position of great responsibility: the permanent interests of religion depended in no trifling degree upon his conduct. We cannot here go into the particulars of the negotiations which ended in the adoption of the Concordat, and the solemn restoration of Catholic worship on Easter Day, 1802. The merits of the private secretary in the transaction were recognised by the Government, and influence and employment were accorded him in abundance. He was nominated a canon of Paris, and Grand Vicaire—first of Orleans and then of Paris. He took a part in the coronation of the Emperor Napoleon I.; but in 1808, on the death of Cardinal Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, the Grand Vicaire was appointed, as Vicar Capitular, to administer the affairs of the see during the vacancy. The performance of his duty in his new office soon put an end for ever to friendly relations between his sovereign and himself.

Napoleon was just now at the height of his glory. Victory succeeded victory in rapid succession, and thanksgiving was offered for each in a public *Te Deum*. The singers in the churches, it was said, had no time to breathe. It fell to the Vicar Capitular to issue the order for one of these solemn services; and he took the opportunity of exhorting the faithful to pray that peace might be restored to their country, and that leisure might be granted to their sovereign to occupy himself wholly with the good of his people. We can well believe that the Emperor had no desire that such prayers should be granted; but a far graver ground of displeasure soon arose.

The lawless aggression of Napoleon upon the States of the Church had met with military success. The Sovereign of those states had no force at hand to resist the attack. He used the spiritual power with which he was invested; but Napoleon heeded not the excommunication: would it make the bayonets drop from the hands of his soldiers? But Achab soon found himself in need of the assistance of that Naboth whose vineyard he had made his own. The archbishopric of Paris was vacant, and without the Pope's concurrence the see could not be filled; but Pius VII. refused to concur. Napoleon, however,

was not to be baffled by such an obstacle. Some have accused him of a fixed design to imitate Henry VIII., and establish in France a Church in which the Emperor should be the Pope. At any rate his conduct at this time favoured the suspicion that some such plan was before his mind. A prelate of the Church was found to abet him: one who had long followed the fortunes of the exiled Louis XVIII., who had been raised by the Pope through successive stages to the dignity of Cardinal, and who deserted the cause in which he had met with so much favour in order to enjoy the sunshine of imperial favour at Paris. Cardinal Maury was nominated by the Emperor to the vacant post of Archbishop of Paris. He accepted the appointment, and the Abbé was required, as Vicar Capitular, to give to the nominee the spiritual powers necessary for the administration of the diocese. He refused; indeed he could not do otherwise without incurring the guilt of open schism. The Canon Law was perfectly clear upon the subject, and in this case all possibility of doubt was taken away by the express declaration of the Pope. We cannot here enter into a particular account of the affair; it is enough to say that other means to subdue th determination of the Abbé being found unavailing, resort was had to violence, and in the Life we find the account which he himself gave of his final interview with the Emperor, on the first day of the year 1811. After this interview * he was committed to prison, from which the downfall of Napoleon in 1814 alone delivered him.

This notice is already too long, and we have no space to describe the struggles of d'Astros, whilst successively Bishop of Bayonne and Archbishop of Toulouse, to secure the liberty of education in his country. In these he showed the same unshaken firmness in the course of duty as that which led him in earlier years to abandon home and fortune, and to risk life itself. We will conclude with quoting the rule of conduct which he sought to carry out in all his actions: "I will advise the most gentle courses consistent with principle." *Je proposerai les avis les plus doux, sauf les principes.*

5. Under the title of *English Monasticism*,† Mr. O'Dell T. Hill has published in a collected form a series of essays which were originally issued as papers in the *Dublin University Magazine*. The name is, perhaps, not very fortunately chosen. It implies a far more connected and a far more complete treatment of the history of English Monasticism than has been attempted by Mr. Hill. In fact, he gives no history of it, as such, at all. His work has a certain chronological sequence, though there are occasional digressions, and he adheres pretty closely, in that sequence, to the history of the single monastery of Glastonbury. This was, no doubt, a good specimen of its class, but its history is by no means commensurate with that of English Monasticism.

Having thus objected to the name by which Mr. Hill has called his series of Essays, we are bound to add that they show considerable research and much fairness in the treatment of subjects, which cannot but be distasteful to their author. Mr. Hill makes a great many his-

* In the course of it Napoleon spoke his mind clearly:—"Of all the men in my empire I suspect you the most. We must be French above everything. The religion of Bossuet is as far from that of Gregory VII. as heaven from hell. I have my sword by my side: beware!" Thus did the chieftain, surrounded by his generals, condescend to menace a solitary priest.

† *English Monasticism*, its Rise and Influence. By O'Dell Travers Hill, F.R.G.S. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

torical mistakes, and is not altogether free from Protestant prejudice, but he writes like a scholar, and shows very considerable tolerance even towards what he condemns. The book itself, addressed, as no doubt it is, to a class of Protestant readers who would never look at a Catholic statement on the same subject, is likely to do good by removing prejudices, though it will certainly spare some which it might have removed also. The criticisms which we should be obliged to make—if we were to examine the work more minutely—would fall on misstatements and errors, that are very natural in a writer looking upon the subject of Monasticism from Mr. Hill's position, and we have no reason for charging him with carelessness or recklessness of assertion. We may therefore look upon his book as indicating a great advance towards historical and controversial fairness among Protestants. It gives us reason for hoping that the labours of men like the late Dr. Maitland have not been thrown away, and that, as time goes on, monasticism and other kindred features of the Catholic system may receive at the hands of Protestant thinkers and writers a still larger measure of justice than that which is here actually meted out to them. We may add, that some of the less historical chapters in the volume before us are among the most interesting of all, especially those on "Missal Painting" and "Mediæval Books and Hymns."

6. We are indebted to the religious zeal of the Visitandines of Paray-le-Monial for a new life of Blessed Margaret Mary. Although more than one of the lives already published may be considered to give a full and sufficient idea of the events of her life and the special character of her sanctity, there was still room, and there was even still need, for some publication which would collect the most authentic contemporary documents concerning her, and join her own letters and other compositions to her biography. It is this that the new memoirs entirely accomplish. The two volumes before us* contains but little which was not written by Blessed Margaret Mary herself, or by those who knew her intimately. The first gives us a detailed life drawn up two of the Sisters of the Paray-le-Monial—a long piece which was used largely by Languet for his Life, but has never before been published. We have also the juridical proceedings of 1715, or, rather, extracts from them, which contain the evidence of contemporaries, the account given of his sister by Chrysostome Alacoque, and biographies of a number of persons who lived with her in the convent, or were otherwise connected with her. The second volume is occupied by the works of Margaret Mary herself—her autobiography, written at the command of her confessor, her letters, spiritual instructions, cantiques, and the like. It is impossible to imagine a more precious store of materials for any one interested in the biography of this sainted soul.

7. Translations thicken upon us. The first that we need notice is the republication of one of the multitudinous versions of pious and ascetical works in which so many English Catholics occupied themselves in the earlier days of persecution.† The edition of 1607 is preceded by a Dedicatory Letter from John Heigham, to whom we owe many

* *Vie et Œuvres de la Bienheureuse Marguerite Marie Alacoque.* Publication du Monastere de la Visitation de Paray-le-Monial. Paray-le-Monial et Paris. 1867.

† *Life of the Blessed Virgin St. Catharine of Siena.* By Doctor Caterinus Senensis. Translated into English by John Fen, Priest. London, 1867.

more valuable works of the same kind. The author is called in the title page Doctor Caterinus Senensis. He seems to have taken the bulk of his work from the famous biography of St. Catharine by B. Raymund of Capua, her confessor—probably the most perfect monograph of its kind existing. The gaps left in this life by B. Raymund, who wrote for the contemporaries and spiritual children of the Saint, and omitted a great number of most important particulars in what we may call her public life, are not filled up to any great extent by Caterinus. Thus for her history we must still refer the reader to P. Capecelatro's admirable *Storia di Sta. Catarina*, and to the invaluable notes to her letters by Fr. Burlamacchi. But the picture of St. Catharine is complete in the little volume before us, and we need hardly repeat what we have before had occasion to remark as to the immense superiority of the translations of the Elizabethan period over any that are produced by our own generation. The book is introduced to the reader by a short preface by Fr. Aylward, who has in like manner ushered into the world a very readable translation of Père Chocarne's *Vie Intime du Père Lacordaire*, a work also of singular excellence in its kind, and with which our readers are to some extent familiar. The translation is we think much above the average, and the volume very handsomely printed.* From Père Lacordaire we naturally pass to Madame Swetchine. Cte. de Falloux' interesting volume of her *Life and Letters*† has found a translator in America in the person of Miss Preston. A book like this is harder to translate than those which we have already mentioned, for it contains a great number of letters, and is written in that lighter French style, which evaporates, so to speak, under the attempt to render it into English. We have next to notice a translation of Count A. de Gasparin's book *La Famille*,‡ on the English of which we must make the same remark as on that of Miss Preston. It is utterly impossible to read a page without thinking that they say things very differently in France and in England. The book itself is thoughtful and well intended. Mr. Philp, the publisher of the *Life of St. Catharine*, has also issued another old English translation of the same period, which has great interest as having been made by Philip, Earl of Arundel, in his captivity in the Tower of London in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The work translated is the *Epistle of Jesus Christ to the Faithful Soul*§ by Lanspergius. This *Epistle* is too famous to need any commendation from us.

8. Mr. Baring Gould has been encouraged by the success of his former volume on the *Myths of the Middle Ages*‖ to produce a second work on the same subject. In this he treats of the Legends of St. George, St. Ursula and her companions, the Legend of the Cross, the Schamir, the Piper of Hameln, the famous rat-eaten Bishop Hatto, Melusina (a French version of Undine), the Fortunate Isles, Swan-maidens, the Knight of the Swan, the Sangreal, and Theophilus of Adana. From this list it will be seen that many of the myths, really deserving of the name, selected by Mr. Baring Gould are not very

* *The Inner Life of the Very Rev. Père Lacordaire*, of the Order of Preachers, By Père Chocarne. Translated by a Religious of the same Order. Dublin: W. Kelly, 1867.

† *Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine*, by Count de Falloux translated by H. Preston. Boston: Roberts.

‡ *The Family*: Its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows. By Count A. de Gasparin (translated). Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, London, 1867.

‖ *The Epistle of Jesus Christ to the Faithful Soul.* By Joannes Lanspergius. Translated by Philip, Earl of Arundel. London, 1867.

correctly described as mediæval. There is the same sketchiness and rambling about the Chapters in the present volume as in those of its predecessor. Mr. Gould is not always successful in his attempt to mix up erudition with plain story-telling, and the manner in which he roams about from Oriental to Northern or German stories which have more or less of resemblance one to the other is somewhat confusing. Nor can we recognize as legitimate the principle on which he seems to proceed in entirely explaining away certain Christian traditions, in ignorance, as it would appear, of what is really ascertained concerning them on historical grounds. He uses, for instance, Dr. Schade's book against the story of St. Ursula, which he neglects altogether, perhaps he has never heard of, the Essay of Cardinal Wiseman on the same subject, and the elaborate treatise of the Bollandists on which it is founded.

9. The unusual press of matter in our present number must be our excuse if we can find room for hardly more than a bare acknowledgment of the receipt of several works on which we might otherwise dwell at greater length. Among these we may mention Père Huguet's volume, which reads like a continuation of the *De Mortibus Persecutorium. Terribles Chatiments des Revolutionnaires Ennemis de l'Eglise depuis* 1789 *jusqu' en* 1867.* The title sufficiently explains the scope of the work, which is divided into five books. The first of these gives anecdotes of the remarkable chastisements inflicted on the revolutionaries of 1789. The second deals with the persecuting sovereigns, Joseph II. and Napoleon I.: the third points out the misdeeds of the Government of Louis Philippe against the Church, and their punishment: the fourth is devoted to the Italian Revolution, and the last to the Belgian *solidaires*. It contains also a chapter on Lamennais. We may also mention that Perè Nampon, on whose *Etude de la Doctrine Catholiquè dans le Concile de Trente*† we remarked shortly some time ago, has put forward a new and greatly improved edition—the third; and the work is now more complete than ever as an indispensable manual for the controversialist and enquirer. We are glad to hear that it is to be translated in America, in which country we also observe that an English version of Fr. Patrignani's standard book on *Devotion to St. Joseph*‡ has lately been published. Mr. Washbourne has just issued a little volume of poems on the chief Feasts of the year and other religious occasions, by the authoress of Geraldine, it is called *The Convent Prize Book*,§—a set of Tales by the Rev. G. F. L. Bampfield, *Sir Ælfric, and Other Tales*‖, and a very interesting collection of devotional practices for the oblation of the year to God, under the title of *A New Year's Gift to our Heavenly Father*.¶ *The Catholic*

* *Terribles Chatiments des Revolutionnaires Ennemis de 'l Eglise depuis*, 1789 jusqu' en 1867. Par le Rev. F. Huguet. St. Crirard: Lyons et Paris.

† *Etiuæ de la Doctrine Catholique dans la Concile de Trente.* Par le R. P. Nampon, de la Comp. de Jesus. 3me. ed.

‡ *Devotion to St. Joseph.* By Rev. Fr. Joseph Anthony Patrignani of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French. New York: Sadlier and Co. 1867.

§ *The Convent Prize Book.* A Selection of verses on the Festivals of the Church, &c. By the Authoress of Geraldine. London: R. Washbourne, 1868.

‖ *Sir Ælfric and other Tales.* By the Rev. G. F. L. Bampfield, M.A. London: R. Washbourne, 1868.

¶ *A New Year's Gift to our Heavenly Father*, or Dedication of the first hours of the New Year (Quarter, Month, or week) to God, by a Father of a Family. London; Washbourne, 1868.

*Directory** for 1868, appears to be in some respects an improvement on former volumes of the same useful manual. A General Almanack has been added for the first time. We have also to acknowledge Mr. White's very cheap *Catholic Calendar for* 1868† and his *Life of Pope Pius IX*‡. The Rev. E. Price has issued a new edition of his work called *Sick Calls*§, and the Rev. Patrick Power has completed, by the publication of the second volume, his extremely useful and instructive catechetical work *Catechism of Christian Doctrine familiarly explained*‖. Mr. Gilfillan's *Remoter Stars in the Church Sky* is a series of biographies of comparatively unknown Nonconformist or Presbyterian Ministers. Messrs. Macmillan and Williams and Norgate have issued a very handsome and accurate edition of the *De Imitatione Christi* **with ornamental borders; the edition seems to have followed very closely the edition put forth at Leipsic about twenty years ago, under the care of Brabieta. Dom Maurus Wolter's useful little treatise on the Roman Catacombs†† has been issued in an English version by H. S. Butterfield. We must not omit to draw attention to the Rev. H. Formby's publication of his address delivered at the late Catholic Congress of Malines on the subject of *Catholic Emigration*.‡‡ Our readers will there find many details concerning the prospects of emigrants in the Brazils, which are quite in keeping with the ideas which might be formed on the subject from the articles on a Missionary Journey in South America which we have ourselves been lately publishing partly with the purpose of making the advantages offered to colonists in that part of the world more widely known than before among Catholics in our own country. Lastly we must mention our friend *Old Merry's Annual*,§§ and two children's story books from the same quarter, *Silver Lake*,‖‖ and *Told in the Twilight*.¶¶

* *The Catholic Directory, Ecclesiastical Register and Almanak*, for the yea of our Lord 1868. Burns and Oates.

† *The Catholic Calendar* and Church Guide for Great Britian for the year 1868. London: Washbourne, 1868.

‡ *His Holiness Pius IX.* By G. White, M.C.P. Washbourne.

§ *Sick Calls* from the Diary of a Missionary Priest. London: Booker, New Bond Street.

‖ *Catechism of Christian Doctrine*, "approved for the use of the faithful in all the dioceses in England and Wales," familiarly explained. By the Rev. Patrick Power. Vol. II. Burns and Oates 1867.

¶ *Remoter Stars in the Church Sky*, being a Gallery of Uncelebrated Divines. By George Gilfillan. London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder, 1867.

** *De Imitatione Christi.* Libri Quatuor. Londini apud Macmillan et Soc., Williams and Norgate, 1867.

†† *The Roman Catacombs.* In two Parts. By Dom Maurus Wolter, Benedictine Prior of St. Martin's, Beuron. Translated by H. S. Butterfield. London, Richardson, 1867.

‡‡ *The Cause of Poor Catholic Emigrants* pleaded before the Catholic Congress of Belgium, September 1867. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: Longman & Co., 1867.

§§ *Old Merry's Annual.* London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder.

‖‖ *Silver Lake*, or Lost in the Snow. By R. M. Ballantyne. Ibid., 1867.

¶¶ *Told in the Twilight.* Short Stories for Long Evenings. By Sydney Daryl. Ibid., 1867.

The Holy See and the Russian Government.

THE readers of newspapers are from time to time startled by the intelligence that the Holy Father, in the midst of the numerous dangers and incessant anxieties which beset him at Rome, has found time to address some Allocution to his Cardinals, or to give some declaration to the world, with regard to the assaults made by various persecuting governments on the rights of the Church and the religion of Catholics. At one time the complaints of the Pope are caused by some mushroom republic in South America, at another by the usurping government of Victor Emmanuel, whose various cabinets seem to strive to outdo each other in their hostility to the religion of their countrymen. The petty German States have often occasioned these reclamations by some miserable vexatiousness of bureaucratic aggression on the rights of conscience, and it has too often been the case, especially of later years, that the most powerful governments in the world have had to be stigmatised by the Pope as persecutors, or even as having failed in the fulfilment of solemn promises and plighted engagements. A collection of these Allocutions and of the other similar pronouncements of the Holy Father would furnish matter for very interesting study at the present moment. It would disclose in great measure one large part of the action of the Holy See in the world, and open a new range of view to many, especially in our own country, who are still inclined to listen to the vapidities of certain writers who, calling themselves Catholics or Christians "in a state of isolation," go on maundering about the supposed hurtful effect of the "Temporal Power" upon the life of the Church. It is not our purpose in the present paper to draw up a direct defence of the Temporal Power, the cause of which, to take the very lowest ground, is the cause of

simple justice and plain common sense. The Temporal Power has no honest enemies except those who are either ignorant of its working or haters of the Catholic religion. By the mere force of reason, its cause gains ground every day with philosophical thinkers, even among Protestants, and Providence seems to have decreed that we shall be furnished with a most conclusive though negative argument in its favour, in the unparalleled mixture of mischievousness and childishness which makes up the conduct of those in whose favour it would have to be supplanted. People will soon see the folly of even thinking of upsetting the work of centuries, in order that a number of screaming children may play at national unity with daggers in their hands. Still there are many reasons why that part of the history of our own times which consists in the external action of the Roman See with reference to respective national governments should be, from time to time, more deeply studied than it is. That action forms an integral part of the history of the Church of Christ, and the reception with which it meets on the side of secular governments gives to them their true character in a Christian point of view, and has, often very strikingly, an immense influence on their destinies and their progress.

It is now more than a year, since, at the very time when men were beginning to count on their fingers the number of days during which the life of the Papacy might linger on at Rome, Pius the Ninth, in a Secret Consistory (held on the 29th of October 1866) spoke of the lamentable state to which the Catholics of the Russian Empire and the Kingdom of Poland had lately been reduced, and of his own incessant though unavailing efforts to prevail on the government of the Czar to desist in its course of exterminating persecution, and to observe its own most solemn engagements. The Allocution to which we refer contained the unusual declaration that the Holy Father had thought it right to print and circulate a large collection of documents, having reference to the negotiations which have taken place, almost entirely in his own Pontificate, on the state of Catholics in Russia and Poland. He wished, he said, the whole Catholic world to know how long and persevering

had been the war waged by the Russian Government against our holy religion, with the object of its entire extinction in the dominions of the Czar. This, we may remark, is not the first time that the Holy See has felt itself obliged to publish to the world its dealings with the Russian Government. The persecution of Catholicism in Poland dates from the first "partition" of that country, on which occasion the full religious liberty and absolute *status quo* of the Catholics of the Latin and the United Greek rites was solemnly guaranteed by the Empress Catharine. This promise of Catharine had been made in most explicit terms in the treaty of Warsaw, 1777. The Catholics of both rites were promised the free exercise of their religious worship and discipline: their churches and ecclesiastical property and all their rights were guaranteed to them. The Empress declared that she made this promise *irrevocably* for herself and her successors, and that neither she nor they would exercise any act of sovereignty in prejudice to the Catholic and Roman religion of either rite. A similar engagement was made by the first Alexander in 1817, when a new Constitution was established in Poland: and again, even after the first Polish rebellion had been suppressed, by Nicholas himself, who signed a new "Organic Statute" in February 1832, by which he undertook specially to protect the Catholic religion of his Polish subjects, and gave a particular guarantee as to the inviolability of the ecclesiastical property of the Catholic clergy, whether of the Latin or of the Greek rites. But these solemn promises were only made in order to be broken with almost equal solemnity, and in 1842 Gregory the Sixteenth had published a volume somewhat similar to that of which we are now speaking, containing a vast number of documents having reference to the exertions of the Holy See in defence of the Catholics of the Russian Empire. Gregory complained that these efforts had been kept hidden from the persons most interested in them, and that it was even commonly thought in Russia that he had abandoned his persecuted children to their fate.

The documents now issued by the command of Gregory's successor, the present Pontiff, may be said to take

up the sad tale of the Russian persecution where it had been left by Gregory himself. That great Pope had in the last year of his reign the consolation of laying the foundation, at least in all appearance, of a better state of things for that afflicted portion of the universal Church in the welfare of which he had interested himself so vigorously. The Czar Nicholas came to Rome towards the close of 1845, and had two interviews with the Holy Father. The scene between them has often been spoken of; and certainly the meeting between the mighty and seemingly irresponsible ruler of so many millions, in the fullness of his health and pride, and the careworn but dauntless old monk, who had already one foot in the grave and in all his feebleness, was the embodiment of a spiritual power greater than that of a score of Cæsars, and who lifted up his voice without fear to reproach the Czar with the enormities committed in his name and under his authority, is one of those occurrences on which the mind likes to rest, as expressing dramatically the great principles which underlie all history since the Church has been in the world. Gregory put before Nicholas a full statement, of which we shall presently speak more at length, embodying the wrongs and grievances as to which he, as the Supreme Spiritual Pastor of so large a number of Russian subjects, felt bound to call the Emperor to an account, and to urge on him the necessity of a perfect change of policy. It is always most difficult, in matters which concern the details of the administration of an immense empire, to be sure that the sovereign is personally aware of what is carried on in his name: and every one who wishes to entertain a high esteem and respect for men in the position of Nicholas or his son Alexander the Second, is at liberty to think that they may not have been acquainted with the proceedings of their subordinates. The conversation between the Pope and the Czar is said to have begun by the former reminding his visitor of the care uniformly taken by the Roman Pontiffs to enjoin on Catholics the duty of obedience to the civil government under which they are providentially placed. The Church was ever careful to exhort subjects to give

to Cæsar the things which belong to him: it was her duty also to give to God what belongs to God. Nicholas replied that he too was anxious to do this, and that, with regard to his Catholic subjects, he wished to be the executor of the laws made by the Pope, and to secure to him from all the respect due to him. Gregory replied that there were many laws of the Russian Empire that were adapted to produce an effect precisely the contrary of this:—which contradicted the sacred Canons, and made it difficult for Catholics to practise their religion. This led naturally to the request of the Emperor, that such laws should be specified. The Pope complied with his request both generally and particularly. Many ordinances of the Empire, he showed, hampered or hindered the bishops in the discharge of their sacred office. They were not allowed to regulate discipline, worship, or education: even the seminaries were taken out of their hands. The faithful, moreover, were not allowed free communication with the Holy See: the free profession of religion, the sanctity of marriage, the observance of the evangelical counsels, were all subjected to vexatious restrictions. Whatever abuses might result in consequence, whether among clergy or people, must be laid to the charge of the laws which hindered the bishops from exercising their jurisdiction and the Holy See from exerting its influence to prevent evils or to repair them. The Pope concluded by giving to the Czar a detailed statement of the grievances on which his complaints were founded, which Nicholas received with the utmost respect, and promised to read attentively.

This summary statement of Catholic wrongs is the first among the hundred documents recently published by the present Pope. It consists of twenty-two paragraphs. Several of these, with which the document commences, are occupied with defining the position taken up by the Holy See with regard to the civil obedience due from the subjects of the Empire to their rulers. Many years before, on the occasion of the Polish revolt of 1832, Gregory himself had spoken with great precision and force, in his Letter to the Polish Bishops, and in his famous Encyclical of the 15th of

August 1832. An agent of the revolutionary Government of Poland had come to Rome, in hopes of obtaining there some kind of sanction or assistance: but he had been immediately dismissed. Some other preliminary paragraphs relate to and justify the instances addressed by the Holy See to the Imperial Government as to the religious affairs of the subjects of the latter. The Pope is the Father of the faithful: he has moreover to watch over the observance of the essential laws of the Church, which cannot be subverted or modified, and it is therefore his duty to lift his voice when an assault is made upon them. On the other hand, the laws and "ukases" against which the complaints of the Holy See had been principally directed, had either been recently enacted, or recalled into being after having lapsed into disuse. Their preservation could not therefore be considered as essential to the Empire. After these preliminaries, we come to the special complaints of which we have already given a general idea. The Russian Government had arbitrarily established tribunals called "Consistories" in the several Catholic dioceses. These tribunals were composed of nominees of the government, and they usurped the legitimate jurisdiction of the Bishops, who were supposed to be subject to them. This measure had been enacted in 1842. A year later the seminaries had been withdrawn from the authority of the Bishops, and placed under government regulation, both as to discipline and as to doctrine. These measures were but the fuller development of principles already contained in previous legislation of the same kind, the object of which was to reduce the Bishops to the level of simple registrars of the government. Another head of complaint was the severe prohibition against communication with the Holy See, unless with the previous approval of the ordinary and the government: a prohibition, which was extended even to matters of the *forum internum*, such as must be arranged privately with the Penitenziaria. All reception of bulls from Rome was prohibited. Again, Catholic Priests were strictly forbidden, on pain of destitution from their office, to baptise the children of mixed marriages, even at the request of the parents, or to admit to communion any one

who had even only once received communion according to the Russian rite. Another great grievance was the usurpation of the rights both of the Holy See and of the General Superiors of religious orders with respect to their members throughout the Russian Empire. This usurpation struck at the very foundation of the religious life, and it was accompanied by other tyrannical measures, such as the suppression of particular convents or monasteries, and the confiscation of their property. The Pope's document also complained of positive acts of injustice, beyond and beside the persecuting laws. Efforts were continually made to induce the "United Greeks" to apostatise, and to deprive the Catholics of the Latin rite of freedom of worship. Thus, only a year before the visit of Nicholas to Rome, the Catholic missioners who had been established in Georgia for a hundred and eighty years for the benefit of the Armenian Catholics, had been expelled by an order of the government, which forbad them to remain except on condition of holding no immediate intercourse with the Holy See. Again, several sees in the Russian Empire had been left for a long time without Bishops, the government refusing to receive some even of its own nominees after they had been presented by the Pope, and in other cases persisting in presenting for his acceptance persons devoid of the necessary canonical qualifications.

This list of grievances, as we shall see, was very far from exhausting the complaints which might have been made against the Russian Government: but it is interesting as comprising in a brief compass the chief methods of vexation and persecution too often adopted by Governments in the same situation and with the same object in view as that of the Czar. The tactics adopted by what may be called civilised persecution differ, of course, considerably from those which were put in play by the old heathen enemies of Christianity, and of which we have still, even in our own time, examples in the far East. We fear that it must be said that the Russian Government has not altogether laid aside the coarser, simpler, and more barbarous methods of procedure, but its ordinary method has been that to which these complaints of Gregory the Sixteenth point: the

hampering in every possible way the action of the Episcopate and the Holy See, the encouraging mixed marriages, the offspring of which is handed over by law to the religion of the State, administrative interference with education, and the like. The Czar Nicholas received the remonstrances of the Holy Father with every appearance of deference, and of a sincere desire to do justice to his Catholic subjects. He read attentively the documents placed in his hands by the Pope, and returned to the Vatican after four days for a further interview. In this he said that he was unable at that moment to give a detailed answer, but that he would make the papers placed in his hands the matter of serious thought and enquiry on his return to St. Petersburgh. He left with the Pope a document, which may perhaps have been drawn up by Count Nesselrode, who accompanied Nicholas in this journey. There is an air of much frankness and sincerity about this paper, which expresses the strong desire felt by the Emperor to find a way of giving entire satisfaction to the demands of Rome without infringing on the laws and the privileges of the dominant religion. It contains a clever though sophistical objection in answer to the complaints about the offspring of mixed marriages, based on the conduct which it is presumed would be persued by the Pope himself under similar circumstances. It expresses the Czar's determination to punish severely any persecuting deviation from the laws of toleration of which subordinate officials may be guilty, and concludes with an emphatic declaration, on the Emperor's own word, that all that can be done to satisfy the Holy Father, under the conditions already mentioned, shall be done. Gregory the Sixteenth did not let this limitation pass without notice. He reminded the Emperor of the difference between the laws of the Church and those of an Empire. The regulalations of which the Pope complained had been made by the Emperor himself, and could be unmade by him, without any detriment to his Empire: the Church, on the other hand, had divine and immutable laws, from which she could not depart. He took the declaration of the Emperor, then, in its fullest sense, as a promise that he would do all that really seemed just and that lay in his power,

before God, to relieve the Catholics from the heavy yoke that had been imposed upon them: and he declared that they ought to be assured that their Sovereign had really at heart their tranquillity and peace. Nicholas acquiesced in this interpretation, and the two great rulers of orders so widely different parted after a solemn embrace with expressions of the strongest mutual goodwill. Count Nesselrode was left behind in Rome by his master in order to inform himself more completely of the grievances of the Catholics and the demands of the Holy See. In a few months from that time Gregory passed into the next world: Nicholas was to survive his interviews with the Pope for nearly ten years—long enough, unfortunately, to show that they had not produced upon him more than a transitory effect.

Count Nesselrode, who, as we have said, remained for some time in Rome after the departure of the Czar, had frequent communications with Cardinal Lambruschini, and received from him a detailed statement as to those laws and regulations of the Empire which were injurious to the rights of the Church and the consciences of Catholics. Not long after the accession of Pius the Ninth, it was announced that the Russian Government had determined to send a Plenipotentiary to Rome for the purpose of settling all the questions raised by the Holy See by means of a Concordat. This special envoy was Count Bludow, with whom was associated on the part of the Russian Government its Ambassador at Rome, Count Bouteneff. Cardinal Lambruschini was appointed by the Pope to conduct the negotiations with the assistance of Monsignore Corboli-Bussi. Their conferences resulted in the conclusion of a Concordat, which was signed on the 3rd of August, 1847, and announced by Pius the Ninth in a Consistory held in the following July, some delay having taken place in the exchange of ratifications, and some minor points having been started in the course of the intervening months by the Russian Government. A careful review of the articles of the Concordat thus concluded shows at once that although some valuable concessions to justice had been made by the ministers of Nicholas, the most important points were hardly touched by it. A great many of the

articles referred to a new circumscription of the Catholic dioceses in the Empire, which were organised into two provinces, one under the Archbishopric of Mohiloff, comprising the seven dioceses in the Russian dominions, exclusive of Poland, the other under the Archbishopric of Warsaw, containing the nine dioceses of the kingdom of Poland. The whole Catholic population of both provinces amounts to more than seven millions. The Concordat next made certain provisions the tendency of which was to free the Catholic bishops from some of the impediments which had been imposed on the discharge of their spiritual functions. The "Consistories" were now limited in their jurisdiction, their decisions were to be merely consultative, and without validity unless sanctioned by the Bishop: their members were to be his delegates, nominated and removable by him, and all their powers were to cease at the moment of his death, upon which the Vicar Capitular, as long as the vacancy lasted, or the new Bishop on succeeding to the see, might reconstitute these tribunals at their own pleasure. Another concession related to the seminaries, which were now fully put under the authority of the Bishop. The Catholic Academy, an institution which had been originally founded at Vilna, and made an University by a bull of Gregory the Thirteenth, but which had in course of time been transferred to St. Petersburgh, and taken entirely out of the hands of the Catholic authorities, was made subject to the Archbishop of Mohiloff. Two other provisions exhaust the contents of the Concordat, one of which arranged for the nomination of Catholic parish-priests; the other dealt with the repairs of Catholic churches and chapels. The Catholics had been forbidden by law to build new churches, or even to repair any that might have fallen into decay, and many of their churches had been taken from them by the Government and handed over to the schismatics.

These provisions of the Concordat were indeed, as we shall see, never carried into execution by the Russian Government; the Catholic Church never received even the slight concessions to which the envoys of the Emperor Nicholas pledged themselves, and which were ratified by

him. Still, we may well see in them the germ of a more just and tolerant policy, and as such they were accepted and announced to the Catholic world by Pius the Ninth. If the Russian Government had been in reality bent on following out such a policy, it would by this time have been immaterial to the Catholics of the Empire that the first concessions had been in themselves scanty and even niggardly. Unfortunately, the subsequent history of the dealings of that Government with its Catholic subjects has been such as to raise the gravest doubts as to the sincerity with which even these comparatively slight improvements were promised. In the light of later history, the document which follows the Concordat in the collection lately issued at Rome reads with an unfortunate significance. The document of which we speak embodies the proposals or complaints made by the Pontifical negotiators with regard to a number of points as to which the Russian envoys declared that they had no power to treat. It was arranged that these matters should be summed up in a separate protocol, and the Russian plenipotentiaries held out hopes that on their return home they would draw the serious attention of their Government to this paper, which is signed by themselves as well as by Cardinal Lambruschini. Any one who reads over the protocol, will see at a glance that many of the most important matters of all were left unarranged. First among these we find that question ever recurring, when a Catholic population has the misfortune to live under the meddling bureaucracy of a State hostile to the Church,—the question of free intercourse between the Holy See on the one hand, and the Catholic Bishops and people on the other. This is one of the essential and indispensable liberties of the Church, one over which the Supreme Pontiff, by virtue of his office, is bound to watch with vigilance. The Russian diplomatists argued that this intercourse was, in reality, freely allowed: it only laboured under the slight and unimportant restriction which enacted that all communications with Rome should pass through the Russian Legation in the Holy City! They alleged also the practice of other States, against which the Holy See had always protested as unjust.

Moreover, Russian tyranny was far worse than any other in the world, inasmuch as it extended, as we have already said, to communications relating to matters of conscience, which require the strictest secrecy. There was also the strictest prohibition against the reception or publication of bulls, decrees, and instructions emanating from the Holy See, without the express order of the Government, and this prohibition was enforced by the severest penalties. The Russian Catholics have suffered under these odious regulations for a very long time: and the same bonds were fastened on the necks of their unhappy brethren in Poland as long ago as 1794, little more than twenty years after the solemn promise of the Empress Catharine, binding herself and her successors never to interfere with the religious liberties of the Catholic Poles—a promise renewed with equal solemnity by Alexander I. and Nicholas. The only satisfaction which the Pontifical negotiators could obtain as to this vital point, was an observation on the part of the Russian diplomatists that the law was not always rigorously observed, and that perhaps at some future time, when political excitement had subsided, it might come to be repealed. The protocol goes on to speak in the next place of the system of Government interference in the Episcopal Consistories, by which a lay secretary, nominated by the Government, and of course not a Catholic, was made Secretary and "Procureur Imperiale." Certain trifling modifications of this arrangement, which would have left the evil much as it was before, were declined on the part of the Holy See. It would appear, therefore, that this Government functionary is, or was, still to be intruded upon the deliberations of the Consistory, which must often turn on matters strictly religious, and such as require secrecy. We find, in the next place, a number of complaints made on the Pontifical side with regard to the delicate question of mixed marriages. According to the tyrannical laws of the Russian Empire, which in this respect remind us somewhat of the still unrepealed marriage-law of Ireland, to which public attention is every now and then directed by such cases as that of Major Yelverton, "mixed" marriages are invalid unless they are solemnised before the minister of

the established religion. In the next place, the fact that the marriage has thus been solemnised is sufficient to subject those who have contracted it to the exclusive jurisdiction of the tribunals of that religion in all causes regarding separation, nullity, or the like, which may afterwards arise with respect to the contract. We have already mentioned the prohibition by which Catholic parish priests were forbidden to baptize the issue of these mixed marriages, even at the request of the parents. To this prohibition was added another, conceived in the very purest spirit of persecuting proselytism. The Catholic priests, whose benediction on these marriages, when contracted, was not enough to make them legally valid, and who were not allowed to baptize their offspring, were nevertheless placed under severe penalties if they in any way discouraged them! When these regulations are placed side by side with the personal pledges so solemnly given by the Russian Sovereigns as to the maintenance of the religious liberty of their Catholic subjects in its full integrity, it becomes a matter of surprise that men like Alexander and Nicholas should have been less anxious than the negotiators on the part of the Holy See to get rid of a system scarcely less disgraceful to themselves than unjust to Catholics. And yet all the instances of Cardinal Lambruschini and his associate were ineffectual in producing even the slightest modification of this tyranny. The same question has of course arisen in several other countries, where a Catholic community exists side by side with some other organised form of Christianity, whether legally established or not. The Holy See proposed, in the course of the negotiations of which we are speaking, to apply to the Russian Empire the measures already adopted in Hungary, by which the validity of these marriages was secured, without any derogation from the immutable laws of the Church. But the Russian diplomatists would make no concession, except on the impossible condition that the Church should formally cancel all prohibitions and disencouragements with reference to the formation of those ill-omened alliances. The protocol drily informs us that the Plenipotentaries of the Emperor have accepted *ad referendum* the proposal of

Cardinal Lambruschini as to mixed marriages, as well as his earnest protest against the law of 1832, making the benediction of the schismatical priest necessary, and a carefully drawn plan for the decision of matrimonial and ecclesiastical causes, on the principle of the temporary delegation of Pontifical authority to Catholic prelates within the Empire. This receiving the proposal *ad referendum* was, under the circumstances, nothing more than a diplomatic courtesy, answering to the putting off the reading of a bill in Parliament to "this day six months." The same answer was given to the remonstrances of Cardinal Lambruschini on the equally flagrant tyranny of the Russian laws respecting religious orders. The government had arbitrarily fixed the age at which it was lawful to assume the obligations of the religious profession,—it had forced a course of studies upon monasteries in which the rule did not require such occupations—it had made a classification of religious houses, by which a number were destined to suppression under the title of "supernumeraries"—and it had destroyed regular discipline by suppressing the Provincial Superiors. Any one acquainted, even to a slight degree, with the delicate machinery of the system of religious bodies, will see at once that their life and vigour, if not their very existence, were undermined by these regulations. Here again all that the Pontifical negociators could obtain was a declaration that their proposals were inadmissible, and that the question might be made the subject of some future understanding. The remainder of the subjects mentioned in the protocol were treated in the same rigid and obstinate spirit by the Russian envoys. A suffragan to the Bishop of Kherson, who should reside at Tiflis, was refused: no satisfaction was obtained as to the usurpation of the Catholic ecclesiastical property by the government, or as to the proposal that some provision should be made for the ecclesiastical government of the "United Greeks" of the Empire, and the reclamations of the Pope against the severe penalties under which "proselytism" is forbidden in Russia, and the stringent form of the oath of obedience to the Emperor exacted from Catholics at the cost of their conscience, remained

without effect. In short, the Concordat could only be considered as a concession on two or three points at most out of a much larger number as to which redress was imperatively demanded, if the pledges of the Russian Soveriegns were not to be considered as illusory, and if the Catholic populations under their government were to be allowed to practise their religion in peace and safety. The protocol signed at the same time with the Concordat, in which mention is made of the points as to which no agreement had been arrived at, must be considered quite as much to be a fresh declaration on the part of the Holy See that it could not let even the appearance of an arrangement between itself and the Russian Empire be proclaimed to the world, without renewing its protest against the iniquitous regulations which remained unaltered, as an expression on the part of the diplomatists on both sides of a disposition to bring about a future settlement on matters of so much vital importance.

Such was the Russian Concordat of 1847. It was certainly a great step gained, that a government so tenacious and so iron handed should have been brought to make any negociations at all: for the region of negociation is the region of reason and argument and justice, of acknowledgment of the rights of both sides, irrespective of simple force, and so far to enter upon it is to abandon the brutality and barbarism which recognize no law but the will of the strongest. So much is probably due to the effect of the personal influence of Gregory the Sixteenth upon the Emperor during his visit to Rome, added to the influence of the universal enthusiasm which greeted Pius the Ninth in the earlier days of his Pontificate. The concessions of the Concordat, so far as they were in any measure substantial, bear witness to the good will of the Emperor; but, at the same time, the narrow limits to which they were confined,—and confined moreover by the want of power given to the plenipotentiaries to enter on so many of the questions laid before Nicholas by the Pope,—bear witness either to the rapid cooling down of that good will, or to the impotence even of a Czar of all the Russias to emancipate himself from the system of his own govern-

ment, especially when there is a question of acting with toleration and fairness to his Catholic subjects. Unfortunately, the subsequent history of those most afflicted members of the great Christian family shows too plainly, that if the Czar ever had the idea of making their condition more tolerable, he immediately abandoned it. The Concordat did not promise very much, but what it did promise was never fulfilled. It only added another to the long list of similar engagements similarly violated, connected with the names of successive Sovereigns of Russia.

Y.

The True Solitary.

I built my nest in solitude,
  I built it far away,
Mid cliffs that rise above the sea,
  Where scarce the wild goats stray.

The cawing rook above my head,
  Below—the murmuring sea,
And, busy in the scented thyme,
  The low hum of the bee.

Here then, beside the broad blue sea
  That stretcheth wide its arms,
I'll feed a solitary heart
  With Nature's peerless charms.

And here, forgetful of the past,
  Its fever and its strife,
I'll lean upon her quiet lap
  And rest my tired life.

Ah foolish thought! not Nature's sweets
  Are fraught with healing balm,
Restoring to the wounded heart
  Its innocence and calm.

Not Nature's tenderest voice can soothe
  The human spirits fret,
Nor charm to rest the haunted life
  Of Memory and Regret.

Vainly we build the lofty nest
If self may still intrude—
A silence more intense be mine,
A deeper solitude.

Lead me into the wilderness
From my own self apart;
Lead me, Thou Master of my life,
And whisper to my heart.—

The freshness of the ocean breeze
No longer fans my brow;
I hear not, waving over head
The rustling of the bough;

I miss the sunset's golden light
Upon the wooded hill;
Earth's thousand magic melodies
Are silent all and still;

But gentler than the evening air
Which stirs the aspen grove,
Breathes o'er my restlessness of soul
The spirit of Thy love.

And though no longer o'er the moor
I pass with footstep free,
I find the freedom of my heart
In lonely hours with Thee.

Then let me build my solitude,
Not in the rocky cave;
Nor where the rose and eglantine
Their flowering tendrils wave,

Nor where the floods lift up their voice,
Nor where the sea-birds dwell,
And mountain winds sweep wildy past
A lonely hermit's cell,

But in the garden of Thy Love,
Fenced in from all beside,
Wherever Thou dost choose my path,
So but Thy hand may guide.

CHAPTER IV.

A PETITION.

In a very simple apartment of the Palace of the Patriarch of Constantinople two persons were conversing together. One was young, the age of the other was not easy to guess: the frail bent figure, the delicate features, the deep-sunk eyes, left one in doubt whether he were aged by years or sickness. Until he spoke he merely gave the impression of a weakly and somewhat insignificant person, but *when* he spoke, the eyes lit up, and a marvellous life and force were in his voice and his whole bearing. "Go, Serapion," he was saying to the young man, who stood in a respectful attitude before him, "go and give him my message: say that I beg, implore, adjure him to rescind this cruel law. He will thank me for my message on his death-bed, if not before: tell him so."

"I will do your bidding, holy father, but do not blame your messenger if his mission is unsuccessful," answered Serapion.

"Nay, my son, the result is in God's hands: we can only do our part to avert so inhuman a decree."

It was the Patriarch John, better known by the name conferred on him, Chrysostom, or Golden-mouth, who was sending his deacon, Serapion, to the Consul Eutropius. For it had come to this. A slave, never remarkable except for his vices, was numbered among the successors of the Fabii and the Scipios. He was not recognized, however, in Rome: the senate refused to do so, and the annals of the city bore, that year, the name of but one consul, Mallius Theodorus. Eutropius was easily consoled for the slight: it was enough for him that he was consul in Constantinople, where his statue was already placed in the Forum. Strange enough, it was this man whose influence had called the pious priest and renowned preacher from his birthplace, Antioch, to the patriarchal throne. All Constantinople rang with the fame of his holy life and his rare mental gifts:

the people clamoured for him, the virtuous portion of the clergy desired him: all agreed that such a man would be an honour and an ornament to his office, and Eutropius, glad to gain credit so easily, had no difficulty in persuading the Emperor to accede to the universal wish. He reckoned on the Patriarch's blind submission, which mean souls call gratitude: Chrysostom thanked him after the manner of lofty souls, by telling him the truth. Eutropius was hated, feared—and slavishly obeyed—by the whole court and city. Eudoxia feared, hated, and defied him. The patriarch did neither, but tried to withhold him from evil measures, whenever he had the opportunity,—as on the present occasion.

The young deacon had long to wait before obtaining an audience of Eutropius; at the end of three hours he was admitted, and the Consul, who had just made an excellent bargain with one of his suppliants, came forward in high good-humour, saying, "a messenger from our holy patriarch is always welcome, and should have taken precedence of all others, had it been possible. What does the holy father desire?"

"He begs you earnestly, my lord, to revoke the law which deprives the churches of the right of sanctuary."

"Impossible," answered Eutropius coldly, "the Emperor has spoken."

"A word from you would make it possible," pleaded the deacon.

"It is a necessary measure; there must be an end of this protection of offenders."

"Yes, mighty lord! if at the same time, protection can be found for the innocent, for widows and orphans. But in troublesome times like these, times of strife and of persecution, the right of sanctuary is a priceless privilege for the persecutor as well as for the persecuted, by giving him time for reflection and repentance."

"All this outcry has been raised at Pentadia's instigation," said Eutropius rudely.

"Pentadia! the noble widow of Primasius?" asked the astonished Serapion.

"Yes—Primasius was a traitor."——

"That he was not! Balbus, whom he trusted, was a false accuser."

"Wrong, my good Serapion! the truth is what I say: Primasius deserved to die; his banishment to the African deserts was an act of grace—he died there, certainly,—people are mortal in

Africa as well as in Asia. Then Pentadia took refuge in a church—refuge indeed! and she was so far from being persecuted, that the most clement Arcadius allowed her to enjoy her husband's entire fortune! The whole affair was an absurdity—the explanation of all this fuss lies in her hatred of me: she has spread the report that *I* am at the bottom of the law—that *I* cannot forget her escape, and her enjoyment of the fortune—that *I* have raised a barrier against the recurrence of such an event. I see it all—a woman's revenge!"

"I cannot deny, illustrious Eutropius, that such things *are* reported: nay, my most reverend father expressly commanded me to inform you of them, to show you how universal the dislike to the law is. But, believe me, they are not spread by the noble Pentadia: she lives only for her work, heedless of everything outside the walls of her cell, the church, and the hovels of the poor."

"And does the patriarch suppose that I shall be induced to revoke the law by these rumours?" sneered Eutropius.

"No, my lord, but by Christian charity," was the calm reply: "do not close the last refuge for the persecuted."

"A refuge only sought by criminals!"

"Is it a crime to have powerful enemies?"

"My good friend, you talk as if the world were peopled by innocent victims."

"Not so, great Eutropius, but however few they may be, they have a claim to protection: and even a guilty person must not be ruthlessly assassinated."

"All this is idle talk. The law is made, to rescind it would be a mockery. I beg you to say this to the most venerable patriarch with my respectful regrets that I cannot oblige him."

"One word, my lord!—he bade me kneel at your feet to beg this grace, ... he charged me to adjure you to be merciful, that so you may find mercy at the Last Day!"

"I trust that I am too good a Christian not to appear before my Judge with confidence," said Eutropius with unction: then he clapped his hands, and enquired of the servant who answered the summons, who next demanded audience.

"A messenger from the army, Illustrious."

"And he has been waiting while I have been wasting time in listening to old women's gossip? Show him in directly!"

Serapion heard the loud angry words as he retired, and noticing the alarmed expression of the messenger, said good-naturedly: "Never fear—that was for my benefit, not yours."

"Possibly—but my business will not have a tranquillizing effect," was the whispered reply, as the man entered the presence Serapion had just quitted.

CHAPTER V.

EUDOXIA AND AMANTIUS.

Eudoxia was alone in her private apartment, seated on a low couch, her head resting on her hand, and her eyes fixed on the ground. She was buried in thought: only a slight movement of one slender foot showed some impatience or irritation. She was wonderfully lovely: everything about her was almost dazzling in brightness—the brilliant blue eyes, the wealth of shining golden hair, the radiant smile, the soft youthful bloom. The poets of the day called her a living sunbeam. And to give additional charm to all her beauty, she possessed the utmost grace of form and movement, an ever-changing expression, a commanding dignity, and a winning sweetness. Almost as if she had been thinking over her many attractions, she suddenly started from her musing attitude murmuring, "And I am not Empress!" She moved restlessly through the splendid room, the marble walls and floor of which were covered with silken hangings and Persian carpets; the couches, which we should now call *chaises longues*, and the chairs, were of ivory; the tables of marble or rare wood, supported on pillars of bronze. Faint blue clouds rose from the pierced covers of silver incense-burners disposed here and there about the room. On one table lay Eudoxia's writing materials, different-sized waxen tablets, which did duty for paper; golden styles, in place of pens. All this luxury gave no pleasure to Eudoxia. She did not even notice it: she was busy with her own thoughts, and the only sound in the perfect stillness around her was the rustle of her light-blue silk dress, as its gold-embroidered border swept over the carpet.

Presently one of her ladies, who regularly succeeded each other on guard in the ante-chamber, lifted the curtain before the door, saying, "Amantius is returned."

"At last!" cried Eudoxia; and as he entered and bent one knee before her, she said eagerly, "Well?"

"Most noble Eudoxia, your proposal is declined, with humble thanks for your condescending sympathy."

"Amantius!" Her voice trembled with indignation, and her eye flashed threateningly.

"Most noble Lady, it is as I said."

"But why? It is incomprehensible!—Really, positively declined, Amantius?"

"Most respectfully and most positively."

"Then you must have managed the affair ill and awkwardly! And I counted so upon you—trusted you so thoroughly! Imagine your being unable to carry through a simple thing like that! On whom can I rely, if not on you and your fidelity?"

"Always on my fidelity, noble lady; but I must crave your gracious indulgence when I am unable to succeed, as now."

"But why—why are you unable, when it is my will, and you profess to be my devoted servant?" asked Eudoxia passionately. Then she added quickly, "Well, tell me all about it so that I may understand."

"I had long to wait," began Amantius, "before I was admitted to the presence of the noble Olympias."

Eudoxia interrupted him haughtily: "Why had you to wait? was she not told that you were my messenger?"

"Perhaps you do not know, most noble lady, that Olympias has a small hospital for the sick poor in her house. One of them lay in the agony of death, and she could not leave him."

"Ah! that was right," said Eudoxia.

"So," Amantius continued, "I had plenty of time to observe the plainness—nay, the poverty, of the house which was, in the life time of Anicius, the most brilliant in Constantinople. The income of the noble Olympias only allows now of the scantiest attendance, and, in order to have more to give in alms, she contents herself with the barest necessaries. The court, the portico, the ante-chambers, were all empty, and I had passed through many apartments before I heard the hum of a spinning wheel, the first sign of human habitation. A young girl was making a garment of the same coarse wool which an older woman was engaged in spinning. I could not conceal my astonishment at finding such work going on in the ante-chamber of a lady of rank; and as soon as the elder woman had sent her companion to announce my arrival to her mistress, she turned to me as if it was a relief to her to pour out her heart. 'Yes, you see how we have fallen, how far tyranny has been carried! You see how the daughter and heiress of Anicius is compelled to live! Was ever

such treatment of a noble lady, and a widow too, heard of! Persecution and chicanery without end! First her fortune is taken out of her hands, then her income reduced to the half, then still lower, so that, as you may see, even the furniture of the house has been sold, because my noble mistress would do anything rather than give up her little hospital: and now actually her personal liberty is restrained, so that she cannot go out to church: is not all that beyond endurance?' "

"Yes, that it is," exclaimed Eudoxia; "but the man who is audacious enough to insult the wife of the Emperor will not spare other women."

"I asked," continued Amantius, "how she bore this persecution. 'O,' said the good woman, 'she is a daughter of very great and mighty princes, according to the flesh; but after the spirit, she is a child of God—a bearer of the Cross. She says that all these trials are sent by God, and so must be for her good. And in addition to the persecutions of the Consul, she has to bear the reproaches of all her relations. They are incessantly pressing a second marriage on her, calling her foolish, eccentric, self-willed, for preferring to be an ill-used, plundered captive, rather than the honoured wife of Elpidius.' "

"Strange!" interrupted Eudoxia: "I could not have believed that either cruelty or resignation could have gone so far. And it makes her rejection of my proposal still more incomprehensible. Well, Amantius, you saw her at last?"

"The maiden Theone brought back word that I must either wait till her mistress could leave the hospital, or return another day. I chose to wait, and the faithful attendant of Olympias told me much of her mistress, with whom she had lived from her childhood. Everything shows that, from the first, her heart was given to heavenly things, though her father lived and died a pagan, and her mother was only baptized on her death-bed."

"Is it not true," asked Eudoxia, "that Olympias was brought up by Sylvia, the sister of that horrible Rufinus?"

"No, most noble Eudoxia: Anicius seems, in spite of his paganism, to have been an upright, superior man, and to have dealt quite fairly by his daughter. He was on intimate terms with several bishops and priests, and begged one of them to recommend him a Christian lady to supply her mother's place to the little orphan. The bishop sent him his own sister, Theodosia, and while gaiety of all sorts went on in the palace, she and her young charge occupied the quiet rooms at the back, and there Olympias learnt to pity and to help the poor, the sick, and the

wretched. Sylvia was a friend of Theodosia's, so that Olympias had her example before her eyes. You remember, lady, how brave she was in concealing and ministering to the persecuted Christians in the time of the Arian Emperor Valens."

"Imagine a Rufinus and a Sylvia being branches of the same stem!" cried Eudoxia: "and imagine such a man having been a Christian! But why not?" she went on bitterly, "Eutropius is one! I always wish I had known Olympias sooner: but she never visited Marsa."

"Every one thought," continued Amantius, "that after her father's death Olympias would lead a life of holy virginity, so my informant told me, but her guardian, the Prefect Procopius, was so anxious for her to accept the proposals of the excellent Nebridius that she consented from a feeling of duty. She was soon a widow, and at eighteen she bade adieu to the world and its pleasures, and has ever since lived only for her Lord. Her faithful Theodosia is dead also, and the noble Olympias is a poor slave in the home of her fathers. Well, at last I saw her, and delivered your message, most noble Eudoxia, in the words you used. I said that you urged her to join with all who were suffering under the tyranny of the Consul, in a common appeal to the justice of the Emperor. The louder, the more numerous the voices, the more sure would be the fall of the favourite. The answer was very gentle, but very firm. 'If I were not concerned in the matter, and if I could hope to save another from oppression, I would appeal to Cæsar Augustus without hesitation. As it is I can do nothing.' 'Do you think, then,' I asked, 'that it is not lawful to resist injustice, when it is possible, wherever we find it?' She replied by another question: 'Can we be sure that what we call injustice, when directed against ourselves, may not be, in the hand of God, a hidden and higher kind of justice?' It was difficult to answer such simple humility; but I could not abandon your commission so easily, so I said: 'It cannot be difficult for so high-minded a person as you to put yourself out of the question, and to appeal against these unheard of proceedings as if they were directed against another.' 'That is mere cavilling,' she said quietly: 'I can only go to work straightforwardly.' I made one more attempt, representing that Cæsar Augustus is ignorant of the extent of her oppression, and that she alone can enlighten him on the matter, because Eutropius would reject any other witness as false and calumnious. 'Let the illustrious Arcadius once learn the truth, and the fall of the favourite is certain.' 'And that means——?' she asked. 'His fate will rest with the Cæsar

Augustus,' I said, 'who will be merciful, as he always is.' 'But Eutropius has enemies,' she returned: 'the whole city—nay, the whole empire, is his deadly enemy. Do you not think that this universal hatred will clamour for the extremity of punishment, and that its irresistible tide will overpower the imperial clemency?' I could say nothing, for I believe it would be so; and she went on: 'You see, of course, that I can have no hand in this, and that it is an additional reason for my refusing to entertain the proposal of the most noble Eudoxia.' 'You are prepared, then,' I said, 'to remain in an imprisonment, which debars you from even entering a church, for as long as it pleases Eutropius?' 'O no,' was her smiling answer, 'but for as long as it pleases God.' After that I could say no more. She charged me to thank you humbly for your sympathy, and to entreat you to endeavour to persuade Elpidius to think better of this matter. Then she dismissed me."

"And that was all that passed? You were not very pressing, Amantius, not very lavish of words."

"Lady, I grant it; but what more could I say to a woman who gave the most unanswerable reasons in the simplest manner, and who was so dignified in her meekness that I could not venture on a word more than she permitted?"

"Well," returned Eudoxia, "if you are not a clever diplomatist, you are faithful and discreet. Of course this is not to be spoken of: as to the thing itself, I will manage it without Olympias."

"Most noble Eudoxia, you are displeased with me, I see, and with reason. Therefore——"

She interrupted him kindly: "Nonsense, Amantius, you must not take my words so seriously. What could you do with a fanatical woman?"

"If you would allow me to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, I might return a little improved, and——"

"And, perhaps, instead of returning at all, remain with the monks on the Mount of Olives, or in the pious Jerome's monastery at Bethlehem: I can prophesy how the pilgrimage would end. No, no, Amantius, I have answered you before on that subject. Whether you need improvement or not in God's sight I do not know, but *I* am quite satisfied with you as you are."

"Most noble Eudoxia!" said a youthful voice behind the curtain.

"Enter, Gunilda; what is it?" A remarkably beautiful girl, with a strikingly proud manner and bearing, came in, saying, with a foreign accent, "It is a messenger from my father to know when you can speak to the general."

"Go to him, Amantius, and learn whether Gaïnas is in the city: if so, let him come at once to me. He would not leave the army except on important business. Come here, Gunilda," she said, as soon as Amantius disappeared, drawing the young girl affectionately to a cushion at her feet, "tell me how you are getting on."

"Very well, lady."

"And have you made up your mind to be instructed?"

"No, lady."

"How, then, can it be well with you," said Eudoxia, vehemently, "while you continue ungrateful, disobedient, and a heretic?"

"Not ungrateful, dear lady: but I must speak as I think. And so I pray you to let me return to my father."

"A camp is no place for a girl of fifteen, Gunilda: I brought you here to be with my ladies for that very reason. What do you miss here?"

"My people, lady, and my freedom!"

"Little barbarian!" said Eudoxia, smiling.

"O let me go!" cried the girl passionately, "not to the camp —O no! but let me see my home, the wooded banks of the Danube, once more."

At this moment Amantius returned, saying: "Lady, Gaïnas is himself the messenger," and a tall stately man in the dress of a common soldier appeared on the threshold.

"My father!" cried Gunilda; but the soldier stopped the eager movements of the girl by a sign, and Eudoxia said, "Go to my children, dear Gunilda;" then, turning to the Gothic general, she spoke in a low agitated voice: "What great trouble, or what great good fortune has brought you hither, and in this dress, noble Gaïnas?"

"Leo is dead, lady," was the quiet answer. "She uttered a low cry of joy; then drawing a deep sigh of relief, leant back among her cushions.

"*Now* we must act! Does the Cæsar Augustus know?" Gaïnas shrugged his shoulders silently.

"How did the miserable creature die?"

"Of sheer cowardice, I should say. He had crossed the Hellespont, and was waiting, helpless and terrified, for Tribigild's next movement, and there in that panic of uncertainty and terror he found his death. And Ionia will be an easy prey now for Tribigild."

"Nay, noble Gaïnas, you will save it, and defend the throne of your sovereign."

"I will defend *him*, lady, and you, and your children, but not a throne on whose steps Eutropius plays the Emperor," answered the haughty Goth. "Four years ago my hand set this empire free from the brutal tyranny of Rufinus; and during all that time I have seen honours, riches, and the highest dignities of the state showered on his contemptible successor, while I, little trusted, and meanly rewarded, remain what I was then—General of the Goths. As long as Eutropius is at the helm, things may go as they will for me. Let Tribigild take Ionia—let him take Constantinople if he likes. I will take you, noble Eudoxia, and the Cæsar Augustus to my army in Thessaly: you will be in safety there. Then let Eutropius save the Empire and conquer Tribigild! But if *I* am to march against him, if *I* am to act at all—Eutropius must fall."

"He shall fall!" said Eudoxia firmly: "there shall be an end of all this shame."

CHAPTER VI.

OLYMPIAS AND GUNILDA.

After dismissing Amantius Olympias returned to her own apartments, for the room in which she had received him was reserved for visitors, and therefore was furnished in some degree according to the fashion of the world, poor and mean as it had seemed to the chamberlain. Her relations came to see her occasionally, and their displeasure with her would only have been increased by the coarse matting which supplied the place of a carpet, and the common chairs which, instead of couches and cushions, formed the furniture of her own room. She sat down to her work—altar-cloths for poor churches—she had no longer the power of giving costlier offerings. She was lovely and noble in person as in character. In spite of the external brilliancy of her position, she had known sorrow from her childhood. She had lost literally every one near and dear to her, and at eighteen she was alone in the world. And the world could not understand the fair young widow with her contempt for all its gifts and pleasures: if her retired life had been caused by intense sorrow for her husband's loss, the thing would have been more intelligible: but as it was——! Olympias

went quietly on her way, undeterred by blame and ridicule. With all her decision and reserve of character, she had a vivid imagination and a loving heart; so there was nothing stiff or hard in this quiet firmness. How could there be? It was not that she was joyless or loveless, but that her joy and her love were not of this world. Such was Olympias, no creation of fiction, but one of the most noble of the many noble Christian women of antiquity.

It was growing dim in the little room, which, after the Eastern custom, was only lighted by the opened door: the principal rooms above had what we should now call sky-lights. The door of the room in which Olympias sat opened into a small inner court paved with bright-coloured tiles, in the midst of which played a sparkling fountain. She had let her work fall on her lap, and her beautiful dark eyes rested on the dancing water with a dreamy expression, half thoughtful and half sad. Suddenly a female figure stood in the door way, who threw back her veil with a quick gesture, and asked, as abruptly, "Are you the noble Olympias?"

Theone followed her closely and said, "Pardon me, my honoured mistress, the lady would take no denial, though I told her you did not receive visitors so late."

"Bring us a lamp, Theone," said Olympias; then turning to the stranger, "Who are you, lady, and what do you want with me?"

"My name is Gunilda, and I am sent by the most noble Eudoxia. She bids me tell you that the fall of the man who persecuted you is unavoidable: so that your appeal to the Cæsar Augustus would not be the cause of his ruin, though it would have more weight than many others."

"But how is it," asked Olympias, in surprise, "that you, so young, and a foreigner as your accent shows, are sent to me with a confidential message?"

"My father," answered Gunilda, "is well acquainted with the plans of the most noble Eudoxia, therefore she judged his daughter a fitting messenger. My father is Gaïnas, the General of the Gothic legion, ... and I am indeed a foreigner and a stranger in this land."

"Poor child!" said Olympias kindly.

"Not so, lady," answered the girl proudly, "my father's daughter is not poor. But *you* seem to be indeed poor, for your beautiful palace is bare and empty, and this room is hardly good enough for a common servant."

"I am like you," said Olympias, with a sweet smile, "my Father's daughter is not poor."

"No; I know that you are really very rich: they often speak of you at the court. But at this moment you are very poor; that lamp which your maid has brought is of common earthenware, such as only the poorest people use. . . . . Surely you will do your part to escape from the tyranny of this odious Eutropius?"

"It is not long since," said Olympias, "that I sent my answer by the chamberlain Amantius."

"It was an unsatisfactory answer," returned Gunilda, "or I should not be here."

"And do you think that one's ideas of right and wrong change from one hour to another?"

Gunilda felt, as Amantius had done, that there was nothing more to be said. Presently she spoke again: "You are very generous—or very proud."

"I do not know about that," said Olympias simply; "but I know that it is written: 'Love those who hate and persecute you'; and I know . . . . . " she broke off abruptly.

"Why do you stop?" asked Gunilda eagerly, "will you not let me know your reasons?"

"You are a Goth, and, I suppose, an Arian?" said Olympias.

"Both," she answered haughtily.

"Then you would not understand the reason I was about to give; for the Christian charity which forgives our enemies springs from the Christian faith . . . . . and you do not know it."

"*I* do not," said the young Goth seriously, "but Eudoxia does, and her way of thinking and acting is not like yours."

"We shall all have to give account of our own actions, not those of others. Therefore we must neither judge others, nor blindly follow them. Eudoxia acts as she thinks right, and will not refuse me the same liberty of conscience." answered Olympias gently.

"And why do you never appear at Court?" cried Gunilda.

"My life since my husband's death has been a very retired one. Besides, for the last three years I have been out of favour with the Cæsar Augustus, and, lastly, how do you think my dress would look there?"

"Strange, perhaps, but beautiful!" answered the girl. "I do not know how it is, but here—with you—I feel ready to weep."

"I am sorry for that," said Olympias kindly.

"You have no need, dear lady," and Gunilda's beautiful eyes glistened—"now I must go, but I thank you from my heart."

"For what?" asked Olympias: "you quite understand my answer?"

"I thank you for being what you are," and Gunilda looked wistfully round the shabby little room. "I shall never forget you in the splendour and gaiety of the Palace. But you may be easy about the message, I quite understand it, and I will deliver it faithfully."

She rose to go: Olympias accompanied her to the court: it lay bathed in moonlight, and the drops of the fountain were changed into sparkling liquid diamonds, while the great peaceful stars looked down silently from their golden thrones.

"The stars are your torchbearers," said Gunilda; "farewell, you holy and happy one."

Olympias did not return to her room, but went to another, where she watched and prayed till dawn by the corpse of the poor man who had died that day.

CHAPTER VII.

EUDOXIA'S TRIUMPH.

THE news of Leo's death had placed Eutropius in great perplexity: he summoned his council to discuss the question how to supply the vacant post, but the only result seemed to be an exhibition of the incompetency and cowardice of all its members. Osius, a *quondam* cook, and a great favourite with Eutropius, was just now under his displeasure for his obstinate refusal to take the command of Leo's troops; and the Consul's temper was not improved by his representations that Eutropius himself was really the proper person to do so. It was then suggested that Leo's death should be concealed, and the troops ordered to prevent Tribigild, at all risks, from crossing the Hellespont. It seems inconceivable that the idea of issuing such an order, to be carried out by troops without a general, could be seriously entertained: but it must be remembered that the council of Eutropius consisted of men as low-born, as ignorant, and as incompetent as himself. Osius considered that it would be easy to keep the Emperor in the dark, as the only person likely to be informed of the

truth was Eudoxia, and her estrangement from him was a security for her silence. But Eutropius objected that the truth would infallibly be known and spread among the people by means of the numerous vessels daily arriving from Ionia, and a universal panic would be the consequence. The inventive genius of the Spanish cook suggested, as a means of amusing the populace and diverting their interest, a general gathering of all the public dancers in the circus. "It would be a complete novelty," he said, "and a greater success than chariot-racing or any of the usual shows." Eutropius received the idea favourably, only he urged that the nature of the entertainment must not be plainly described in the public announcement. "We must merely advertise an entirely new spectacle, otherwise let the Golden-mouth get an inkling of the truth, and mount his pulpit to warn the people in one of his fanatical outbursts, and perhaps to disclose this state of affairs in Ionia—and I will not answer for the consequences."

Other plans were ripening besides the Consul's. Very early in the morning Gaïnas asked an audience of the Emperor, who was utterly astonished at seeing him in Constantinople, and in the dress of a common soldier. There was a dark cloud on the General's brow, as he bent one knee and saluted Arcadius. "Hail, invincible Emperor! and mayest thou ever be so."

"What news do you bring? Have the hordes of the Huns crossed our frontiers of Thrace or Thessaly?"

"Thrace and Thessaly are tranquil, for I am there," answered the haughty soldier; "and your throne is not threatened by the Huns."

"By Tribigild, then?" asked the Emperor abruptly. Gaïnas bent his head. "Is Leo defeated? Elpidius mentioned rumours of evil tidings; since then I have heard nothing: explain yourself fully."

"Your army in Ionia is defeated, dispersed, destroyed—Leo is dead—Tribigild on the shores of the Hellespont, ready to cross to Constantinople."

"And you are here! It was your duty to defend the Thracian coast of the Hellespont with your troops, and so avert the danger! and in such a crisis you have dared to leave the army, and to appear before me in the Hebdomon Palace!"

"I *have* so dared," was the bold answer, "for it is time that, for once, the truth should be heard there—and in order to avoid exciting suspicion and alarm, the general of your army comes in this guise."

"And what is the truth which you say must be heard?"

"Most Illustrious, Tribigild is my countryman, he *was* my friend: and even yet he trusts me. I have received a secret communication from him, informing me that he is willing to make peace with you, and to put down the insurrection of the Gothic colony in Phrygia, on one condition, and one *only*."

"And that condition is?"

"The head of Eutropius!"

Arcadius started up. "The head of my wisest and most faithful servant!—do you imagine I shall make *that* the peace-offering to a barbarian chief?"

"Is that servant wise who sends a cowardly Greek against a brave barbarian?" asked Gaïnas with cutting coldness:—"and what is his fidelity shown by? *He* is a faithful servant to his lord who, unable to endure the degradation of the empire, proposes a way of stopping it. The oppression, the venality of Eutropius call down the curses of the whole Eastern Empire on your throne. Is that fidelity?"

"He is personally faithful to me," stammered Arcadius.

"Like a dog——as he is," said the Goth scornfully: "where is his fidelity, when the security of the throne, the peace of the kingdom, the welfare of your dominions are at stake?"

"Noble Gaïnas," pleaded Arcadius, "you will conquer Tribigild, and make your own terms with him afterwards."

"No, mighty Emperor," answered Gaïnas in the same tone of cold determination, "that I will not do. Shall the Goths slaughter one another that Eutropius may pursue his course of cruelty and perfidy unchecked? Never! Let his guilty head fall, and the Phrygian rebellion is at an end, for it is not against you, most clement Emperor, but against this man's unheard of tyranny."

"It is impossible!" groaned Arcadius:—"Eutropius has enemies; he is slandered! I cannot believe the evil that is said of him."

An unwonted movement was heard at this moment in the ante-chambers. Gaïnas listened for an instant, then he said; "You will not believe me? well then, I must hope that more eloquent lips than the rude Goth's will have the power which I have not."

As he spoke, Eudoxia entered. The inexpressive countenance of the Emperor was lighted up by a flash of intense delight. "Eudoxia! and with the children! O welcome, welcome, my beloved one: tears, my Eudoxia? nay, do not weep."

Eudoxia was very pale, her lips were trembling, and her eyes dim: she held her youngest child, Pulcheria, in her arms, the little Flaccilla was clinging to her dress: she came quickly to Arcadius and knelt at his feet. "Must I not weep? You, and only you, illustrious Emperor, can dry my tears."

"How, Eudoxia?—speak—you have but to say what you wish, and it is done."

Her answer came without a pause: "Eutropius must fall."

"*Now*, mighty Emperor, will you believe me?" asked Gaïnas bitterly.

"Leave us!" said Arcadius: but Eudoxia interposed authoritatively: "Not so, my lord and husband. Let him hear all, for it is in his power to confirm every charge which I have to make against Eutropius."

"That unfortunate Eutropius! Gaïnas has already been telling me of his misdeeds; but what have *you* to do with them? He cannot have offended you, or, at least, not seriously."

"What!" cried Eudoxia, "is the degradation of the empire over which my husband rules—are the curses which rest on his head and the heads of my innocent children, nothing to me? Can I see that wretched man guiding the sceptre which the great Theodosius once bore, which you, my lord and husband, still bear, and not weep tears of blood over its disgrace? Can I see how he deals with those who merit the deepest reverence, and not feel burning indignation? He takes from the Church the ancient hallowed right of sanctuary, thus bitterly insulting the Patriarch and all good Christians in him;—and why? because he will not have one spot on earth, where men may find shelter from his tyrannical violence. He persecutes ladies of the noblest birth and purest virtue, such as Olympias and Pentadia, in order to seize on their property. Every place, every dignity has its price, and the fittest man is always the highest bidder!——and is all this nothing to me!"

She had risen from her knees, and stood in her tears, her beauty and her anger, before the agitated Arcadius.

"Calm yourself, my Eudoxia—dry your tears, it shall not be so—things shall be altered, only be calm."

"No," she answered passionately, "I can not, and will not: I have kept silence, and suffered in silence only too long: now I will speak! That vile Eutropius stands between me and my husband."

"You are mistaken, Eudoxia; on this point you are wrong," cried Arcadius.

"And do you imagine that I do not know why I am not Augusta?" she asked slowly, and fixing her eyes on Arcadius, who remained silent and embarrassed:

"I repeat it, he stands between us: your silence proves the truth of my words: and you say he cannot have offended me! Arcadius, what woman would not be offended—outraged? *You* would have made me Augusta long ago—you would have made your wife Empress: but——Eutropius will not allow it: he fears my influence, he fears my looking into things and seeing how they stand: and therefore he comes between us, and I am not Augusta!"

"I will make you so this very day!" exclaimed Arcadius in increasing excitement.

"My lord and husband, I will thank you for it gladly and gratefully, if before conferring this honour on me you order Eutropius to leave the Palace, the city; if possible the Empire. There is not room for both of us in this palace and at your side:—let him go, and let him suffer that with which he has threatened me."

"Threatened *you*? Eudoxia! what do you mean?—who can dare to threaten you?"

"Eutropius dares to do anything——with impunity," she said bitterly.

"It is too much—speak, Eudoxia!"

"I meant not to speak of it, to force my lips to silence, though they were burning to tell the insult. So I asked you, my lord, to grant me a time of solitude and retirement. I wished to compose my mind, to struggle with the indignation I felt, and to conquer it."

"What was it that he threatened? speak!"

"You know," said Eudoxia, "that I have a woman's love for jewels, and ornaments: Eutropius knows it too, and in order to please me, he has from time to time brought me beautiful diamonds, just as one might coax a child with toys. This happened a few days ago: they were splendid diamonds, and I said I would have them set in the diadem which I would wear as Augusta. He answered, 'that title can only be borne by the mother of an heir to the throne.' I cried 'Yes; it can be borne in any case by the wife of the Emperor!' Then he dared to answer: '*I* made you the Emperor's wife, and only I can make you Augusta. Remember, too, that I, who raised you to the throne, can drag you from it.' Yes—he dared to use this language to me, to your wife—the mother of your

children—he to me—Eutropius to Eudoxia!" As she spoke, her face had turned still paler than before, her lips trembled so that she could scarcely speak, and her voice was harsh and altered. As she ended she gave way altogether, and sank into a chair in a passion of tears.

Arcadius, out of himself at the sight of Eudoxia's anguish, cried out, "Enough! let him be summoned hither: the wretch shall be punished as you demand, and as is only too just. He shall be banished for ever from our presence, stripped of all his titles, honours, dignities, and possessions; and he shall end his life where he has sent worthier men to end theirs—in Colchis or some oasis of the Libyan Desert."

"Hail, mighty Emperor! the state is saved!" shouted the triumphant Gaïnas, as he rushed out impetuously, to lose no time in having the Consul summoned, and to spread the tidings of the favourite's doom in the city, where it caused more rejoicing than the news of a hundred victories. Eudoxia's passionate tears had done what no arguments, however just and reasonable, would ever have accomplished—Arcadius gave up his favourite.

Notes on the French Asylums for the Insane under the care of Religious.

THE writer of the following notes, being anxious to enquire into the practical working of asylums for the insane as administered by religious, has lately visited several institutions of the kind in France, which, he believes, are as unknown to most English people as they were a short time ago to himself; and he therefore thinks that some account of the religious communities of that country which have devoted themselves to this extremely important work, may not be without interest for the readers of the *Month*.

At first sight it seems strange, and very contrary to the ordinary state of French institutions, that in so many places religious establishments, not belonging to the public, should have the care, not only of private patients, but also of the poor who are placed there at the public charge. The reason is that, until the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, scarcely any provision for the insane existed. At the revival of religion in France several of the newly-founded or restored religious orders, in their earnest search for fresh fields for their devoted charity, turned their attention to these neglected outcasts of humanity, and various asylums for their reception were established, especially in the north of France. The good thus done was immense; these poor lunatics being taken from the chains and cruelty which had too often been their lot at home, and placed in at least comparative comfort and freedom.

After several unsatisfactory attempts to ameliorate the condition of the insane poor, the French legislature passed an act in 1838, by which each department was compelled to provide for its lunatics. They were to do this, either by building new asylums, or by availing themselves of those already existing. The religious communities already engaged in this work were therefore in many instances encouraged and assisted to enlarge their establishments, the departments undertaking to pay just sufficient to defray the expense of keeping a patient, usually one franc a day, and hence arose the many large asylums of which I am about to speak.

So far as I know, only one religious order of men has undertaken the care of the insane. The "Brothers of St. John of God" do not confine themselves to this work; they have also in France reformatory and industrial schools, and hospices for the aged poor, and used formerly to have the care of several hospitals; but, on their return to France after the Revolution, in 1818, they found that the insane poor of Brittany were so terribly neglected, that they did not hesitate in devoting themselves to the improvement of their condition. There was a certain fitness in this, for St. John of God, as if to prepare him to be the founder of the Order which bears his name, had experienced in his own person the horrors of a medieval Spanish asylum, and had, among his works of charity, preceded our English and French physicians by 300 years in endeavouring to govern lunatics by kindness, instead of cruelty. The first house opened by the "Brothers of Charity," as they called themselves, was at Dinan in Brittany; but the present building was only begun in 1828, and has undergone repeated enlargements since that time, the new handsome church attached to the asylum being hardly yet completed. This gradual enlargement has unavoidably caused some confusion and irregularity in the arrangement of the different parts of the building, which is in every other respect one of the most perfect of the kind on the Continent—but it is the best proof of the well-merited success of the community in their labours. There are about 600 patients at present in the asylum, of whom the majority are pauper lunatics—the male patients of the two departments of Morbihan and Côtes du Nord; the remainder being divided into several classes, according to the rank in life of the patient, and the amount of attendance required for him. There are about 100 Brothers in the community, all of whom are employed, more or less directly, in the care of the insane, and the amount of watchfulness exercised by them over their charge day and night cannot be exceeded in the best managed asylums. The day-rooms and dormitories for all classes of patients are more cheerful than in most French institutions, having pictures, statuettes, and other ornaments in them, mostly of a religious character. All kinds of amusement are provided and encouraged, and I was glad to see many interested either in reading books and newspapers, or in playing at cards, chess, draughts, billiards, and (of course, being Frenchmen) at dominoes. More serious occupation is found for those whom it may benefit; the admirable farm and park are to a great extent kept in order

by the patients; while others act as clerks or accountants. Yet the religious complain that their efforts in this way are greatly hindered by the laziness and untidiness natural to the Bretons, with whom they have to deal.

The Brothers of St. John of God have two other asylums in France; one at Lyons, of which I know very little, and one at Lille. This last is by no means so admirable or convenient a building as that at Dinan; but much more can be here done in the way of employing the inmates. Thus there is a theatre, a band of "orphéonistes," and of vocal performers, a kind of "estaminet," and even a fire-brigade, which has several times been of use in the town. It may be doubted whether this last mentioned occupation is one which might not be very injurious to lunatics; but of course the members of the fire-brigade are specially selected patients, and, at any rate, the religious assure me that they have never observed any evil results.

All the other religious communities in France who undertake the care of the insane are communities of nuns. In some few of these asylums female patients only are received, (as at Saint Brieuc and Rennes); but in most of them there are also lay men-servants, who have the charge of male patients, the nuns only visiting the infirmary, and having the general direction of the house.

Of all these establishments, the largest, and in some respects perhaps the best, is the "Bon Sauveur," at Caen. The good work was begun here in 1820 by an ecclesiastic of the town, and has been usually prosperous. It now covers a very large space, near the glorious Norman church, built by William the Conqueror, in one of the most open suburbs of the town. The buildings are grouped, very irregularly, round a large open arcade or cloister, but are so completely disconnected that the "service" (for baths, meals, &c.,) must be unusually difficult. On the other hand, this plan has the advantage of making the establishment rather more cheerful. The house is extremely clean and well ventilated, and the patients (a good test of an asylum) quiet and orderly; but the rooms are comparatively bare and comfortless to our English eyes, and there is no very great provision, apparently, for occupation or amusement. The average number of patients is 900, about half of whom are men. The majority are poor, placed in this institution by the department, but private patients are also received, for sums [illegible]*ying* from £24 to £200 a year.

The highest class of patients (those paying £160 to £200 a year) are lodged in small cottages, of two or three rooms, situated in a very cheerful, well kept garden: this is one of the best distinctive features of the asylum. Another good point is, the absence of bars or gratings at the windows in the modern part of the building. The epileptic patients are kept in a house apart (not an uncommon arrangement in France), of one story only, in order to prevent accidents. Extensive as this establishment is, and admirable as are many of the arrangements in it, two circumstances undoubtedly prevent its perfect efficiency.

One of these is the large number of patients, which alone renders supervision more difficult; but as if this were not enough, the community has also a school of about 200 deaf and dumb children, and a middle-school for some 100 girls, in the same enclosure, forming something more like a village or small town, than a single institution. Although there are 250 nuns and a large number of "gardiens," it is difficult to believe that sufficient unity of direction can exist under such conditions. The same order has also established three other asylums for the insane since its foundation in 1820, all of which are said to be very successful, but of which I have no personal knowledge.

At Pontorson, midway between Dol and Avranches, and at the foot of Mont St. Michel, is an asylum of a rather different character. This was founded not long before the Revolution, by private charity, the funds of which are still administered by a committee. The house is served by nuns, and "gardiens" for the male patients, of whom there are about 300, with 250 females. The greater part of the inmates are pauper lunatics, for each of whom the department pays one franc a day; but private patients are also received, the highest class paying £100 a year. The house is extremely well kept, and occupation, of as varied a character as may be, is provided.

A modified form of mechanical restraint, by means of straight-waistcoats, clogs, &c., is employed (as far as I know) in all French asylums, whether under religious or secular management. Although I could obtain no very precise information as to the extent to which its use prevails, I am inclined to think it is employed less frequently in the asylums which adopt modern improvements, than in those which keep to the old ways, and certainly most rarely in those houses which (like Dinan and

Lille) have carried out most completely the means of occupying and amusing their patients.

This would be alone a strong argument against mechanical means; but I confess that, although I left England a thorough believer in the principle of absolute non-restraint, as becomes a countryman of the illustrious Conolly, I was led, by the arguments used by the superintendents of French asylums, to doubt its universal applicability. Thus I am sure there is some truth in what is stated by Morel, one of the greatest authorities on insanity, that French lunatics are, *cæteris paribus*, more refractory than English, on account partly of their more excitable natural character, partly of the greater social equality prevailing in France; and, if this difference exists, it is quite possible that straight waistcoats and the like may sometimes be necessary. But there is not much weight in the ordinary argument, that mechanical restraint is less exciting to the patient than that exercised directly by attendants; for the very essence of Conolly's system consists, not in the mere abolition of such coercion, but in the management of the patient by appealing to what remains of sanity in him and working on the better side of his nature.

The Superior of the Dinan asylum objected, with more plausibility, that certain excesses of the non-restraint system, which made some stir in England two years ago, were a "*reductio ad absurdum*" of the system itself; I regretted extremely for the credit of our English institutions, that he had heard of these occurrences, but could not allow the validity of his reasoning.

Asylums managed entirely by religious seem to me to have the following advantages over those in public hands. In the first place, an energetic superior, being sole master, can carry out any alterations and improvements which his experience may suggest, while in the government institutions the medical superintendent is often checked and thwarted in his efforts by the "Commission de Surveillance," the members of which have often no practical knowledge of the needs of the insane. Secondly, admirable as is the spirit animating the great French physicians of this class, whose devotedness has done so much to improve the condition of their afflicted fellow-creatures, there must always be, in every public institution (especially if administered by the bureaucratic French) a certain unbending stiffness, which is only rarely found in a work managed by religious;—the difference which must exist between even the ideally perfect workhouse, and a hospice of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The employment of nuns in waiting upon the patients, which prevails generally throughout the government institutions, appears to me to be an unfortunate compromise, which is attended by a very evident evil of its own. In every such establishment, it will be found upon cross-examination, that the doctor is dissatisfied with the religious, looking upon them as not thoroughly subject to his authority: while the nuns, on their side, complain of the doctor's interference with their private rules and regulations. On the other hand, as far as I have had opportunity of judging, in the asylums I have described above, the doctor and nuns seemed good friends, and thoroughly content to work harmoniously together to the same end. This would go far to prove, that the dissatisfaction in the public asylums (which must interfere greatly with their efficiency) is owing to the false position in which both the doctor and religious are placed by this "*imperium in imperio*" arrangement. The main point required about an asylum evidently is complete unity of government; and this is best secured, either by employing only lay keepers under a medical superintendent, as in England, or by placing pauper patients in an establishment belonging entirely to religious, as in the asylums of which I have been writing. Supposing an active and searching system of government inspection to prevail, I am induced to believe that the latter of these alternatives is, in many respects, preferable to the former. I attach special importance to the more flexible character of asylums administered by religious, because I am convinced that the present practice of keeping patients of every class, and of all degrees of madness, in public or private asylums, must sooner or later be considerably modified; and, if the "cottage" system (a sort of modified Gheel) be some day introduced into England, I am sure that it can be best worked by religious or those trained by them.

J. R. G.

New Ireland.

THOSE thinkers who love rather to speculate hopefully upon the future than to dwell with regret upon the past, may perhaps see, among the races of which the population of Europe is composed, more than one of which it may be said that its past history has been rather a preparation for greatness in centuries yet to come than the actual achievement of prominent and commanding influence on the course of human civilisation and progress. More than one European nation may certainly be said not yet to have had its opportunity, as France, and Spain, and England, and Germany have had theirs: and the philosopher may well see in the struggles and sufferings of such races the discipline which is making them ready for hardy and vigorous action when the onward tide of events shall lift them upon its crest. The facts of our own time might naturally suggest to such thinkers the idea that the time of the Irish race has at last come. There were indeed ages now long past away—though they have left their mark even to the present moment—when Ireland was a beacon tower of religion and Christian civilisation to the rest of Europe. Then, as now, the Celtic race had the high commission to travel into distant lands, and to bear with it the light of Christian faith and cultivation. But Ireland was then a missionary by means of her priests and monks, rather than of the mass of her children, thrown by the waves of emigration upon the shores of new worlds: and for many centuries since that time she has been a captive and a sufferer, struggling for dear life to maintain the essence of her faith and her national existence, rather than filling her due place at the council-board of nations, or taking an influential part in the advance of knowledge and the beneficent conquests of peace. Now, however, as we have said, her time seems to be coming. No one can

forecast the history of the future, but it is a rule of the Providential order of the world that the great elements and seminal powers of human progress are prepared long before the time of their most fruitful action, and that new phases and conditions of society do not arise accidentally, but unfold themselves successively as by laws of natural growth.

In the last few centuries, Europe has, as it were, flung herself over the globe, and taken possession—either by the ascendancy of her intelligence, or the actual in-pouring of her population—of all but the whole of America and Australasia, as well as of large parts of Africa and Asia. Latterly, emigration has been the chief, though not always the sole agent of this great change on the face of the globe. The tide of emigration of which even our own days alone have witnessed the flow, can be compared to nothing in the history of the world so well as to the influx of the Northern nations into Europe itself at the period of the dissolution of the Roman Empire. The contrast is greater, indeed, than the likeness—for the stream of European emigration rolls peacefully on, and carries with it the elements of civilisation and the blessings of Christianity, to which it has to conquer the lands which it invades, instead of receiving from their inhabitants the light of faith and the arts of peace. The stream has now flowed so long, that, although it gives as yet no sign that its source is about to fail, it has already made the Europe of the New World the equal and rival of that of the Old. Mighty, intelligent, and active nations have been formed, for the most part, with the experience of the history of Christendom to guide them, with free institutions given to them at once, with a full share of all the gains of civilisation readily conceded to them, and with ample protection against enemies from without secured to them as long as they were unable to defend themselves. Their youth has been short and singularly sheltered, and, as if this were but little, those regions of the earth which are the richest, the most favoured, the most inexhaustibly fertile, the most gorgeously magnificent, have been given them for nothing, practically limitless in extent, and teeming with every natural gift which civilised men have learnt

to value. What will the manhood of these giants be? What it may be, we cannot tell; but we know that we are on the threshold of the centuries in which its activity and its powers are to be displayed.

We need not dwell upon the secondary causes which might have to be assigned to the fact that the Irish element enters so largely into these great nations of the future. The European emigration has been fed from almost all European nations, but mainly, it would seem, from Ireland, England, and Germany, and this to such an extent that both the Irish and the German races may be said to preserve, in a measure, a national existence in the New World, contained in, but not obliterated by, that of the great American people to which they have contributed so largely without being altogether absorbed by it. It is, of course, impossible to predict how long this may remain as it is. All that we are now concerned with is the simple fact that, in a most true and practically important sense, a "New Ireland" exists, and exercises a very appreciable influence both in America and in Europe. It is an entity and a power in itself, and it shows no signs that its compactness will be speedily dissolved or the intensity of its activity and its aspirations relaxed. Yet if such were to come to be the case, it would still remain true that the Irish race has already played a great part in the history of humanity, and cannot fail in future years to play a part still greater. It would still remain true—to mention only one, though the most important and consoling, of all the facts connected with Irish emigration which have become matters of history—that the large and flourishing Catholic Churches in the United States and in the British Colonies of America and Australia have been mainly founded by natives of Ireland, or by the children born to them in the land of their adoption. The wonderful growth of these churches in the last half century seems to contain the promise of a further development, still greater than that which it has yet attained. If a General Council were to meet next year, a large proportion of the bishops assembled therein would bear witness to the Catholic fertilty of the Irish emigration, and if to these were added the bishops of Ireland herself,

there would be but few national Episcopates to exceed them in number. This fruitfulness in the advance of religion is, of course, accompanied by an analogous growth in political power and social prosperity. If we look back on the condition of the Irish race a century ago, we find it in perhaps the very darkest period of its history.* Its position at that time was scarcely less unhopeful than that of the much persecuted Polish race at the present moment. But the Poles might well feel a glow of solid comfort could they think that a few decades of years would place them as thoroughly in the front of the advancing tide of humanity as the Irish now are. We speak, chiefly, of the Irish people of the New World—for Ireland herself has yet to be restored from the consequences of her long and unexampled prostration.

The volume, which gives an account of the present condition and the future prospects of the Irish race in its new abodes—as far, at least, as America is concerned—is one of the most interesting and important of the present day.† It is hardly possible to speak too highly of it under either respect. Its pages will fascinate many a reader who has until now had a vague notion that the Irish were doing well and exercising great influence in America, but who has been unacquainted with the details and statistics of the general fact which has rejoiced his heart. Mr. Maguire,

* This is the time of which some members of the Irish clergy have lately spoken in a Declaration published just before last Christmas. "For three generations," they say, "every means of acquisition was by the laws of the land snatched from the native race. 1. Confusion was sought to be introduced into every family by law. 2. All the professions were closed to people of the old faith by law. 3. The ownership of land and the holding of leases were forbidden by law. 4. All political power, position, and advantage, even to the office of common bellman, were forbidden them by law. 5. All the handicrafts, even to the humble artificer, were impossible to them by law. And thus for that long period to which we have more than once directed attention, the intellectual, social, and material condition of this country had been so low, degrading and debased—ignorance and incapacity had so paralyzed the minds of the whole people of Ireland—that we may well feel astonished at the bound which in eighty years has brought them from the rudeness of a barbarism inflicted by law to the condition in which we now find them, sad a condition as that is, looking at the condition of England, with which she forms one kingdom."

† *The Irish in America.* By J. F. Maguire, M.P. Longmans. 1868.

moreover, writes well and pleasantly, and his book is full of anecdotes and illustrations bearing on its main subject. He can hardly be called a panegyrist, though his sympathies are naturally very strong on the side of his countrymen and their children. His descriptions are not all rose-coloured, nor does he hesitate to acknowledge the degradation into which some of the emigrants have fallen, in consequence either of the mistake, made by so many, of remaining in the cities and great towns of America, instead of seeking for industrious and well-earned prosperity as tillers of the limitless acres of virgin land which only wait cultivation, or of the fatal propensity to drink, which is the greatest of dangers to so many northern races. Mr. Maguire does nor fear to acknowledge that while so many Irishmen have shown the highest qualities and gained the most honourable positions as colonists of a new country, and while the general results of their enterprise and industry are satisfactory in the very highest degree, there are yet many evils to be remedied before the whole of the Irish race in America arrives at that influence and consideration which have been so nobly won by the majority. Much ignorance and much imprudence prevail among certain classes of emigrants. Speaking of an admirable organisation in the State of Minnesota, the object of which is to guide and assist Irish emigrants, Mr. Maguire says:—

> What is required for the uplifting of thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands—of Irish in America, is an active, energetic, outspoken Irish Public Opinion, that will make its voice heard and felt in every direction, warning those who will take warning, and saving those who care to be saved from misery and degradation. To be potent for good, every organisation should be like that of Minnesota, free from the taint of speculation or the suspicion of jobbery: and there is not a State in the Union, or a great city, in which there should not be found a few honourable and influential Irish gentlemen, who would join together for a purpose which concerns their own reputation, inasmuch as it concerns the reputation of the race to which they belong, and cannot repudiate. It is considered by Irishmen in America a patriotic object to regenerate, by arms and revolution, the millions at home; but surely to lift up the millions who are in the States,—to regenerate them morally, materially, and socially,—to give them greater power and influence through rightly-directed industry,—to elevate

the race in the esteem of the enlightened and generous minded of the American people,—this is an object more practical, in no way hazardous or injurious to any interest or individual whatever, and certainly not less noble or patriotic. (p. 245.)

Then, again, this book is extremely interesting, not merely as giving a picture of the progress attained by Irishmen in the New World, but also as bringing together a number of facts bearing on the difficult problems which must soon be energetically solved in Ireland itself, if her rulers do not mean to abandon all hope of her pacification. Those same remedial measures which seem to appal the courage of our statesmen at home have been actually in working for some time past in our colonies, with, as it would seem, no other effects than such as tend to ensure peace, loyalty, and prosperity. Mr. Maguire's volume will also furnish a great number of valuable hints to future emigrants; for we must fear that for some time to come the population at home will still have to suffer the continuance of that drain upon its numbers which has been one of the prominent features in Irish history during the present century. Lastly, the importance of the work just at this time is immense, and we cannot but wish that it may be read carefully by every Irishman and Englishman who has any voice in the decision of the serious problems on the speedy and successful solution of which the prosperity or even the very existence of the empire may be said to depend.

The topics handled in Mr. Maguire's volume are so various and so suggestive, that we can have no hope of setting them before our readers in the limited space at our command. We may remark, in the first place, that he does not confine himself by any means to an account of the Irish element in the United States, which have absorbed by far the greater portion of the emigration from Europe. Mr. Maguire goes fairly through the British colonies first: he speaks of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Canada. In each one of these five provinces he finds Irish emigrants powerful and respected: with regard to each he has many an interesting anecdote to tell of the poverty in which the

emigrants began their work of conquering the forest and the wilderness to the uses of civilisation; of their energy, perseverance, and success; of the happiness and comfort in which they now live, of the tenacity with which they have clung to their faith, the sacrifices they have made in the cause of religion—often, we are sorry to say, the persecution, either legal or social, they have undergone for the same cause; and last, but not least, of the hearty and joyous welcome with which they receive any visitor from the old country. All these features in the narrative not only give the book that charm which always accompanies a tale of honest industry and loyal devotion issuing in happiness, but they must also fill the thoughtful reader with hope and confidence for the future of societies the foundations of which have been so nobly laid. Everywhere the history of the progress of the Irish emigrant is the history of the advance of the Catholic Church. It has also often been the case that the bishops have had to take the lead in active measures for the temporal as well as the spiritual benefit of the struggling population. Thus, for instance, the Bishop of St. John's, New Brunswick, is the actual founder of several rising settlements, of one of which Mr. Maguire gives a most interesting account. The bishop had felt very deeply the evil consequences to the Irish emigrants of their remaining in the towns, and he availed himself of the advantage offered by the law of the colony, and obtained at various times grants of land to the amount of between thirty and forty thousand acres, for which he became bound to find settlers within a given time. Bishop O'Donnell, the first Catholic Bishop of Newfoundland, was a benefactor to that colony in another way: for in 1799 he warned the government of a formidable conspiracy which was on the point of being successful, and which would at all events have deluged the country in blood. It was formed by a number of Irish exiles, victims of the savage treatment which had provoked the rising of 1798 in Ireland itself, whose exasperated feelings were stung to madness by the oppression to which they found themselves still subjected in their new country. The present energetic

Bishop of St. John's, Newfoundland (Dr. Mullock) has done a great deal to improve the material condition of his flock, besides providing them with a magnificent Cathedral and College. It is amusing to be told that this good prelate is an implacable enemy of that universal favourite in this country—the Newfoundland dog. The great evil which prevents the thorough prosperity of the inhabitants of Newfoundland consists in the fact that they have ordinarily but one pursuit—the fishery; and this is of course suspended during a considerable part of the year. But the land amply repays cultivation, and all well-wishers of the population, especially of the Irish portion of it, must desire to see more attention paid to agriculture. But Newfoundland is also admirably adapted for sheep-breeding and grazing: and here the dogs come in as terrible enemies—as bad, in fact, as so many wolves. So the Bishop has lifted his voice for their extermination. He won't even tolerate them as assistants to man in drawing carts laden with fire-wood. "My earnest advice would be," he says, "kill the dogs, introduce settlers, encourage domestic manufactures, home-made linen and home-spun cloth, and Newfoundland will become the Paradise of the working man" (p. 175).

Mr. Maguire's chapters on Canada are particularly interesting. In the Lower Province of that colony, as in Prince Edward's Island, the "Land Question" has presented itself to the government as a difficulty which had to be met by vigorous legislation: and the result has been in both cases the establishment of a class of free proprietors, who furnish the sinews of strength to the country. It is in this part of his work that Mr. Maguire comes across the traces of the disastrous "Exodus" of 1847 and 1848. His readers will be more difficult to move than the generality of mankind if they read without the deepest emotion the account of the arrival of the fleet of plague-stricken emigrant ships in the St. Laurence; the quarantine and fever sheds at Grosse Isle; the death of thousands even whose names could not be distinguished; the self devotion of the Catholic clergy and religious Sisterhoods; and last, but not least remarkable, the noble charity of the Canadian *habitans* who adopted the surviving orphans into their own

families. Here is a description of the manner in which the present Bishop of Quebec, then Curè of the city, was relieved of his anxiety as to the fate of two hundred children remaining at the time unprovided for. He had taken a beautiful child into his own house, and found him rather too noisy to suit the atmosphere of so quiet and grave a place:

"In the midst of his perplexity, of which the child was the unconscious cause to the Curè of Quebec, a clergyman from the country arrived in town. This priest visited M. Baillargeon, who told him that he had 200 orphan children—the children of the faithful Catholic Irish—still unprovided with a home, and he was most anxious that his visitor should call on his parishioners to take them. 'Come,' said he, 'I will show you a sample of them, and you can tell your people what they are like.' Saying this, M. Baillargeon led his visitor up stairs, and into the room where, in a little cot, the orphan child was lying in a rosy sleep. As the light fell upon the features of the beautiful boy, who was reposing in all the unrivalled grace of infancy, the country curè was greatly touched: he had never, he said, seen 'a lovelier little angel' in his life. 'Well,' said M. Baillargeon, 'I have 200 more as handsome. Take him with you, show him to your people, and tell them to come for the others.' That very night the boat in which he was to reach his parish was to start; and the curè wrapped the infant carefully in the blanket in which he lay, and without disturbing his slumber, bore him off to the boat, a valued prize.

The next Sunday a strange sight was witnessed in the parish church of which the curè was the pastor. The priest was seen issuing from the sacristy, holding in his arms a boy of singular beauty, whose little hands were tightly clasped, half in terror, half in excitement, round the neck of his bearer. Every eye was turned towards this strange spectacle, and the most intense curiosity was felt in the congregation, in a greater degree by the women, especially those who were mothers, to learn what it meant.

'Look at this little boy! Poor infant! (Here the curè embraced him). Look at his noble forehead, his bright eyes, his curly hair, his mouth like a cherub's! Oh what a beautiful boy! (Another embrace, the half terrified child clinging closer to the priest's breast, his tears dropping fast upon the surplice). Look, my dear friends, at this beautiful child, who has been sent by God to our care. There are 200 as beautiful children as this poor forlorn infant. They were starved out of their own country by bad laws, and their fathers and mothers now lie in the great grave at Grosse Isle. Poor mothers! they could not remain with their little ones; you will be mothers to them. The father died and the mother died; but before she died, the pious mother, the Irish Catholic mother, left them to the good God, and the good God now gives them to you. Mothers, you will not refuse the gift of the

good God.!' (The kindly people responded to this appeal with tears and gestures of passionate assent): 'Go quickly to Quebec: there you will find these orphan children—these gifts offered to you by the good God—go quickly—go to-morrow—lose not a moment—take them and carry them to your homes, and they will bring a blessing on you and your families. I say, go to-morrow without fail, or others may be before you. Yes, dear friends, they will be a blessing to you as they grow up, a strong healthy race—fine women and fine men, like this beautiful boy. Poor child, you will be sure to find a second mother in this congregation.' (Another embrace, the little fellow's tears flowing more abundantly; every eye in the church glistening with responsive sympathy.)

This was the curè's sermon, and it may be doubted if Bossuet or Fenelon ever produced a like effect. Next day then was to be seen a large procession of waggons moving towards Quebec; and on the evening of that day there was not one of the 200 Irish orphans that had not been brought to a Canadian home, there to be nurtured with tenderness and love, as the gift of the *Bon Dieu.*"

But we have run through a large part of our allotted space, and have hardly touched upon the greater part of this delightful book, which presents something worthy of special remark in almost every chapter. Mr. Maguire passes from the British Provinces to the United States, everywhere finding the Irish exiles prosperous and influential, save where indolence or intemperance on the part of individuals have prevented them from becoming so. He has an admirable chapter on the dangers which formerly met the emigrants on their landing at New York, especially in the days, now happily at an end, when false tickets for railway journeys into the interior were palmed off on intending settlers before they left Europe. These poor people often found themselves utterly destitute on landing in America, and fell into the utmost misery. Very often the virtue of the innocent and unsuspicious was traded upon in the most abominable manner—very often irreparable mischief was done on board the emigrant ships themselves. These evils have been exposed and to a great extent remedied. The account of the atrocious manner in which the emigrants used to be treated both on board ship and by the various tribes of marauders awaiting them on their arrival, reads like the descriptions given in books of natural history of the migrations of the herring and pilchard,

with large fish, sharks and others, pursuing them on every side, sea-birds hovering in crowds over the shoals on the surface of the water, and watchful fishermen with immense seines looking out for their approach to the coast. The wonder is, how any escaped unfleeced and unruined. Now the admirable establishment at Castle Garden, New York, where all the emigrant ships discharge their living freight, saves thousands every year from every kind of misery. We might well wish that some institution of the same kind could be established on a smaller scale at Liverpool, where a number of Irish lads and girls are continually landing, in search of work, too many of whom fall helpless and unsuspecting into the hands of harpies of the worst kind.

We have already mentioned the strong manner in which Mr. Maguire urges on his countrymen the wisdom of seeking their fortune as tillers of land and settlers in the exhaustless tracts of country as yet unreclaimed in the far West, rather than in the towns, for work in which those hitherto accustomed to agricultural labour are obviously unfit. He is severe on what he calls "poor Irish gentility"—the false pride of the emigrant of some family or station, who is ashamed to work at any employment which in this country would be considered below the rank of a liberal profession. A new country is no place for such feelings; and those who cannot rise above them are as likely to starve in America as in England or Ireland. Another set of people who fall under Mr. Maguire's censure are the "Scotch-Irish:" Protestants, we suppose, from the North of Ireland, who are ashamed of their country, and carefully vindicate their claims, on the score of some great-great-grandfather who was born in Scotland, *not* to be considered as Irishmen. We find him also mentioning the hateful spirit of Orangeism as rampant in some parts, particularly in Canada—the one disturbing element in a community otherwise contented and united. We learn moreover, from his pages, that that particularly malignant form of sectarian bigotry which goes by the general name of "Souperism" in Ireland, the proselytising spirit which puts on the mask of Christian benevolence, and trades upon the poverty or the helpless-

ness of widows and orphans, is to be found on the other side of the Atlantic as well as on this. The "Bird's-nesting Associations," as they may be called, to which it has been our duty to draw the attention of the public, have their counterparts in New England. Children are at a premium in a country where population is the one great need, and where every healthy frame and stalwart arm may make itself almost worth its weight in gold, and there is the "Far West" in America, to which kidnapped Catholic children can be sent with even less risk of being ever traced by their relatives than if they had been committed to the tender care of the Orphan's Home at Spiddal.

A large and valuable portion of Mr. Maguire's book is taken up by a series of chapters in which the wonderful progress of the Catholic Church in the United States is concisely traced. Mr. Maguire does not deny that there *has* been some slight foundation for the current exaggeration—which, indeed, was little likely to commend itself as credible, in its fulness, to any one acquainted with the Irish character—that the emigrants from Ireland lost their faith as soon as they touched the soil of the New World. The present flourishing condition of Catholicism in the States is a sufficient answer to the calumny, for that condition is certainly, in the main, owing to the exertions and devotion of the Irish Americans. It is expected that in the course of the next year there will be as many as sixty Episcopal sees in the United States, and the progress made the building of churches and cathedrals, in the increase priests and religious, and in the development of Catholic ication, is simply marvellous. But, of course, many of emigrants have found their homes in some place at a ance from church or priest, many children have grown in ignorance of their religion from want of schools, y mixed marriages have been matters of necessity, many sts have come from Europe with little Catholic about but an Irish name; and on the other hand, there has s been a great dearth of priests to keep up the practice gion, especially when their number is considered in n, not only to the number of the Catholic population, o to the distances from one another at which families

have settled down. Putting on the one side all the causes of this kind, which might naturally have been expected to act unfavourably to the maintenance of their faith by the Irish population, and considering, on the other, the actual results, as far as they can be ascertained, Mr. Maguire concludes that the experience of the American emigration is as strongly in favour of the firmness with which his countrymen cling to their faith, and hand it on to their children, as it is in favour of their industry and energy in the pursuit of material prosperity, of their power to adapt themselves to new circumstances and unexpected situations, and of their bravery and steadiness when, as in the late war, they were called upon to fight for the States in which they had become citizens, whether Federal or Confederate. Some have fallen away, some have become indifferent, and some have been educated without religion, but not so many as might have been expected under the circumstances of the case; nor, as the Catholic Church has spread aud increased its organisation so as in some measure to keep pace with the immense influx of population, has the evil continued to prevail. We may speak on a future occasion of the progress and history of this vigorous offshoot of the Universal Church, which has risen up so rapidly, though so silently, on the other side of the Atlantic, at a time when in some of the old Catholic countries religion has been despoiled and persecuted. The American Church has had its struggling infancy and its hour of trial; but its growth dates from the era of national independence, when the restrictions and disabilities imposed upon Catholics by the English laws began to be relaxed and removed, and it has been fed, since the tide of immigration set in, by the best blood of European Catholicism. The movement, now almost forgotten in England, which went by the apposite nickname of Know-nothingism, was a mixture of narrow-minded jealousy of foreign immigrants, and of Protestant bigotry of the worst kind. For a moment it assumed formidable proportions as a movement of persecution; but it was not accepted by the American people, and it was met with manly opposition by some of the Catholic bishops. Since

that time Catholicism has grown too fast to have any longer anything to fear from external enemies, and one of the most remarkable effects of the late war—during which the Catholic Church remained absolutely neutral, faithful to her one great mission of peace and enlightenment, while her priests and sisters of charity won the most universal homage by their devotion and self-sacrifice—has been to raise immensely the public esteem of everything Catholic, as well as to increase largely the number of conversions.

Thus, both for the Irish race and for the religion to which in their day of humiliation and depression the children of that race have borne the noblest and the most faithful witness, a glorious prospect indeed seems to be opening in the New World. Mr. Maguire's book deals but little with speculations as to the future; but the future is contained in the facts, past and present, which are disclosed in these pages. Indirectly, though most forcibly, the greatness of America is here put before us; for, as far as material progress alone is concerned, the Irish, prosperous and successful as they have been, have but shared in the general success and prosperity of all around them. Forcibly also, though not indirectly—for to this subject Mr. Maguire has felt bound to devote his last chapter,—we are taught by this work what to think of the feelings of the Irish throughout America concerning the Government under which they lived before their emigration, and the present condition of Ireland itself. It is not our province to treat of these questions, except so far as they may affect the interests of religion and society in general, but no account of Mr. Maguire's book can be complete which does not at least allude to this subject.

It is impossible, we suppose, for any thoughtful Englishman to consider the facts here stated with regard to this feeling, and their inevitable bearing on the history of the future, without feelings of the deepest shame and most intense pain. Englishmen are proud of their public spirit, and the strength of the country lies in the personal interest which every member of the nation takes in the welfare and glory of the whole. We are not going to play the part of prophets of evil, or to revile the present generation for the

faults of its ancestors; but such is the law of Providence, with regard to the external fortunes of great national unities—"*Know ye, that your sin shall overtake you.*" The history of the world contains no more striking example of a gigantic danger prepared for itself by a great Government, by means of a policy of harshness, oppression, and religious persecution, than this. We prefer to put the matter in another light, and to speak only of what is certain. It is certain, then, that the last two centuries, to speak broadly, have witnessed the Providential transfer to the races placed under the Government of England of vast dominions, which, if united inseparably by the bonds of peace and good will, would have formed an empire unexampled in magnitude and power, the citizens of which might have carried out over the whole globe the most glorious of all missions, conquering new worlds to the domain of Christianity and civilisation, peopling the desert, reclaiming the waste, subduing the earth, and applying the inexhaustible treasures of nature to the benefit of multitudinous and contented populations. It matters little whether we think or not that it might have been possible for England to retain under the allegiance of her own sceptre all the nations of which she has been the mother. At all events it need not have been the case—and, we may certainly say, but for intolerance and bigotry it would not have been the case—that a spirit of jealousy and hostility should reign between the mother country and her giant children, and that the progress of the world and the advance of the Gospel should be at this moment seriously endangered on account of the feeling of hatred and desire of revenge which the policy of England has tended to produce among the emigrants from Ireland. When the Providence of God gave to this country, for a time, the empire of the seas, just at that point in the world's history when the seas were to become in so signal a manner the pathway along which the founders of the empires of the future were to pass to the new worlds in which those empires were to be built up, the same Providence did not clog the gift with any conditions which made the present state of things inevitable. It is the enemy that hath done this—ever

active to thwart and spoil the great designs of God in the world. It was not meant so to be. From Vancouver's Island to Newfoundland, from the shores of the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Florida, over the great Australian Continent, in South Africa and the countless islands where the English language is spoken, and the English laws obeyed, as in Ireland and Great Britain themselves, there might have reigned the most perfect and cordial unity in devotion to the fatherly government under whose wise and liberal auspices the population at home had flourished, and so many infant communities had been launched into existence, and sheltered, guided and fostered as long as they were in need of help. It would need no tie of necessity or policy to bind together the members of so vast a Confederacy, nor can those who rate most highly the power and glory of England at the present moment deny that she would do well to exchange both for the place she might have held in the world if she had not alienated her own children and dealt unjustly with her own subjects. But the advancement of religion and civilisation is a far more glorious end than the aggrandisement or the prosperity of our country or our race, and danger to these is a greater misery than even national humiliation. If there were no cause for fearing for the security of the Empire in the present state of things, if the anxious forebodings of our wisest statesmen could be brushed aside as mere moody dreamings, still it could never fail to be a sorrow to the Christian lover of the human race to see its fairest prospects overcast, and a great mission for its benefit entrusted to a particular country only to end in failure or in forfeiture.

But the designs of Providence do not halt, though one instrument after another may have to be thrown aside from the work of their fulfilment, though the most prudent guesses of human sagacity may be disappointed, and the highest and most generous aspirations die away without satisfaction. The mission already accomplished by the children of Ireland has been one of the noblest ever committed to a Christian nation, for they have been the pioneers of the Faith as well as of civilisation, and have made the Cross spring up in every land where they have

set their feet. Our wishes and prayers may reach forth to the future, though we have no prophetic gift to forecast its issues. What can we wish for a race such as this but the continuance of its ancient mission, whether in the Western or in the Eastern hemisphere, whether in the Old Ireland or in the New? What blessing can light upon them richer or more fertile, than that they should be as faithful in prosperity as in adversity to the religion without which they would have no national existence at all—that they should be as great in power as in weakness, as noble in liberty as under persecution, as patient, as generous, as charitable in their exaltation as in their affliction, and that, in their services to the Church and their devotion to the glory of God, they may even surpass in the period of their greatness the fruitfulness of their adversity.

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Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America.

VII.—With the Estancieros.

We reached the Colonel's estancia in the afternoon. It was a long, low, rambling white house, rather prettily situated on the brow* of a hillock, commanding an extensive view of the campos as far as the valley dos Sinos, and surrounded by a large garden and a half cleared forest. In the former, which abounded with all the fruits of the country, I noticed a splendid specimen of the *piñheiro* (Araucaria Sylvestris Brasiliensis), of whose cones or nuts the Indians and monkeys are so fond. This nut is very like a filbert in size and appearance, by no means unpalatable, though, I thought, somewhat indigestible; when boiled or roasted it is said to be very nutritious. In some forest parts it has been made an article of commerce, and I saw a lanchaõ on the Uruquay loaded with some hundred sacks of it.

The Colonel and the whole of his family and dependents, men, women, and negroes, and a host of white and black children, received us on the threshold of the house, which had been strewn all over with flowers and odoriferous leaves of the camphor and bay-trees. Soon a sumptuous dinner, somewhat lacking, it is true, in elegance and refinement, but patriarchally abundant, was served to make us forget our hunger and fatigue. I here observed one or two curious customs: the master of the house does not sit down with his guests, but becomes for the time being a kind of butler or majordomo, handing about the plates and dishes, and keeping a general watch that every body is attended to. After dinner the company, ladies and all, withdrew to an adjoining room called the sala; and when

* The estancieros' residences are always built on the highest grounds to be found in the estates, doubtless that the cattle may be better watched. Few country houses in those parts have storeys, space is abundant enough, and houses may stretch as they like right and left.

it became dark, and the candles were brought in by the slaves, the mistress of the house rose up, followed by her daughters, went in a stately manner before each one of the guests, and gracefully curtseying low, wished him *Boas noites*—good night. I thought they were going to retire for the night, but it was not so; they sat down again and went on conversing until tea was announced. I vainly enquired for the origin and meaning of this custom which, I was told, was scarcely known in the northern provinces of the empire.

This estanciero was evidently a man of substance. I forget how many thousand head of cattle he told me he possessed—thirty or forty thousand at least—and his territory would have made an ample German principality. Yet there was in his house curious evidence of the absence of education and taste. I could not see any where a single book, though I visited every room and corner of the place. On the walls of the sala, or what we should call the drawing-room, were hung a few small glazed and coarsely coloured prints of Napoleon's battles, such as are commonly seen to adorn the tap-rooms of the lowest kind of French country-inns, utterly vile productions as far as art was concerned; and also a couple of *soi-disant* portraits of the first Emperor of the Brazils and his consort, drawn in pen and ink flourishes by some extra-clever country schoolmaster. The Colonel was not a little proud of these, which were, in his estimation, stupendous master-pieces of the calligraphic art.

Any one accustomed in Europe to cleanliness either of dwelling or person must pocket his dainty ways if he comes to the Brazils. High and low, rich and poor, masters and slaves, with rare exceptions, are alike in this respect. There is almost everywhere the most reckless disregard of common decency and health-preserving care in disposing of the filth and impurities of the kitchen, stables, or dwelling house. The blacks throw every thing out of the window or right in front of the house door, where heaps of garbage, putrescent flesh or fowl, feathers, broken pots, old rags, bones, coffee-grounds, cabbage leaves, and the worst abominations of sewers are allowed to ferment as long as they like in the steaming summer heat. I have found the streets of certain towns literally impassible, on account of the effluvia rising from dirt-heaps, whereon goats, fowls, and pigs were luxuriating and scratching all day long in search of some dainty scrap; and in country places the outskirts of chácaras are smelt before they are seen, there being almost to

a certainty one or two carcasses of cattle rotting somewhere about unheeded. How many times in that most lovely neighbourhood of Porto Alegre, when the natural scenery is truly magnificent, have I been obliged to *run* with all my leg-power past such places to escape the horrible pestilence! I shall have more to say on this subject, which impresses travellers so disagreeably on their first visiting the country; and I am almost forced to conclude that the Brazilians are, by some freak of avaricious nature, deprived of the senses of sight and smell. Yet that same nature has been wonderfully bountiful to their splendid country; and it seems to me that she has lavishly bestowed on them the capacity of profaning and disfiguring her fairest scenes. No wonder that cholera and yellow-fever pay many of their coast towns such frequent and fatal visits.*

And yet amidst this unequalled filthiness of habits and surroundings, the passion for dress and splendour of outward ornament is extreme, especially among the women. The men in towns dress mostly in black, and follow more or less the Paris fashions of a couple of years back—as the greater number of the clothing establishments at Rio are supplied from the French capital; but at their chácaras and estancias they are more at their ease both with regard to shape and colour. Boys that have reached the age of fourteen or fifteen assume men's dress, the long frock coat and low crowned round hat. Nowhere is now to be seen the lithe and active youth, as in England, wearing the short coat or jacket, so appropriate to his frolicksome or manly games; we meet instead premature old men with the sedateness, the dignified walk, the costume and yellow face of their seniors. And oh! the conceit of these Brazilian hobbledehoys! Lads of fifteen will smoke their charrútos, talk politics, and write in the local papers what they call poetical essays, or critical or moral disquisitions! Heaven save the mark! These unfledged philosophers would astonish European readers, if any of their productions were to see the light amongst us. They are all but universally vapid high-sounding common-places, the echo of the worst kind of modern French novels. The majority of the young men of Brazil consider that the end of a man's life is to push himself forward in the political world—to acquire wealth, and to parade his importance in every way. Hence the cost-

* The town of Porto Alegre, and indeed the whole province of Rio Grande, has lately (March 1867) been invaded by the scourge of the cholera, for the first time since its foundation; and local accounts leave no doubts as to the cause—want of cleanliness.

liness of outward apparel: hence the sumptuosity with which the very horses they ride are caparisoned, these animals literally groaning under the weight of silver which adorns saddle, bridle, stirrups, riding whip, boots and spurs!

As to the women—every woman in Brazil who is not a slave is apparently a lady—even the poorest amongst them is addressed as Señhora Dona this or that—Vossa Señhoría or Vossa Excellencia, as the case may be. They have, it must be owned, very great taste both in their own attire and that of their children. They especially affection black silk and satin, and rich lace-veils covering both head and shoulders. Bonnets are not yet much in use among them, and are never worn at church; this would be considered a great breach of decency. On festive occasions they spend a considerable time, and no small amount of money, in the apparelling their little children, whom they appear to treat, when adorning them, much as our little ladies in Europe do their waxen dolls. For although these children are left sometimes for days playing in the back-yard or basking in the sun on the door-step with no other playmates than negro children or slave girls, they are occasionally summoned to the unpleasant ordeal of the washing tub—their long glossy hair is combed, oiled, and fancifully curled or braided; the boys are encased in the richly embroidered velvet jacket, and silver-laced pearl-buttoned satin trowsers—the old Andalusian costume such as may be seen in the gorgeous court pictures of Velasquez,—and the girls are befrocked and beflowered in the costliest silks, carry a whole shopful of ribbons, and sparkle in the blaze of jewels and flowers. This is especially the case when these little beings are dressed up to accompany a procession as anjiñhos or little angels. The sumptuosity of their apparel has no limit; and as to their mothers, many a lady have I seen whose ordinary attire, without reckoning the diamonds, had cost her husband perhaps thirty ounces, that is, nearly a hundred pounds sterling!

We remained some days at the Colonel's, and then departed for another estancia some leagues distance away on the banks of the Rio Cahy. This belongs to a gentleman of the name of Lima, with half a dozen other names besides. It is an old joke that every Spaniard or Portuguese has names enough to supply a score of people. I will give our friend's as a specimen. Lieutenant-Colonel, he was called—every man here as in the United States seems to be a colonel, major, or captain, I never met with corporals or privates—Lieutenant-Colonel Señhor Luiz Oliveira Gonçalvez de Azevedo Lima, and his wife, a fine

country dame with nine beautiful children, Señhora Dona Maria da Conceição de Fontoura de Azevedo Lima. We were received here with greater pomp, if possible, than at Colonel R——'s. There was a hive of human beings—a regular colony—the master, mistress, children, gauchos, blacks, and mulattoes, perhaps a hundred and fifty people. They were all in front of the house as we rode up, fired off innumerable rockets and squibs, and rang the domestic chapel bell right merrily. While dinner was being prepared and served in princely style—for there were whole roasted pigs, turkeys, capons, and other volatiles without number—beef and mutton counting for nothing—I stood at one of the upper windows of the mansion, feasting my eyes and mind on the admirable scene before me. It is one of the sweetest pictures treasured up in my memory, and I suppose I shall not soon see such another again.

It was five o'clock, half an hour before sunset; the house facing the west, stood on a raised terrace above the Rio Cahy, flowing forty yards in front of the door. The broad stream silently rolled its pellucid and smooth waters away to the south, deeply fringed on both sides, except just in front of the house, by a wide belt of virgin forest whose foliage, dipping into the water, concealed the banks, and imparted to the stream a deep green colour. On the placid pool, beneath the overhanging branches of the further shore, disported innumerable fishes, rising to the surface to catch the evening flies; while several king-fishers, all over blue, green, and gold, and glistening in the sun like so many winged precious stones, would every moment dip into the river with a sudden plunge, and instantly rise again and fly away with a tiny fish in their bill. Beyond the river and the forest belt stretched for leagues away a magnificent green savannah, dotted here and there with clumps of trees and bushes, fitfully illuminated by the slanting rays of the setting sun, and reaching to the foot of the western Sierra or distant chain of mountains. These rose in the horizon as a frame to the picture, stretching against the purest of skies their soft, well-defined, blue outlines, while beyond them again, the sun slowly descending, seated as a mighty king on a throne of fiery clouds, gave to the heavens a gorgeousness of many colours, on which the most imaginative or venturesome of painters would gaze in despair. The clearness and transparency of the atmosphere were such that I could distinguish the rocky folds of the mountains at a distance of full twenty leagues! The air was soft as a feather, balmy as the breath of a child; three

were no damp exhalations, although so close to the stream, no evening mists, although the sun had been unusually hot and it was late in the autumn. O good God! I exclaimed involuntarily, how beautiful heaven must be, when such loveliness adorns our earthly prison! Both here and at Colonel R——'s the Bishop utilised his stay by performing missionary work, instructing, baptizing, and confirming. These habitations, although within the limits of parishes or districts, are not often visited by a priest. Parishes, eighty or a hundred miles in extent and without roads, are not easy to visit; and a priest has sometimes to ride hard for five days or a week for a sick call. I here baptized among others a negro girl of two or three years; and when I had done this, the master, in honour of the Prelate's visit, gave the infant her liberty, for she was a slave. The formal deed was drawn up in my presence and signed by me: the joy of the black parents can be well imagined; even commercially it was a gift to them of a hundred pounds, the average value of a healthy child of that age.

Senhor Lima kept open house for the three days of our stay at his estancia; and it was with regret we saw the time approaching for our departure for the capital of the province, for it was the beginning of June, the rainy season had already commenced, and would render land-travelling for three or four months impossible. At some distance up the river there was a mandioca mill, and on our expressing a wish to see the process of the manufacture of cassava or flour of that esculent, a boat was manned and we rowed up thither. There was a splendid flock of a score of wild geese quietly sailing up the stream three or four hundred yards a-head of our canoe, and while one of our party was taking aim for a shot with the long-barrelled canardiére, in use for that kind of sport, we saw the birds, seized with a sudden panic, leap out of the water, screaming and fluttering. It was, as we found out, a jacaré which had made a dash at them; but it did not catch any, owing probably to our rapid approach, which disturbed the quiet subtlety of its ordinary attacks.

The mandioca, better known in the country when pulverised under the name of farinha, is the root-attached tubercle of a shrub which grows to the height of ten or twelve feet, and bears leaves not unlike the common willow's, but broader. The tubercles, of which there are many to each plant, are elongated, somewhat similar to those of the dahlia, and vary from two to three inches in diameter upon a length of eight or ten to

twenty inches. They are gathered at the end of the autumn, about May or June, and after being well washed in running water, they are peeled by hand by the negroes. The tubers are then thrown into the mill to be crushed. The upper mill-stone, moving round a central pivot, is turned by oxen or mules harnessed to a long horizontal beam, and walking round and round, having previously been blind-folded to avoid giddiness. The white pulp issuing from the mill is put into a powerful press to squeeze all the moisture from it, and this liquor, somewhat resembling buttermilk in appearance, is carefully received into shallow troughs, whence it is made to sink into the ground, lest the cattle should drink it, for they are madly fond of it, and it is a deadly poison to them. When the mandioca is thoroughly dry, it is placed on metal plates over an oven to become granulated; and afterwards again subjected to the action of heat for a smaller granulation and thorough drying. It is then ready for use; the farinha, universally eaten in this vast empire, is the staff of life for the poor and the slaves; and the rich everywhere use it as a condiment to other food. It is eaten in its dry floury state, being jerked into the mouth after each mouthful of meat with a spoon, the point of a knife, or even the fingers. It is also mixed up into a sort of paste with the broth of the black haricot bean, or simply kneaded into a mess with hot water and grease, and called pirão. It is but a poor and insipid kind of food to an European, but the natives are ready to swear by the four gospels that the earth nowhere produces such a delicacy. There is an ancient tradition that it was the Apostle St. Thomas who, when preaching the faith among them, taught the Indians to make use of it. How that Apostle came to America is not explained, but the belief that he did so is universal throughout all this vast continent. Might it not have originated in the well-known fact of St. Thomas having evangelised the East Indies? and did not the various Indian nations of both Americas migrate thither from Central Asia at some very remote period? It is difficult not to notice the Tartar lineaments of many tribes; and very ancient monuments and sculptures which have been discovered in the southern plains of Mattogrosso and some parts of the Pampas would appear to give some colour to this conjecture.

La Marraine Magnifique.

(Jean Reboul.)

" Hélas ! ma pauvre Madeleine,
J'ai couru tous les environs,
Je n' ai pu trouver de marraine
Et ne sais comment nous ferons.

" Au nouveau-né que Dieu nous donne
Nul n'a craint de porter malheur
Eu lui refusant cette aumône—
Sa pauvreté fait donc bien peur !

" Et cependant tout á l' église
Pour le Baptême est preparé.
Faut-il que l'heure en soit remise ?
Que dira notre bon curé ?"

Mais tandis que l'on se lamente,
Une dame, le front voilé,
La robe jusqu' aux pieds tombante,
S'offre à ce couple désolé.

" Dites-nous, bonne demoiselle,
Qui peut vous amener ici ?"—
" Pour votre enfant," repondit-elle
" Soyez désormais sans souci."

" Je viens pour être sa marraine,
Et je vous jure sur ma foi
Que par ma grâce souveraine
Il sera plus heureux qu' un roi.

" Au lieu d'une pauvre chaumiére
Il habitera un palais
Dont le soleil et la lumiére
Ne sont que de pâles reflets.

" Et dans cette magnificence,
Loin de vous rester étranger,
Il brûlera d'une impatience
De vous la faire partager."

" Quoi ! l'enfant qui nous vient de naître
Doit avoir un pareil destin ?
Hélas ! nous n' osions lui promettre
Que l'indigence et que la faim.

" Quelle puissance est donc la vôtre ?
Etes vous ange ou bien démon ?
Répondez-nous !" " Ni l'un ni l'autre,
Mais plus tard vous saurez mon nom."

" Eh bien ! s'il faut que l'on vous croie,
Si pour nous tirer de l'embarras
Le ciel prés de nous vous envoie,
Prenez notre fils dans vos bras."

Sur les marches du baptistére
L'enfant est aussitôt porté :
Mais de l'onde qui regenère
Dès que son front est humecté,

Au jour qu'il commençait á peine,
Il clôt la paupiére et s'endort.
Elle avait dit vrai, la marraine,
Car la marraine etait la Mort.

THE SPONSOR OF THE POOR MAN'S CHILD.

" My own poor Magdalen, alas !
I've asked the neighbours round and round.
What can we do in such a pass,
Not a sponsor is to be found !

" To the poor babe God sends us here,
Refusing even a dole so small ;
His birth to blight they do not fear—
His poverty affrights them all.

" Yet for the christening all is there,
All ready at the church to-day ;
To change the hour how can we dare ?
What will our good priest think or say ?"

While they lament they hear a sound.
A lady with a close-drawn veil,
Her garments sweeping to the ground,
Stands near *the couple* as they wail.

"Why art thou come, good lady, say,
Into our humble cottage here?"
And she but answers, "Cast away
From your sweet infant every fear.

"Myself I will his sponsor be,
And unto you my troth I swear,
That through my sovereign grace shall he
Than crown'd king be happier.

"Instead of cabin poor and cold,
He shall abide in palace fair,
To which the sunlight's richest gold
Is but a shadow pale and rare.

"Nor 'midst this splendour will your boy
Hold you for banished from his heart;
But eager, restless, in his joy,
He'll burn to give you both a part."—

"But what! the child just born to us,
Is he reserved for fate so fair?
Alas! we dare not promise thus,
But only poverty and care.

"And whence thy power, O angel, tell,—
Or art thou demon from below?
Make answer!" "Nor from heaven nor hell,
But later ye my name shall know."

"Well, if truth be as thou hast said,
If thus to soothe our shame's alarms
Kind Heaven has sent thee to our aid—
Here, take our son into thine arms."

So the infant is borne at last
Where at the font the pastor waits;
But soon as o'er his forehead passed
The wave whose flow regenerates,

He closed his eyes and sweetly slept
When hardly he had drawn a breath.
That sponsor had her promise kept,
For the sponsor's name was Death.

Cavaliere de Rossi on the History of St. Callistus.

Continued from page 12.

THE details which accompany the charge made against the Martyr-Pontiff of encouraging illegal unions, find their corroboration in what Eusebius (Hist. Eccl. v. 21.) tells us of the numerous noble families that were gathered into the Church under the Empire of Commodus, as well as in the complaints which Tertullian puts into the mouths of his pagan antagonists, who were alarmed at seeing that all who were noble and dignified were going over to the Christians. We may further observe, with de Rossi, that the sepulchral inscriptions found in the Catacombs, which must be referred to the second or third centuries, bearing, as they do, the most illustrious names of ancient Rome, set the seal of their monumental testimony to the narratives of contemporaneous Christian writers. There must then have been numbers of high born ladies whose Christian profession operated as a bar to alliances with persons of their own station in life. True to the apostolic precept, the Church ever discouraged unions with unbelievers; on maidens or widows aspiring to the married state she inculcated the maxim that they were to marry in the Lord, or, as Tertullian interpreted it, to marry a Christian (Ad uxorem, lib. 4, c. 2). That Callistus did not seek to escape from the difficulties of the situation by a guilty tolerance of mixed marriages is abundantly proved by the absence of any such imputation from the pages of his not partial biographer. On the other hand, enforced celibacy was out of keeping with the spirit of the Church, with that respect she has ever evinced for the rights of the individual, and with her solicitude that the renouncement of the married state should invariably proceed from a free and enlightened preference grounded on the consciousness of a divine

call to the higher state of virginity. As we have seen, in the Roman Church of that day, a motley multitude of gentle and simple, of bond and free, was gathered in, and united in a conscious brotherhood by one all pervading spirit, which triumphed over the exclusiveness of the social prescriptions of Republican and Imperial Rome. In confirmation of this we may appeal with de Rossi to the conspicuous absence from the Christian epitaphs of those times of all titles and designations which mark respectively the most privileged and the lowest grades of the social hierarchy. The charge, then, against Callistus amounts to neither more nor less than this—that he acknowledged, as valid, marriages which the civil law regarded in the same light as those temporary compacts which are entered into for the illicit gratification of a transitory passion; that he sanctioned thereby a principle of natural law, which the Gospel revelation had brought home once more to the consciences of men, and which Christianity had rendered practicable. But was not his conduct as much at variance with the ecclesiastical canons as with the civil law? It is impossible, as may be seen in the works of Bingham, to allege any early canon invalidating or prohibiting the marriage of bond with free, for the Apostolic Constitution given among the fragments of Hippolytus, in Gallandi's collection (tom. II. p. 508)—even supposing the text to be unmutilated, cannot be quoted as settling the legal question. The criminal attempts to suppress all evidence of these marriages *de conscience*, mentioned by our author, must not be laid to the charge of Callistus, whose guiding principle in this matter was conformable to natural and evangelical law.

The next charge is that of culpable relaxation of the penitential discipline: "Callistus was the first who conceived the purpose of being indulgent with men in what relates to lust, saying that he would forgive every one his sins." This is but an echo of the oft-quoted invective of Tertullian (*De Pudicitia* c. I.) and to our mind justifies a departure from the common opinion, which considers Zephyrinus as the object of this unmeasured attack, for as de Rossi observes, the very wording of the charge, "Callistus was *the first* to proclaim indulgence," &c., is incompatible with the supposition of a similar pronouncement

having emanated, but a few years before, from his immediate predecessor. We may then accept the celebrated African writer as a commentator on this somewhat vague and indeterminate accusation against St. Callistus, who stands charged with having promulgated an edict promising pardon and reconciliation to those guilty of the capital sins of fornication and adultery on due performance of canonical penance, *pœnitentia functis*. This, as we may learn from St. Cyprian, who flourished but shortly after the Pontificate of Callistus, was the universal practice of the Catholic Church throughout the world. It is needless to repeat here what is so well known of the galling and humiliating nature of the penitential discipline enjoined on those who had thus disgraced their Christian profession. But it is worthy of remark that, but twenty-seven years later (A. D. 251.) we find the Roman presbytery, so many of whom must have been trained by Callistus, or have been fashioned by his example and influence, exhorting the Churches of Africa to maintain the severity of the penitential canons. But if, as none will care to dispute, our author betrays only his prejudice and passion in holding up his adversary as one who gave a guilty encouragement to sensual excess, still, as his charges have usually some foundation in the deeds or sayings of Callistus, it is essential to enquire what was the innovation introduced by this Pontiff. That it did not consist in the mere re-assertion of the Catholic dogma that there is no sin that may not be remitted by the priests of the Church is plain, from the distinct admission made by Tertullian as to this being the invariable and universal conviction of all Catholics, in which, as he is obliged to own, he himself shared before his secession to Montanism. We must thus look for the grounds of the charge in some disciplinary modification in the direction of a greater leniency. The question then, as it now stands, is, did Callistus for his own ambitious ends mitigate the severity of the discipline which had hitherto obtained? One must be wholly ignorant of the circumstances and prevailing spirit of the Christian community of that age even to fancy that a Bishop who, tempering mercy with wholesome severity, admitted sinners who had fallen into the crimes above specified, to the full *privileges* of church communion

after a long and tedious penitential course, could be actuated by the desire of popularity which was the last thing he would have gained by so doing. The real state of feeling is revealed to us in the letters of St. Cyprian. He has there vividly depicted the difficulties of a position beset, on the one hand, by the rigorists, who could scarce be brought to communicate with the reconciled penitents, and on the other, by the fallen, who, on the strength of their letters of indulgence obtained from the Martyrs and Confessors of the Faith, claimed exemption from all penance whatsoever. But if we may assume that Callistus was the object of the invectives and sarcasms of Tertullian in his book, *De Pudicitia*, we have but to refer to chap. 13 of that work, for a vivid and authentic description of the circumstances wherein this Pontiff exercised the ministry of reconciliation. It needs but this passage to show that Callistus, like most other bishops of his day, far from finding the community over which he presided disposed to connivance or complicity with over indulgence, had to struggle with those narrow heartless views and tendencies which, but a few years after his time, culminated in the Novatian schism.

But what was the precise mitigation introduced by Callistus? According to Petavius it consisted in receiving to communion penitents who had fallen into the sins specified in the edict. Hereupon we must observe that the more severe discipline from which this was a departure was by no means universal, even before the Pontificate of Callistus. And further, the Roman Presbytery, in the letter already alluded to (A. D. 251.), while they declare their determination to maintain the rigour of the penitential canons, mention the case of imminent death as an exception to the rule. And finally, from certain indications afforded by ancient writers, we may infer that the main difference between admission to penance and restoration to the fullness of Church-communion was that the former implied absolution *in foro interno*, before God and one's own conscience, while the latter was a solemn and authentic ratification of this forgiveness, in *foro externo*, in the face of the Church. If so, Callistus can be fairly called to account only for extending, and that not without precedent, the benefits

of full communion to a class of penitents heretofore excluded by local custom, save at the hour of death.

Assuming, as we do, on the grounds already stated, the correctness of this interpretation, we still find in the spontaneous admission of Tertullian, and in the contemporaneous history of the Roman Church, ample matter for the justification of this act of Callistus, supposing it to be needed. It was the time when pagan superstition was beginning to yield ground, to recede before its irresistible rival. Individuals, households of every class and grade, were daily being gathered into the Church. The trite old saw "*Christiani non nascuntur sed fiunt*," (men are not born, but become Christians) was more and more out of joint with every day fact. The children of Christians were baptized at the first appearance of danger, and this would soon suffice to account for a considerable number who had received the baptismal gift before the dawn of consciousness. As we do not belong to that school of Church historians which, in describing the primitive ages, unconsciously drops one all-important element in the records of the past, to wit, our poor human nature, with its downward tendencies and its inborn frailty, we shall not beg pardon for assuming that grievous and even scandalous falls might be of not unfrequent occurrence in the Churches of that day. To have insisted, in such circumstances, on maintaining the full rigour of the former discipline, would have been no less foreign to the spirit of the Gospel and hence to that of the Church, than to the elementary maxims of prudence, which prescribed a middle course between reckless innovation—change for the sake of change—and the yet more pernicious extreme of a slavish deference to precedent, a blind adherence to the letter and form, as distinguished from the spirit and scope, of the law. It is not difficult to see that in a great number of cases baptism would have been put off to the end of life, from the fear of such extreme rigour in the case of a possible fall.

Our author having acquainted us with the culpable laxity of Callistus in dealing with the sins of laymen, proceeds to a cognate charge; "He, Callistus, taught that if a bishop falls into sin, even a sin unto death, he ought not to be deposed. Under his pontificate it was, that bishops,

priests and deacons who had been twice or thrice married were ranked among the clergy. If any ecclesiastic married, he left him unmolested, as if guilty of no fault." He then alludes to the parable of the tares, and to the clean and unclean beasts gathered together in Noah's ark, as adduced by Callistus in justification of his principles, and interpreted of the mixture of just and sinners within the Church. It is important to determine what is implied by the "sin unto death." Tertullian in his famous book *De Pudicitia*, (cap. 7.) applies this designation, borrowed from 1 John v. 16, to the three capital sins of adultery, murder, and idolatry. Origen, in his more rigorous moments, makes the same use of the term. And in the language of the Donatists and other primitive Puritans, it was a characteristic formula, bearing a definite and well known meaning. There is no reason to suppose that the author of the *Philosophumena* employs the term, which he admits as correct and commonly understood, in a sense different from that of the sect which had so evidently challenged his sympathies. This once admitted, we must differ from Döllinger, where, with his wonted erudition, he endeavours to discover the ground and import of this particular charge in some decree emanating from Callistus. Still less can we allow, with Father Armellini, that the passage under consideration supplies a sort of historical basis to the forged Epistle to the Bishops of Gaul, fathered upon Callistus by the Pseudo-Isidore, which provides for the rehabilitation of fallen bishops on their fulfilment of a condign penance. The materials of this fabrication, which is similar in substance to other letters or decretals falsely ascribed to other Pontiffs, have been borrowed from St. Augustine (Epist. 185.) where he justifies the leniency of the Church in allowing the Donatist Bishops, who had made their submission, to retain their dignity. Our author himself, in the witness he bears to the lasting duration and the universal adoption of the disciplinary regulations of St. Callistus, effectually disposes of the supposition that what he complains of is a modification of the penitential canons. Now, both before and some centuries after Callistus, public penance was a cause of "irregularity," that is, of a legal disqualification for any ecclesiastical office. A bishop, even if admitted to

penance for any of the crimes included in the category of "sins unto death," was received, at best, but to lay-communion, without hope or possibility of being restored to his former position. We are thus in a manner compelled to seek another solution of this question. To this we may be guided by a more attentive examination of the context: "Callistus *taught*," &c. (in the original "dogmatized"). This would seem to indicate rather a doctrinal than a practical corruption. The brief allusion to the topics of St. Callistus' preaching is a further confirmation of this view: for the texts alleged by this Pontiff apply not to penitent but to impenitent sinners, who, escaping notice or juridical animadversion, remained in outward communion with the Church, and continued to dispense the divine mysteries. The self-same testimonies of Holy Writ were, but a few years later, made to do duty in the conflict wherein the Roman Church was involved by the Novatian schism, and in the following age, St. Augustine and those who succeeded to his labours make constant use of them in the Donatist controversy. Both at Rome and in Africa, schism was justified on the plea that the Church was contaminated, disinherited, and paralysed, by communion with the ungodly,—that the ministrations of vicious pastors were void of all saving efficacy. Our author more than once affords indications of a leaning to these views, and his present charge most probably implies no more than that Callistus directed his teaching against a system founded on a misapprehension of the character and office of the Church, and replete with tendencies subversive of ecclesiastical life. The author of the *Philosophumena* sympathised with the rigid and heretical views on these subjects, and, in fact, charges Callistus with teaching the Catholic doctrine.

A like explanation may be given as to the other practical abuses complained of in this part of the indictment. Callistus, from motives of a prudent economy, may have foreborne to prune off some of the irregularities here specified. Some apologists, it is true, have alleged that until the decretal of St. Innocent I. to the Bishops of Illyria, the Apostolic prohibition excluding bigamists from the sacred ministry was diversely interpreted. Some Churches

(as is still the case in the East) counted only the marriages contracted after baptism. But the authority of Tertullian, in his book on Monogamy, chap. 12, proves that the Roman Church did not wait till the time of St. Innocent to adopt and to enforce the more literal and stricter construction. The same may be said of the clerics who contracted matrimony. According to his wont, the author is somewhat vague, for he neglects to specify whether these men were admitted to the higher or to the lower orders of the clergy. De Rossi conjectures that the word "marry" is to be understood of the continuance of conjugal relations by clergymen who had been married before ordination. In the Eastern Church this is still tolerated, while the accusation brought against St. Callistus by the author of the *Philosophumena*, may be accepted as a proof that the more rigid discipline of the West existed at Rome, even in these early ages.

The list of the charges against St. Callistus closes with the following phrase: "It was in his day that men ventured, for the first time, to administer a second baptism." This last count of a most virulent indictment may be summarily disposed of. The sentence as it stands is somewhat indeterminate, and need not necessarily be taken as applying to Callistus, or to the Roman Church, whose tradition and practice on this head are abundantly justified by the silence of the African antagonists of Pope Stephen but thirty years later, who would never have failed to make the most of so telling a precedent against one who claimed to take his stand on the ancient usages of the Roman See.

The motive assigned by our author for the several instances of disciplinary laxity which have passed under review, is the desire of Callistus to stand well with all parties, and to increase the influence and popularity of a school or sect in which he was the master mind. Already, as archdeacon of Zephyrinus, he had profited by the ignorance and avaricious greed of his bishop to gain his tolerance and even favour for the school of Noëtus, lately transplanted from Asia to Rome. As is well known, this heresy, exaggerating the Divine Oneness, so as to eliminate all per-

sonal distinction, attributed to the Father the unspeakable condescension of the Word made flesh, Who suffered for us; whence the name of Patripassianist by which it was familiarly known in the early Church. Blindly yielding to the guidance of his cunning subaltern, Zephyrinus sets forth this confession of faith. "I acknowledge one only God Jesus Christ, besides Him none other was born and suffered," which is almost word for word what St. Epiphanius has ascribed to Noëtus. To the representations and rebukes of our author, Callistus opposed a counter-charge of Ditheism, in other words, of dividing the unity of the Godhead. "At the death of Zephyrinus, Callistus, thinking he had at length gained his object, excommunicated Sabellius as unsound in faith"—the author had already observed that Callistus might, had he cared to do so, have converted him to the truth—"out of fear of me, and thinking thus to rid himself of a denunciation of his heterodoxy to the Churches." In the school which Callistus had established after his elevation to the Roman See, he, to escape the retorts of Sabellius, who charged him with corrupting the primitive faith, and to rebut the hostility he had provoked by his slanderous imputations of Ditheism, strove to combine with the Sabellian negation of the personal distinction of the Father and the Son, some rationalistic views of the manhood of Christ, borrowed from the system of Theodotus. The cardinal propositions of this new theology are thus given in the *Philosophumena*: "The Father and the Son are one God, and being one Person cannot be two." . . . . "Callistus shrank from asserting that the Father had suffered and that there is but one Person, for fear of blaspheming the Father." Such is the substance of the charge, disengaged from a mass of invective. We must observe that as this ninth Book of the "*Treatise against all Heresies*" is rather a defamatory libel than a polemical essay, it will be necessary to refer to Tertullian (Adv. Praxeam) in order to set in their full light the sequence and significance of the several phases and fortunes of the Noëtian sect in Rome. The great African apologist, who at that time had joined the Montanist faction, informs us in this work, which is an

attack upon the Roman school of Epigonus and Cleomenes, that the Patripassian heresy, imported, as we have seen, into Rome from the East, having for a time eluded discovery, had been checked in its progress by the forced retractation imposed by the Roman Bishop on the leading doctor of the school, but that having been scotched, yet not killed, it was breaking out anew. In the 3rd Chapter of his work he describes the disturbances this Patripassian controversy occasioned among the faithful, and derides the ignorant fears of the partisans of "Monarchy," *i.e.* of the Divine Unity, lest the assertion of the "Œconomy," in other words, of the numerical distinction of the Divine Persons, should divide the oneness of the Godhead. Thus far we find in the pages of Tertullian a corroboration of our author's narrative, but here the parallelism ceases, for Tertullian mentions no names. The very name of Praxeas is supposed to be a nickname. He makes no allusion to the doctrinal declaration of Zephyrinus; while the biographer of Callistus speaks of Sabellius, whom he evidently pities, as one harshly and unjustly dealt with, and holds up to our scornful compassion the ignorance and incapacity which made Zephyrinus the dupe of his deacon, and a handy tool for the ambition and double-dealing of Callistus.

The following questions, then, demand our attention:—What were the real tenets of the "Monarchists?" Did they adopt the Patripassian formulary, which the Church has since branded as heretical? Did Zephyrinus put forth, in their favour, an heretical pronouncement, as the author of the *Philosophumena* would have us believe? Modern rationalism has solved these doubts in its own sense, asserting that, until the Pontificate of Zephyrinus, a Judaical view of the Divine Unity obtained in the Roman Church, to the exclusion of the doctrine of the plurality of Persons, that Zephyrinus enforced this view, and that hence, as a necessary consequence, the doctrine of the Generation and Personal distinction of the Divine Word, as set forth by Irenæus and taught by Justin Martyr and his successors in the school the latter founded at Rome, were explicitly condemned, and visited with the penalty of excommunication. Now this theory, based as it is on the assumption that

the mind of the early Church of Rome was held in bondage by Jewish or Judaizing prejudices, is in formal contradiction with the indications afforded by Tertullian. In his sarcasms against the Monarchists, he distinctly shows that they were, for the most part, converts from the surrounding heathenism, and of Latin race, as he jokes about their peculiar pronunciation of the very watch-word of their party, "Monarchy." The symbolism, the various emblems borrowed from Biblical as well as profane sources, still to be seen in the Christian cemeteries of that epoch, are incompatible with the supposition that Roman Christianity was leavened by a Judaical or Judaizing spirit. The Judæo-Christian sects, such, for instance, as the Ebionites, started from a low and even rationalistic view of the Nature and Person of Christ. The Patripassian heresy, on the contrary, had its origin in an exaggeration, if we may so term it, of the doctrine of Christ's divinity, confounding Him with the very source and principle of the Godhead. We have proof positive that the Patripassian formulary was not, and could not be, the genuine expression of Roman Monarchianism. We have mentioned the school established at Rome by Justin Martyr, towards the middle of the 2nd century, and continued by a succession of able and illustrious doctors. Now the views maintained therein as to the distinction of the Word from the Father are so explicit, so diametrically opposed to the Noëtian formulary, that had the latter been adopted as the official and authentic expression of Roman orthodoxy, the disciples of Irenæus and Justin must, of necessity, have been compelled to choose between retractation or expulsion from Church-membership. But the witness of Tertullian to the condemnation of the Noëtian theory under Zephyrinus abundantly demonstrates that the doctrine of the Divine Unity was, in his day, held by the Church of Rome in such wise as to be compatible with the numerical distinction of the Persons. (Adv. Prax. Cap. I.) About this time Caius, a priest and illustrious doctor of this Church, in his dispute with Proclus, a partizan of the Montanists, and a determined adversary of the Noëtian school, appeals against the novelties of the latter to the

Apostolic traditions inherited from SS. Peter and Paul, and preserved inviolate in the Roman Church, thus offering his adversary an easy victory, if on this fundamental point of the Christian teaching that Church had but lately adopted the profane novelties of heresy. But further, Tertullian, both in his work against Marcion, and in the famous treatise of Prescription, written in the beginning of the 3rd century, when his lamentable defection rendered him an unbiassed witness, summons all heretics to compare their new-fangled symbols with the "Apostolic rule," the "Catholic watch-word," the "Apostles' Creed," preserved in the Church of Rome, and his main objection against Praxeas is drawn from the *novelty* of his teaching, a clear proof that it was by no means identical with the Monarchianism professed by the Roman Church until the epoch of the recrudescence of his heresy.

But did not Zephyrinus end by adopting the Patripassian view? The formulary ascribed to him in the *Philosophumena* is, as we have already observed, purely Noëtian in sense and expression. But, in the first place, it is extremely improbable that the Pontiff who condemned the Noëtian teaching but a few years before, and who had exacted from the chief of that sect in Rome an authentic act of retractation, should stultify himself by proclaiming his adhesion to views he had branded as unsound. A clever scoundrel, such as Callistus is represented to be, would never have led his Bishop into such blundering inconsistency. But besides the intrinsic improbability of such a supposition, the few and scanty fragments of the history of this Pontiff that have escaped the ravages of time tell a very different story. In a work by an unknown but contemporaneous author, entitled the "Little Labyrinth," which is quoted both by Eusebius (Hist. Eccl. V. 28) and Theodoret (Hæret. Fabul. 2. 5.) we find a refutation, under the form of a dialogue, of the errors of Artemon, who, coming to Rome under the Pontificate of Zephyrinus, taught that Christ was a mere man. The main argument of the sectarian in this dialogue is that Zephyrinus was the first to teach the Godhead of the Saviour. The orthodox disputant rebuts the charge of innovation by appealing to the excommunication pro-

nounced against the founder of this sect by Victor, and many of the public acts of Zephyrinus. He further quotes the liturgical hymns in daily use, and the writings of St. Justin and his disciples. Now, had Zephyrinus put forth such a formulary as our author fathers upon him, no disputant could have appealed to Justin's views of the divinity of Christ in vindication of the faith of Zephyrinus and of the Church over which he presided. But what is more to the purpose, the formulary as here given is heretical on the face of it. Tertullian declares as much without the least doubt or hesitation. Our author himself, attributing as he does the decided course taken against Sabellius by Callistus, as soon as he ascended the Pontifical Chair, to his desire of keeping up appearances, sufficiently intimates that both in Rome and elsewhere the Noëtian doctrine was deemed heretical. And granting for the nonce that the Callistus limned by this writer is true to nature, there were, at the time, in the ranks both of the clergy and of the educated laity of the Church of Rome, those who could and would not have failed to protest against the blunder of Zephyrinus and the sacrilegious intrigues of his deacon. But no record of any such protest is to be found in the pages of history: our author himself bears the significant testimony that "save me, every one adhered to Callistus." It is, then, most probable that the formulary has been inaccurately copied, and that Zephyrinus and his "*alter ego*" held with the approval if not "*of all*," as our author asserts, at least of an overwhelming and enlightened majority, a middle course, between the exaggerated Unitarianism of Epigonus and the somewhat perilous theories maintained by the school or faction to which the writer of this treatise belonged. A clever adept in the school of Talleyrand, like the Callistus, not of history, but of the *Philosophumena*, whose fundamental maxim was to keep on good terms with all parties, could never have been betrayed into the bootless chivalry of declaring his adhesion to the unpopular and losing side.

μξ.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Narrative of the Days of Persecution.

PART III.

EVEN at the early stage of his story at which we have arrived, we find Father Gerard already mentioning an occasion on which he had to seek safety in a hiding-place, the house in which he and others of his religious brethren had met for a sort of retreat having been searched by the pursuivants. This leads him to mention Henlip House, the famous home of Father Ouldcorne, in which the latter concealed himself with Father Garnet after the Gunpowder Plot, and remained eight days undiscovered. At last they were forced by hunger to give themselves up. We now extract his account of Father Ouldcorne, into which he has introduced a most interesting description of St. Winifred's Well at Holywell.

Since I have mentioned Fr. Ouldcorne's residence, I will set forth in short how he came to take up his abode there. When he first arrived in England he tarried some time with the Superior, as he had no place of his own to go to. At a little distance from the Superior's residence in the country, there was a fine house belonging to a Catholic gentleman, a prisoner in the Tower of London for the Faith. He had a sister, a heretic, who had been brought up at the Queen's court. There she had drunk so deep of the poison of heresy, that no physician could be found to cure her, though many had tried. She readily spoke with them all about religion, but she did so all for the sake of argument, and not for the sake of learning. Thus no use was made of an excellent Catholic's house, of which she had the charge while her brother was away. The house was one which surpassed all in the county for beauty, pleasant situation, and the many advantages it offered to Catholics.

After many attempts had been made on the lady without effect, Fr. Garnet wished Fr. Ouldcorne to go and try his hand for once. He went, and found her very obstinate: plied her with arguments from Scripture, reason, and authority, but all in vain. The woman's obstinacy however did not foil the man's perseverance. He turned to God, and strove to cast out the dumb devil by prayer and fasting. She, seeing the Father eating nothing for the first

and second day, began to wonder at his way of going on. Led on notwithstanding by obstinacy or curiosity, she said to herself, "Perhaps he is not a man but an angel; so I will see whether he subsists on angel's food; and if he does not, he shall not convert me." Accordingly the good Father kept up his fast for four days without tasting anything. By this steadfastness he discomfited the devil, and the woman was cured from that hour. He had truly obtained for her ears to hear, for from being very obstinate and headstrong, she became henceforth very obedient and humble. Indeed it seems likely that the reason why other Priests could not win her to God, was because the Divine Providence had destined her for this Father, and destined not only her, but nearly the whole county to be brought over in consequence. He lived for sixteen years together in this residence, and by his fruitful labours in this and the neighbouring counties, he won many to the faith, strengthened the wavering, and restored the fallen, besides stationing Priests in divers places.

This it was that made several apply to him what St. Jerome writes of St. John, that he founded and governed all the churches in those parts; and in good sooth all looked up to him as to their father. Such was his prudence, that he fully satisfied all; such his diligence and endurance of toil, that he never failed any one in the hour of need; and his alms supplied the wants of many poor Catholics. In fact this house might have been one of our residences in a Catholic country, such was the number of Catholics flocking there to the Sacraments, to hear his sermons, and to take advice in their doubts. His helpmate was Fr. Thomas Lister, a man of distinguished learning.

While thus serving others, Fr. Ouldcorne treated his own body with great harshness. Not satisfied with the labours I have set forth, and his "care for all the churches" in those parts, which really in great measure seemed to depend on him for everything, he had many ways of macerating his flesh. He applied hard to study while at home. Of his fasts I have already spoken. He made use of the hair-shirt, and still more of the discipline, with great fervour. By all this put together, while he thought only of chastising his enemy and bringing it under subjection, he nearly made himself an unprofitable servant. First he broke a blood-vessel, which caused him to vomit blood in quantities. He managed to get over this, but almost every year he fell into such a weakness that his strength could hardly be restored. From this infirmity there came a cancer in his mouth, which increased to such a degree as to be incurable. The doctors said, as he told me afterwards, that some bones which seemed decayed, would have to be taken out. The good Father fearing thereby to be hindered from preaching, in which he was gifted by God with a marvellous talent, resolved first to go on a pilgrimage to St. Winifred's well, a famous place and a sort of standing miracle.

St. Winifred was a holy maiden in North Wales, comely of face, and comelier still for her faith and love of chastity. A son of one

of the Welsh chieftains loved her and sought her hand. She rejected him, as well on account of his being a heathen, as because she had already vowed her virginity to God at the hands of the Bishop of the place, and was unwilling to yield it to man. The enraged chieftain's love turned into fury, and he cut off the maiden's head with a stroke of his sword. As this happened on the slope of a hill, the head rolled down to the bottom, where instantly burst forth a powerful spring of water. Ever since, the glen, which before got its name from its dryness, has had in it a copious stream of water, which takes its rise at that spring and flows on to the sea. Such a volume of water gushes out of the spring every minute, that it suffices to turn a mill at fifty paces distance. There are very large stones in the well, all red, as if covered with fresh blood. The people of the place are very loath to allow pieces to be cut off. Such pieces are also red, and the place of the cut changes from white to red in time. In the stream are also found many stones either covered or sprinkled with blood. The Catholics gather these, and treasure them up as objects of devotion, as they do the sweet-smelling moss that sticks to the stones. The water is very cold; but drinking it or bathing in it out of devotion has never done any one any harm. I myself have taken several draughts together fasting without hurt. On the feast of St. Winifred (the third of November), the water rises a foot higher than usual. It turns red on that day, and on the morrow is clearer than before. I visited it once on that day to witness the change, and found the water troubled and of a reddish hue, whereas it is generally so clear that you can see a pin at the bottom. It was winter, and freezing so hard at the time, that, though the ice had been broken the night before by the people crossing the stream, I had hard work to ford it on horseback the first thing next morning. Notwithstanding this severe frost, I went into the well, as all pilgrims do, and lay down and prayed there for a quarter of an hour. On coming out my shirt was of course dripping wet, but I did not change. I put on my clothes over it, and took no harm whatever.

These are wonderful facts, but in addition to them very signal miracles are often wrought there. A heretic visitor seeing the Catholics bathe out of devotion, said scoffingly, "What makes these fellows bathe in this water?—I'll wash my boots in it." He jumped in as he was with his boots on, and sword in hand. No sooner had he done so than he felt the supernatural power of the water, which before he had refused to believe. He was at once palsied and lost the use of his limbs, and his sword could hardly be got out of his hand. For several years he was drawn about in a little cart, a cripple, to punish his own unbelief and to strengthen the belief of others. I myself have spoken to several persons who saw the lame man, and heard the story vouched for both by the man himself and by all who knew him. I learnt from them that the cripple afterwards repented, and recovered his soundness in the same well where he had lost it. There are many other stories of the same sort.

Such was the place where the blessed Father Ouldcorne determined to go, but St. Winifred was beforehand with him. He chanced on his way to reach the house of two maiden sisters, poor indeed in their way of life, but rich in the fear of God. They lived together in His service, keeping a Priest in their house, whom they supported and honoured as a father. This good Priest had a stone taken out of the stream that flows from the well, sprinkled with blood as I described before. He used to place it on the altar with the other relics. When Father Ouldcorne saw it, he took it and kissed it with great reverence. Then going apart he fell on his knees and began to lick the stone, praying inwardly as he held part of it in his mouth. In half an hour all pain was gone, and the disease was cured. He travelled on to the well however, rather to return thanks than to ask any further favour. There he recovered also from the weakness of body which was thought to have brought on the cancer, and returned home as strong and hale as he had been for many a year. These are the words in which Father Ouldcorne himself told me the story. The Priest also, in whose abode he found the stone, lately vouched for the facts when I met him at St. Omer's.

We may now pass on to more serious attempts on the part of the government to get hold of Father Gerard and his friends. His good friend the widow, and his host, Mr. Wiseman, were the first to fall into the hands of the persecutors.

But there is a time for gathering stones together, and a time for scattering them. The time had now come for trying the servants of God, my hosts, and myself along with them. And that they might be more like in their sufferings to their Lord for Whom they suffered, God allowed them to be betrayed by their own servant whom they loved. He was not a Catholic, nor a servant of the house, but had been once in the service of the second brother, who when he crossed the sea recommended him to his mother and brother. He lived in London, but often used to visit them, and knew nearly everything that happened in either of their houses. I had no reason for suspecting one whom all trusted. Still I never let him see me acting as a Priest, or dressed in such a way as to give him grounds to say that I was one. However, as he acknowledged afterwards, he guessed what I was from seeing his master treating me with such respect; for he nearly always set me two or three miles on my journeys. Often too my host would bear me company to London, where we used at that time to lodge in his servant's house. I had not yet found by experience that the safest plan was to have a lodging of my own. Such were the facts which, as the traitor afterwards stated, gave rise to his suspicions. Feeling sure that he could get more than thirty pieces of silver from the sale of his master, he went to the magistrates and

bargained to betray him. They, it seems, sent him for a while to spy out who were Priests, and how many there were of them haunting the houses of the widow and her son.

The widow's house was first searched. The Priest that usually dwelt there was then at home, but escaped for that time by taking refuge in a hiding-place. As for the pious widow, they forced her to go to London, there to appear before the judges who tried cases concerning Catholics. At her appearance she answered with the greatest courage, more like a free woman than a grievously persecuted prisoner. She was thrown into jail, where she so united piety with patience, as to do her own work like a menial, cook her food with her own hands, and wash the dishes. Her aim in this was to find her way by humiliations to true humility of heart, and also to save expense so as to be able to support more Catholics. During her imprisonment she always used to send me one half of her yearly income, to wit six hundred florins; with the other half, besides many other good works, she maintained a priest, to bring her Holy Communion at stated times, and assist her fellow prisoners. She spent all her time either in prayer or in working with her hands, making altar furniture which she sent to divers persons. The holy woman persevered in these good works, till in two years time God called her to higher things.

It was His will that the heretics should come to know that she received visits from a Priest. If I remember well the Priest was Fr. Jones, a Franciscan Recollect, afterwards martyred. They resolved therefore to use the law against the widow. She was brought up, and the usual false witnesses appeared, to accuse her of being privy to the maintenance of Priests, contrary to the law of the land. The judges at once empanelled a jury, to pronounce her guilty or not guilty. The godly woman seeing that the consciences of the jury would be stained with her blood if she let them give their verdict in the case, made up her mind to hold her peace and answer nought to the judges' demand whether she was guilty or not guilty. At the same time she knew well the provision of the law, that men or women who refused to plead in a matter of life and death should have far more keen and dreadful torments than convicted felons. They are laid on their backs upon a sharp stone; then a heavy weight is put upon their breasts, which crushes the sufferer to death. Till the time of which I treat we had only had two female martyrs, not counting the Queen of Scots. One named Clitherow, at York, chose the same sort of martyrdom as the widow, and for the same reason, namely to spare the consciences of the jury, who she was sure would find her guilty as usual to please the judges, even though conscious of the injustice they were doing. The godly widow of whom I am speaking, resolved to follow this holy martyr's example. She had made up her mind to take the same course and bear the same punishment. So for her silence she was sentenced to be crushed to death. She went from the court rejoicing that she had been held worthy to quit life in this manner for the name of Jesus. However on ac-

count of her rank, and the good name which she had, the Queen's councillors would not let such barbarity be practised in London. So they transferred her after her condemnation to a more loathsome prison, and kept her there. They wanted at the same time to seize her income for the Queen. Now if she had been dead, this income would not have gone to the Queen, but to the widow's son, my host. The godly woman therefore lived in this prison, reft of her goods but not of her life, of which she most desired to be reft. She pined in a narrow and filthy cell till the accession of King James, when, as is usual at the crowning of a new king, she received a pardon, and returned home.

Father Gerard himself was nearly caught, the treacherous servant of his friend having arranged to have the house to which he resorted in London surrounded and searched on the night of his expected arrival. He was saved this time by Father Garnet, his Superior, but his host fell into the snare:

My Superior had lately come to live four or five miles from London. I had gone to see him, and had been with him a day or two when, having business in London, I wrote to those who kept the house to expect me on such a night, and bring in certain friends whom I wanted to see. The traitor, who was now often seen in the house, which belonged ostensibly to his master, learnt the time, and got the priest-hunters to come there at midnight with their band. Just before mounting my horse to depart, I went to take leave of my Superior. He would have me stay that night. I told him my business, and my wish to keep my appointment with my friends; but the blessed Father would not allow it, though as he said afterwards, he knew no reason, nor was it his wont to act in this manner. Without doubt he was guided by the Holy Ghost; for early next morning we heard that some Papists had been seized in that house, and the story ran that a Priest was among them. The fact was that my servant, Richard Fulwood, was caught trying to hide himself in a dark place, there being as yet no regular hiding-places, though I meant to make some. As he cut a good figure, and neither the traitor nor any one else that knew him was there, he was taken for a Priest. Three Catholics and one schismatic were seized and thrown into prison. The latter was a Catholic at heart, but did not refuse to go to the heretics' churches. As he was a trusty man, I employed him as keeper of the house, to manage any business in the neighbourhood. At their examination they all showed themselves steadfast and true, and answered nothing that could give the enemy any inkling that the house belonged to me instead of to my host. It was well that it was so; for things would have gone harder with the latter had it been otherwise. The magistrates sent him a *special* summons, in hopes that my ar-

rest would enable them to make out a stronger case against him. As soon as he arrived in London, he went straight to the house, never dreaming what had happened there, in order to treat with me as to the reason of his summons, and how he was to answer it. So he came and knocked at the door. It was opened to him at once; but, poor sheep of Christ, he fell into the clutches of the wolves, instead of the arms of his shepherd and friend. For the house had been broken into the night before, and there were some ministers of Satan still lingering there, to watch for any Catholics that might come, before all got scent of the danger. Out came these men then; the good gentleman found himself ensnared, and was led prisoner to the magistrates.

Father Gerard immediately went to his friend's house in the country, to arrange matters with the wife of that gentleman. Here they were again in the most imminent danger, as the traitor in the pay of the government was still a trusted servant in the family. In fact he was sent down by Mr. Wiseman, while in prison, with letters from himself and Father Gerard's servant, giving an account of the answers they had made when examined after their capture; and he was thus enabled to assure the pursuivants that Father Gerard was to be found at this house in the country. It will be seen that he was still wonderfully preserved:

The traitor on his return to London informed our enemies of everything. Forthwith they sent two of their best messengers, or pursuivants as they call them, to two gentlemen of the county who were justices of the peace, bidding them search the house carefully with their men. The traitor also returned on Easter Day on pretence of bringing a fresh letter from London, but in reality to play into the hands of our enemies and acquaint them with our plans. On Easter Monday, on account of the dangers that threatened us, we rose before our usual hour, and were trying to get ready for Mass before sun-rise, when suddenly we heard the noise of horses galloping, and of a multitude of men coming to surround the house and cut off all escape. Seeing what was going to happen, we had the doors kept fast. Meanwhile the ornaments were pulled off the altar, the hiding-places thrown open, my books and papers carried into them, and an effort was made to hide me and all my effects together. I wanted to get into a hiding-place near the dining-room, as well to be further from the chapel and the more suspicious part of the house, as because there was store of provisions there, to wit, a bottle of wine, and certain light but strengthening food, such as biscuit made to keep, &c. Moreover I hoped to hear there our enemies' talk, wherein there *might be* something perchance which bore upon our interests.

These reasons then moved me to choose that place, and in sooth it was very fit and safe for hiding in. But God so willed it, that the mistress of the house should in no wise agree. She would have me go into a place near the chapel, where the altar furniture could sooner be stowed with me. I yielded, though there was nothing there for me to eat in case the search should last long. I went in then, after everything was safe that needed putting away.

Scarcely had I done so, when the searchers broke down the door, and forcing their way in, spread through the house with great noise and racket. Their first step was to lock up the mistress of the house in her own room with her two daughters; and the Catholic servants they kept locked up in divers places in the same part of the house. They then took to themselves the whole house, which was of a good size, and made a thorough search in every part, not forgetting even to look under the tiles of the roof. The darkest corners they examined with the help of candles. Finding nothing whatever, they began to break down certain places that they suspected. They measured the walls with long rods, so that if they did not tally, they might pierce the part not accounted for. Thus they sounded the walls and all the floors, to find out and break into any hollow places that there might be.

They spent two days in this work without finding out anything. Thinking therefore that I had gone on Easter Sunday, the two magistrates went away on the second day, leaving the pursuivants to take the lady of the house, and all her Catholic servants of both sexes, to London, to be examined and imprisoned. They meant to leave some who were not Catholics to keep the house, the traitor being one of them. The good lady was pleased at this, for she hoped he would be the means of freeing me, and rescuing me from death: for she knew that I had made up my mind to suffer and die of starvation between two walls, rather than come forth and save my own life at the expense of others. In fact, during those four days that I lay hid, I had nothing to eat but a biscuit or two and a little quince jelly, which my hostess had at hand and gave me as I was going in. She did not look for any more, as she supposed that the search would not last beyond a day. But now that two days were gone, and she was to be carried off on the third with all her trusty servants, she began to be afraid of my dying of sheer hunger. She bethought herself then of the traitor, who she heard was to be left behind. He had made a great fuss and show of eagerness in withstanding the searchers, when they first forced their way in. For all that, she would not have let him know of the hiding-places, had she not been in such straits. Thinking it better however to rescue me from certain death, even at some risk to herself, she charged him, when she was taken away, and every one had gone, to go into a certain room, call me by my wonted name, and tell me that the others had been taken to prison, but that he was left to deliver me. I would then answer, she said, from behind the lath and plaster where I lay concealed.

The traitor promised to obey faithfully, but he was faithful only to those who had abandoned the faith, for he unfolded the whole matter to the ruffians who had remained behind. No sooner had they heard it, than they called back the magistrates who had departed. These returned early in the morning, and renewed the search. They measured and sounded everywhere, much more carefully than before, especially in the chamber above mentioned, in order to find out some hollow place. But finding nothing whatever during the whole of the third day, they purposed on the morrow to strip off all the plaster of that room. Meanwhile they set guards in all the rooms about, to watch all night lest I should escape. I heard from my hiding-place the pass-word which the captain of the band gave to his soldiers, and I might have got off by using it, were it not that they would have seen me issuing from my retreat: for there were two on guard in the chapel where I got into my hiding-place, and several also in the large plastered room which had been pointed out to them.

But mark the wonderful providence of God. Here I was in my hiding-place. The way I got into it was by taking up the floor, made of wood and bricks, under the fire-place. The place was so constructed that a fire could not be lit in it without damaging the house; though we made a point of keeping wood there, as if it were meant for a fire. Well, the men on the night-watch lit a fire in this very grate, and began chatting together close to it. Soon the bricks, which had not bricks but wood underneath them, got loose and nearly fell out of their places, as the wood gave way. On noticing this and probing the place with a stick, they found that the bottom was made of wood; whereupon they remarked that this was something curious. I thought that they were going there and then to break open the place and enter, but they made up their minds at last to put off further examination till next day. Meanwhile, though nothing was further from my thoughts than any chance of escaping, I besought the Lord earnestly, that if it were for the glory of His Name, I might not be taken in that house, and so endanger my entertainers: nor in any other house, where others would share my disaster. My prayer was heard. I was preserved in that house in a wonderful manner; and when, a few days after, I was taken, it was without prejudice to any one, as shall be presently seen.

Next morning therefore they renewed the search most carefully, everywhere except in the top chamber which served as a chapel, and in which the two watchmen had made a fire over my head and had noticed the strange make of the grate. God had blotted out of their memory all remembrance of the thing. Nay, none of the searchers entered the place the whole day, though it was the one that was most open to suspicion, and if they had entered, they would have found me without any search; or rather, I should say, they would have seen me, for the fire had burned a great hole in my hiding-place, and had I not got a little out of the way, the hot *embers* would have fallen on me. The searchers, forgetting or not

caring about this room, busied themselves in ransacking the rooms below, in one of which I was said to be. In fact they found the other hiding-place which I thought of going into, as I mentioned before. It was not far off, so I could hear their shouts of joy when they first found it. But after joy comes grief: and so it was with them. The only thing that they found was a goodly store of provision laid up. Hence they may have thought that this was the place that the mistress of the house meant; in fact an answer might have been given from it to the call of a person in the room mentioned by her.

They stuck to their purpose however, of stripping off all the plaster work of the other large room. So they set a man to work near the ceiling, close to the place where I was: for the lower part of the walls was covered with tapestry, not with plaster. So they stripped off the plaster all round, till they came again to the very place where I lay, and there they lost heart and gave up the search. My hiding-place was in a thick wall of the chimney, behind a finely inlaid and carved mantel-piece. They could not well take the carving down without risk of breaking it. Broken however it would have been, and that into a thousand pieces, had they any conception that I could be concealed behind it. But knowing that there were two flues, they did not think that there could be room enough there for a man. Nay, before this, on the second day of the search they had gone into the room above, and tried the fire-place through which I had got into my hole. They then got into the chimney by a ladder to sound with their hammers. One said to another in my hearing, "Might there not be a place here for a person to get down into the wall of the chimney below, by lifting up this hearth?" "No," answered one of the pursuivants, whose voice I knew, "you could not get down that way into the chimney underneath, but there might easily be an entrance at the back of this chimney." So saying, he gave the place a kick. I was afraid that he would hear the hollow sound of the hole where I was. But God who set bounds to the sea, said also to their dogged obstinacy, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further;" and He spared His sorely-sticken children, and gave them not up into their persecutors' hands, nor allowed utter ruin to light upon them for their great charity towards me.

Seeing that their toil availed them naught, they thought that I had escaped somehow, and so they went away at the end of four days, leaving the mistress and her servants free. The yet unbetrayed traitor stayed after the searchers were gone. As soon as the doors of the house were made fast, the mistress came to call me, another four-days-buried Lazarus, from what would have been my tomb had the search continued a little longer. For I was all wasted and weakened, as well with hunger, as with want of sleep, and with having to sit so long in such a narrow place.

Our Library Table.

1. *Translations of the Works of St. Irenæus and St. Hippolytus.*—2. Dr. Newman's *Occasional Verses.*—3. Dora Greenwell's *Lacordaire.*—4. *Illustrated History of Ireland.*—5. *The Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel.*—6. Martigny: *Dictionnaire des Antiquités Chrétiennes.*—7. *Diary of a Sister of Mercy.*—8. *In the Snow.*—9. Miscellaneous Notices.

1. It is hardly possible to praise too much the design and intention of the *Ante-Nicene Library*, of which we have already noticed several volumes, and which has now been enriched by two more,* one of which contains half of the great work of St. Irenæus, while the other is occupied by translations from St. Hippolytus—at least, from an author whom the translator supposes to be St. Hippolytus. At the same time, these two volumes illustrate very completely the difficulties which prevent us from giving unlimited commendation to the manner in which the plan of this library is being carried out. No ancient writer requires more careful study, and, occasionally, more ample illustration, than St. Irenæus, and it is difficult to feel perfect confidence in a Protestant, and consequently, untheological translator, however learned and conscientious, especially when he has no room for notes and elucidations. We have not had time to compare the translation now before us, which is the work partly of Dr. Roberts, partly of Mr. Rambaut, with the original, and we have no reason for thinking that these gentlemen have not done their best: but no one can be mistaken in remarking on the fatal absence of notes. Then again, as to St. Hippolytus. The editors of the Library have thought themselves justified in giving their readers a translation of the lately discovered *Philosophumena* (of which we have spoken at length in our articles on St. Callistus)—as if it were a settled matter that the work is to be attributed to St. Hippolytus. This is most certainly not the case, as we shall presently show. Moreover, we are told in the Preface that one great reason for this decision, or rather for a decision against all the other supposed claimants to the authorship of the *Philosophumena* except Hippolytus and Epiphanius,—the latter of whom is rejected on other grounds—lies in the assertion of the author that he was a bishop. Yet, on turning to the passage which is said to contain this important assertion, we find the admission, that "it is not quite certain that the words refer to the Episcopal office exclusively." Yet, if this is not quite certain, it is certainly rather strange to act as if it were.

As in the articles referred to, we are engaged in dealing with the charges made by the author of the work before us, whoever he may have been, against St. Callistus, we may as well place before our readers, as a sequel to the discussion of those charges, the remarks made by Cavaliere de Rossi, whom we have followed throughout, on the vexed question of the authorship itself.

As he observes, it is clear that the writer was a doctor, head of a school or sect, and residing in or near Rome. He seems to have lived on familiar terms with Pope Victor, as may be inferred from the acquaintance he shows with contemporaneous events and personages, and with circumstances connected with the prefecture of Fuscianus, *i.e.* a period not later than A.D. 189. We may further gather from his

* *The Ante-Nicene Library: Writings of St. Irenæus*, Vol. 1; *Writings of St. Hippolytus*, Vol. 1. Edinburgh: Clark, 1868.

narrative that, under Zephyrinus, he took a prominent part in the controversies upon the "Monarchy," or Divine Unity, and that he was a personal opponent of Callistus, whose canonical legislation he impugned. He must have written his work not long after the demise of that Pontiff, while he was at the head of some schismatic faction in Rome, whose pretext for secession was a Puritanical abhorrence of holding communion with sinners. But who was he? Surely not Origen, despite the persistance wherewith Em. Miller, to whom we owe the first edition of this work, clings to an hypothesis quite at variance with all we know of the style and character of that splendid but erratic genius. Setting aside the claims of Caius and Novatus, De Rossi considers the case as between Hippolytus and Tertullian. The former was a Roman Doctor, who refuted Noëtus, and in the controversies of the time took the same side as the writer of the *Philosophumena*. Further, he was the author of a Refutation of all heresies, as also of a treatise on the Universe, which latter is quoted as his own by the writer of the *Philosophumena*. A disciple of Irenæus of Lyons, and hence a contemporary of Pope Victor, he is probably the "Valentinian deacon" of that Pope, alluded to in the false acts of the Council of St. Sylvester. Prudentius makes mention of the secession of Hippolytus from the Church to the faction or party of Novatus, whose rigid views on the remission of sins he adopted, but the same poet celebrates also his return to Unity, to "the Chair of Peter," and his martyrdom. Eusebius and Jerome say that he was a bishop, though they seem not to know of what See: some Byzantine writers have styled him Pope of Rome. All this is quite consistent with the supposition that he was the local superintendent or bishop of some sect in Rome. Pontianus, the third successor of Callistus, was exiled into Sardinia A.D. 235. The *Priest* Hippolytus was the companion of his banishment. During this exile it was that Pontianus resigned the Pontificate. The bodies of both were brought to Rome, where the Pope was buried with his predecessors, while the remains of Hippolytus were deposited, during the Ides of August, near the Tiburtine Road. The Hippolytus mentioned in the Martyrology for August 13 is one and the same with the martyr celebrated by Prudentius. It is by no means impossible that both Pontianus and Hippolytus were banished as the ostensible heads of the Christian sect in Rome, and that the resignation of his dignity by Pontianus may have persuaded Hippolytus to renounce his schismatical episcopacy and return to Unity, about A.D. 285. This, at least, is the hypothesis developed by Döllinger, with his wonted erudition, but which is somewhat at variance with the account of Prudentius, who places the reconciliation and martyrdom of Hippolytus at Ostia, instead of in Sardinia. Certain ancient writers say that St. Hippolytus was Bishop of Porto. These divergences, while multiplying the difficulties connected with the history of Hippolytus, and raising the question as to whether these several details centre in one and the self-same person, tend to weaken his claims to be considered as the writer of the work under review.

To come now to Tertullian. His titles to the authorship of the *Philosophumena* are worthy of careful consideration. He, most unquestionably, took part in the Trinitarian and anti-Callistian disputes, and the vehemence and bitterness he all along displayed are hardly surpassed, if indeed equalled, by that whereof Book IX. of the *Philosophumena* bears unmistakeable impress. It is needless to repeat here the frequent allusions we have had to make to the part taken by Tertullian in the Monarchian controversy. We may observe that St. Jerome bears witness that the African Doctor was a priest in the time of Zephyrinus, *and had dealings* with the Roman clergy. It is

indeed doubtful whether he was on the roll of the Carthaginian or of the Roman presbytery, and we cannot determine in which of these cities he permanently resided under the pontificate of St. Victor. Be this as it may, many of the learned are agreed that he lived at Rome from about the close of the empire of Commodus till that of Septimus Severus. His notice of a judicial process under Fuscianus, the judge of Callistus (Adv Nationes, L. 1., C. 16); the mention he makes of the precise sum contributed to the "arca" of the Roman Church by Marcion, and afterwards restored to that heresiarch, while it shows an intimate knowledge of the details of the financial administration of the Church of Rome, strengthens the opinion which would ascribe to the pen of the great African the minute relation of Callistus' early disasters, of his eventful introduction to the acquaintance of Fuscianus, and of the course Pope Victor saw fit to pursue in his regard, on his release from the mines. Can so many allusions to the same facts—the similarity not in substance only, but in form, of the accusations and invectives heaped upon the memory of Callistus, both in the acknowledged works of Tertullian and in the *Philosophumena*—be accounted a merely fortuitous coincidence? Tertullian, as we know, wrote at times in Greek, he lived to an advanced age, and, after having pinned his faith on the Montanist prophets, he discarded them, and set up a sect of his own. On the other hand, it must be owned that the difference of the style of the *Philosophumena* from that of the productions of Tertullian still extant, the total absence of all allusion to any of his other writings, to which he could not but have referred his readers, and the contempt evinced in the *Philosophumena* for the Montanist dreams, greatly diminish the value of these coincidences. Yet it may be said that this does not settle the question, especially when we reflect that the other productions of Tertullian are in Latin, and that the work which some critics have sought to father upon him may have been written in the decrepitude of his declining years, after many apostasies, and when age and toil had enfeebled his mind and judgment.

Whatever then the force of these objections, there are not wanting others equally valid against ascribing this work to Hippolytus. To conclude then—the characteristics of the antagonism of Tertullian to Callistus are plainly identical with what we discover in this long-lost narrative: that between Hippolytus and Callistus there ever arose misunderstanding is, at least, questionable, if we except the dispute about the Monarchian formulary, which, in the treatise against Noëtus, ascribed to Hippolytus, is divested of all bitterness and personal feeling. The coincidence of the *animus* and historical details of Book IX. of the *Philosophumena* with the writings of Tertullian is evident and striking, but it serves only to place in greater relief the unmistakeable differences in the temper which exists between every part of the recently recovered work and the treatise against Noëtus, as well as those extracts from a book against heresies which Epiphanius has embodied in his own compilation, and which he attributes to Hippolytus. The opinion then, which, while ascribing the *Philosophumena* to the latter, would laugh to scorn the claims of Tertullian to be considered its author, stands in need at least of revision. At the same time it should perhaps be said, that we cannot be sure that the work before us is in reality to be attributed to any one of the writers whose claims have been advocated by different critics, for it is by no means impossible that its author may be some one whose name has left no trace in history. The value of the work, whatever it is, does not depend upon its authorship. On the other hand, the malicious desire to cast a reflection on the character of one Catholic Saint, if not of two

which no doubt whetted the eagerness with which Bunsen and others have tried to father this work on St. Hippolytus, is an evidence of considerable forgetfulness of history—not to say ignorance of sound logic. If Hippolytus wrote the libel on Callistus, he was not St. Hippolytus when he did so: and, as the value of the orthodox writings of Tertullian is not destroyed by his lapse into heresy after they had been written, so neither would the sanctity of Hippolytus or the truth of his martyrdom be impaired, if it were proved that he had once done even worse things than write *the Refutation of all Heresies.*

2. Few men of deep feeling and serious thought, who have had the advantage of a liberal education, and of that mental culture which is involved in the early practice of composition, have probably passed through the excitements and emotions of a long life without at some time or other relieving or indulging themselves in poetry. Poetry, according to the theory of one who was himself an admirable example of his own doctrine, is the indirect and half-veiled expression of the feelings, yearnings, desires, and regrets by which noble and sensitive natures are moved. It is the easing of the heart—according to the epithet bestowed upon it by another writer, a disciple of the great Christian poet who theorised so admirably upon his own art. Many a man, who if he had given himself to the cultivation of his genius, might have "waked to ecstasy the living lyre," has vented himself in other ways; and many a deep feeling and high aspiration has died down unexpressed simply for want of the faculty or the opportunity of expression. Of a number of men possessed more or less by the same great idea, or the same powerful feelings, some will sit down and sing; others will rise up and do. As the image of the heroic age, past and gone, floated before the regretful and longing mind of Homer, so perhaps the image of the Ancient Church may have dawned in beauty and light on the dreams of a number of Oxford students a third of a century ago, one of whom may have painted it off, as it were, in a series of beautiful lyrics, and then done no more; others may have written and acted; while others may have sung little about it, but spent the best years of their life in hewing a way into the bosom of Catholic unity for themselves and others. There is a poetry of literature and a poetry of action. But not all men who enshrine their ideas in verse are men of inaction; nor are all men of action unable to put their feelings into graceful and soothing poetry. Poetry, strictly so called, is to them an accomplishment occasionally exercised, a solace to which they now and then have recourse. Their verse will usually be strong, nervous, full of meaning and close thought, rather than uniformly finished and melodious: to a critical ear it may tell its own tale of want of practice in composition, and of leisure to rub off inequalities and to correct imperfections; but it will still ring with the tones of a noble mind, it will shine with the brightness of genius, and not unfrequently it will have that indescribable charm which is found in all that unmasks the tenderness and shyness of souls which have made themselves chiefly known by strength, boldness, and energy. Thus it often happens that poetry of this class is not only deeply interesting on its own account—we mean as independent of the mind from which it issues—but is absolutely essential as a guide to those who would study the characters and the lives of its authors, because it contains some strains and some harmonies without which their full utterances cannot be understood, or their portraits accurately drawn for posterity. In much the same way, no great man can probably be known without the study of his letters as well as of his published works, of his domestic life as well as *of his public* actions; and with many,

the chance verses that have dropped from them at intervals during a course of years tell almost as much about their characters as their letters themselves.

Thoughts such as these are naturally suggested by the appearance of the little volume of Occasional Verses, lately published by Dr. Newman.* He has never set himself to poetry as a formal task, nor is it to our purpose to speculate whether he would have taken rank with our greatest poets if he had done so. His life has been a long poem in the highest sense of the word—a poem which has influenced his contemporaries and advanced the glory of God and the good of his fellow-countrymen more than the sweetest strains or the loftiest verse. Now and then he has struck the lyre—*very* occasionally indeed, as we shall see by an examination of the volume before us: his most elaborate performance being what we shall unhesitatingly call the grand poem of *The Dream of Gerontius*. We think that a stranger who had never heard of the author—though it is not easy to imagine such a being—might open the volume in other places without being struck with more than the uniform loftiness of tone and power of thought shown throughout its pages; but he could not read *Gerontius* without finding himself in the presence of a true poet. But it is not possible for those who have long made Dr. Newman's other writings their delight and solace, and who have been under his influence as a leader of the thoughts of his generation, to place themselves in the attitude of this imaginary stranger towards the present volume. As we turn over its pages, a line of one of the best-loved friends of its author rises to our mind—

"Thy book I love because thyself is there."

As if with the thought of making the volume more valuable to those who will thus cherish it, Dr. Newman has subjoined to the various poems here contained the date and place at which they were written. We are thus naturally led to compare these little foot-notes with the auto-biographical hints dropped—only too sparingly—along the pages of the *Apologia*. The first poem in the volume is a paraphrase from Isaiah, written when Dr. Newman was in his twenty-first year. It will strike those acquainted with the author's later writings as showing how far his style was already formed, and as containing more than one phrase or expression the use of which we might have expected to find only in poems composed after his acquaintance with the *Christian Year* had begun. The next poem is a birthday salutation to Mr. Francis Newman, in 1826. We pass on to a poem, written in the same year, "Nature and Art," beginning with words from one of Newman's favourite texts—"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening." The years which intervene between this date, and the voyage in the Mediterranean in 1832, of which Dr. Newman has spoken in the *Apologia*, are not very rich in the number of their poems, but such as there are interest us exceedingly. Some of them are playful pieces for "a very small album." The readers of the *Apologia* will remember the passage in which Dr. Newman mentions his first College at Oxford. "Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's room there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University." (*History of my Religious Opinions*, p. 237.) Here we have a piece called "Snapdragon," written some years after Dr. Newman had undergone his first transplantation—to the less peaceful walls of Oriel:—

* *Verses on Various Occasions.* London: Burns and Oates, 1868.

Snapdragon: a Riddle for a Flower-book.

I am rooted in the wall
Of buttress'd tower or ancient hall;
Prison'd in an art-wrought bed,
Cas'd with mortar, cramp'd with lead;
Of a living stock alone,
Brother of the lifeless stone.

Else unpriz'd, I have my worth
On the spot that gave me birth;
Nature's vast and varied field
Braver flowers than me will yield,
Bold in form and rich in hue,
Children of a purer dew;
Smiling lips and winning eyes,
Meet for earthly paradise.
Choice are such—and yet thou knowest
Highest he whose lot is lowest;
They, proud hearts, a home reject
Fram'd by human architect;
Humble I was born to dwell
Near the pale recluse's cell,
And I spread my crimson bloom
Mingled with the cloister's gloom.

Life's gay gifts and honours rare,
Flowers of favour! win and wear!
Rose of beauty, be the queen
In pleasure's ring and festive scène,—
Ivy, climb and cluster where
Lordly oak vouchsafe a stair,—
Vaunt, fair Lily, stately dame,
Pride of birth and pomp of name.
Miser Crocus, starv'd with cold,
Hide in earth thy timid gold.
Travell'd Dahlia, freely boast
Knowledge brought from foreign coast.
Pleasure, wealth, birth, knowledge, power,
These have each an emblem flower;
So for me alone remains
Lowly thought and cheerful pains.
Be it mine to set restraint
On roving wish and selfish plaint;
And for man's drear haunts to leave
Dewy morn and balmy eve.
Be it mine the barren stone
To deck with green life not its own,
So to soften and to grace
Of human works the rugged face.
Mine the Unseen to display
In the crowded public way,
Where life's busy arts combine
To shut out the Hand Divine.

Ah! no more a scentless flower,
By approving Heaven's high power,
Suddenly my leaves exhale
Fragrance of the Syrian gale.
Ah! 'tis timely comfort given
By the answering breath of Heaven!
May it be! then well might I
In *College cloister live* and die.

The well-known poem, which was printed in the *Lyra Apostolica*, called the "Trance of Time," beginning,

In childhood, when with eager eyes
The season-measur'd year I view'd,

belongs to the same date. Passing on to the next year, we find traces of that family "bereavement" of which Dr. Newman has spoken in the *Apologia*, and never has he poured forth more touchingly beautiful verses than on this occasion, and on the anniversary connected with it. (*Epiphany Eve*, p. 39.) As we pass on we find hints of that presentiment of which Dr. Newman has told of us—that he had a work to do for which he was set apart, somewhat like Thalaba. Here are a few lines left in an album at Dartington, July, 1831 :—

The Pilgrim.

There stray'd awhile, amid the woods of Dart,
One who could love them, but who durst not love.
A vow had bound him, ne'er to give his heart
To streamlet bright or soft-secluded grove.
'Twas a hard humbling task, onwards to move
His easy-captur'd eyes from each fair spot,
With unattach'd and lonely step to rove,
O'er happy meads, which soon its print forgot;
Yet kept he safe his pledge, prizing his pilgrim lot.

Soon after this little poem, we find ourselves among old acquaintances, which make up the greater part of Dr. Newman's present volume. Nearly a hundred pieces follow, which were produced, many of them in rapid succession, shortly before or shortly after Dr. Newman's travels in 1832 and 1833, or, as is the case with most of them, while he was abroad. The public is already familiar with these, as having appeared in the *Lyra Apostolica*. Some few of the poems of that time have, we think, been withdrawn; one at least has been modified, and two have had short foot-notes attached to them, explaining that they represent a state of mind from which the author has since been delivered. All these pieces should be read with the *Apologia* at hand, where an account is found of this journey, which restored Dr. Newman to health and strength, and from which he returned full of ardour and vigour to undertake the work which ripened into the Tractarian movement; and the indications of place and time are here doubly valuable. Thus we learn that these lines were written at Frascati :—

Thou who didst once Thy life from Mary's breast
Renew from day to day;
O might her smile, severely sweet, but rest
On this frail clay!

We can almost imagine that Dr. Newman had just passed some wayside picture of the Madonna, and seen the peasants kneeling before it. The poem which follows, in which the author speaks of the goodness of God in hiding from us our own future, was written at the Tre Fontane, the place of St. Paul's martyrdom, and this little fact explains the allusion in the last line of the second stanza :—

But thou, dear Lord,
Whilst I trac'd out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold Thy fearful word;
Wiling me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound.

But we must leave our readers to enjoy for themselves the many interesting touches which will be found in this series of poems, when

read in the light of the narrative of the *Apologia*. After the *Lyra* series, we find a complete set of translations from the Breviary hymns for Matins, Lauds, and Vespers, and a few others. These were all made between 1836 and 1838—while the Tract movement was going on in full career. Only a single poem, "Ethelbald," bears the date of Littlemore, 1844.

The latter pages of Dr. Newman's volume are occupied with the few poems he has written since he became a Catholic, concluding, as we have already said, with the great "Dream of Gerontius." The minor poems of this date are songs in honour of our Blessed Lady and St. Philip, and a few beside, including the two beautiful pieces inserted in *Callista*, "The Isles of the Blest," and the "Hymn for a Martyr Convert." Thus, occasional as these pieces are, and scattered at wide intervals, as to their date, over more than forty years, they in a certain sense, make up one long and continuous poem—echoing faithfully, though often faintly and gently, the thoughts and feelings of one whom Providence has been pleased to place in the front rank in the history of his times, and who has attracted, as much as he has shrunk from it, the grateful admiration of his fellow countrymen.

3. Taking as her guide the admirable life of Père Lacordaire by P. Chocarne, the English translation of which we have lately had to welcome, Miss Dora Greenwell has written a very interesting little volume on the great French Dominican.* She has conscientiously studied collateral sources of information and illustration, such as the Letters of Madame Swetchine and of Lamennais, and she seems well acquainted with much of the history of the religious movements contemporary, more or less, with the life of Lacordaire. The work is pleasantly written, and like all that proceeds from Miss Greenwell, shows thoughtfulness and grasp of mind. The blemishes in this memoir are not few, but they arise from that inability to understand the Catholic system from outside, which has spoilt the work of many a more learned Protestant than Miss Greenwell. Thus, we find her unable to make anything of Lacordaire's penances, and of the humility which prompted him to be always making confessions of his sins, even to those inferior to him in the religious community to which he belonged. "To confess to one admitted to be far below us in experience and character gives a shock to something within us that is far deeper and truer than mere pride," writes Miss Greenwell, "and it is difficult to imagine anything more artificial or constrained than the feeling which, when Lacordaire confessed to a novice, could scarcely fail to be created on either side" (p. 143, *note*). Is it not rather a strange theory of humility—for here there need be no question of sacramental confession—which makes it necessary that people should humble themselves only to those who are their superiors or equals? Thus, again, at the very end of the volume, we find our authoress in a difficulty because Lacordaire has spoken of the simple Christian doctrine, that a person once incorporated into the Church by baptism does not lose his membership on account of sin. "In Lacordaire's view of representing this divine ordinance there is something which, even in exalting it, seems to lessen it by turning it into a kind of charm, the effect of which a person can scarcely shake off, even if he wishes to do so" (p. 266, *note*). Surely, without requiring in Miss Greenwell any very accurate knowledge of the Catholic doctrine of Baptism, we may be surprised that the idea of its effects as placing

* *Lacordaire.* By Dora Greenwell. Edinburgh: Edmondstone and Douglas, 1867.

men in a new relation of son-ship with God through our Lord, which relation is not destroyed by sin, though it may aggravate the guilt of sin, should seem so unintelligible to one who has read the New Testament. Defects of this kind, the effect of which is that the writer is quite at sea with things familiarity with which is essential, under the circumstances, for the production of a satisfactory work on the subject in hand, are fatal in a book like that before us, which does not so much profess to reveal facts before unknown, as to give a clear and intelligent view of events and characters. Lacordaire is a puzzle to Miss Greenwell—so is Lamennais. To a Catholic nothing is more intelligible than the submission of the one to the Holy See, even before a definite decision had been pronounced in the case of the *Avenir*, and the persistent stubbornness of the other, notwithstanding his own repeated professions of general obedience. But Miss Greenwell finds something incomprehensible in submission to authority itself—nay, if her words are to be taken in their full meaning, in any belief on authority whatever. "Protestantism," she tells us (p. 32), "so educates the soul to think nobly of Opinion, to look upon it as the marriage of the individual soul to truth, which it has loved, wedded, and made a part of its very self, that it is difficult for us to understond how authority *can* change belief, which under our view is the ultimate expression of the whole rational and moral being. *It seems as impossible for us to believe a thing simply because we are told to do so, as it would be for an elm to produce an acorn, or for a rosebush to star itself with jessamine.*" Indeed! even if the authority which tells us to believe a thing furnishes us at the same time, by its own certainty, with the reason for our belief? This is a thing which we do in ordinary matters, upon human authority, every day of our lives. Lacordaire had formed certain conclusions about Church and State on the strength of his own reflections, or he had imbibed them from others, and then he found out that an authority he was bound and glad to trust more than himself, declared that his conclusions we wrong. His submission required virtue and grace, certainly; but it was no more contrary to Christian nature than that an acorn should be produced by—an oak, or "that a rosebush should star itself with"—rosebuds.

4. The generation in which we live, which is distinguished for so much careful research into the old records and monuments which form what we may call the raw material of history, and which has seen its industry rewarded by so many discoveries and revelations, labours in some respects under a disadvantage in consequence of its own conscientious toils. There are many fields of history as to which we are quite sure that we know a great deal more than our fathers, and that currently received statements and prevalent views as to prominent characters and important facts must be abandoned or corrected: but the materials of which we have brought to light the existence have not yet been digested and arranged, and we are almost certain that we have not as yet reached the utmost limits of preliminary investigation. If, therefore, we were to set to work at once to reconstruct the history of the past—tempting as the occasion is, and certain as we may be to overthrow at once and for ever many a goodly creation of the ignorant imagination or the bigotry of older writers,—we should still be liable to the discomfiture of seeing our own work, in its turn, if not overthrown and confuted, at least surpassed and made comparatively useless by the labours of younger scholars. Every one knows how geologists and other hasty reasoners fare in consequence of their too prevalent habit of rushing to their conclusion before their premisses *are fully ascertained*. Year after year their theories are overthrown,

and this not so much because they were inconsistent at the time they were made with the state of knowledge, as because that state of knowledge was notoriously defective and such as no prudent logician ought to have reasoned upon. The case of the historian is not quite parallel to that of the physical theorist, for history does not go beyond the ascertaining of facts. Still there is an obvious disadvantage in writing too soon on any subject as to which discoveries are being continually made.

But are we to wait for ever for good and useful histories? Certainly not. There is great service to be done by writers who will submit by and bye to be superseded, and who content themselves with a diligent use of the materials within their reach. Such, we think, is the merit of the work lately published by a daughter of St. Clare in Ireland—*The Illustrated History of Ireland.** A handy and yet tolerably full history of the country was wanted for popular use, and the book now before us will supply the want. The documents on which at some future time a more perfect and elaborate *History* may be written are partly buried in libraries, partly arranged in calendars, and some have been published in learned works, inaccessible to ordinary readers. For many years to come, perhaps, this *Illustrated History* will hold its place, and then the true historian of Ireland may arise. Let us hope that by that time the later pages of her story may have to be written in bright and hopeful colours!

5. Mr. Meehan's work,† on the exile of the great Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, Hugh O'Neill and Rory O'Donel, is a book that illustrates the remarks just made as to the quantity of documentary monuments in relation to the History of Ireland, which is ready to reward the industry of historical students. The work just noticed by us is necessarily sketchy, and it was impossible for the author to make it otherwise. Mr. Meehan, on the other hand, confining himself to a particular subject, or rather to a part of a particular subject, has found matter enough, hitherto new and unpublished, to make a goodly volume, which throws a great deal of light upon the period to which it refers. He does not profess to give us the whole career of the two famous leaders of whom he writes: his story begins after the defeat at Kinsale. He takes therefore the later part of their history only,—when, after their submission to the English Government, they were slowly persecuted in legal guise by the officials, who desired far more to profit by the seizure of the vast estates of their victims than to make them true and loyal subjects of James I. The plottings of the Government against them had the effect of driving them into exile, and the bones of both these great Irish chiefs lie in the church of S. Pietro in Montorio at Rome. This brief statement will explain to the reader what is the staple of Mr. Meehan's most interesting book, the contents of which it would be impossible to state fairly in any abridgment. The work is lucidly written, and will take its place as a real and solid contribution to the Irish and English history of the opening of the seventeenth century.

6. Our readers have heard from time to time tidings of the investigations into the actual state and contents of the Roman Catacombs, which have for some years past been carried on with great activity.

* *An Illustrated History of Ireland*: from the earliest period. With Historical Illustrations by H. Doyle. London: Longmans. 1868.

† *The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and Rory O'Donel, Earl of Tyrconnel.* By the Rev. C. P. Meehan. Dublin: Duffy. 1868.

Throughout this troubled Pontificate fresh discoveries have continually brought before the eyes of the world the measures adopted by the Church to secure to her children while living the means of grace which they so much needed, and to preserve the memory of those whose earthly career was ended. As in Herculaneum and Pompeii, we are introduced in the catacombs into the centre of one part of the life of the ancient world; and the fresh light thrown on subjects of the most varied kinds is perpetually exciting the interest of all who, whether as scholars or as Christians, have their thoughts directed to the early days of the Church.

The work before us* may be said to form a Treatise on Christian Antiquities embodying all the latest results of inquiry into the Roman Catacombs. This new matter naturally occupies a somewhat prominent position in the work, which therefore cannot be said to supersede earlier Treatises. The arrangement of the work is alphabetical: the favour with which volumes of this form are received proves that they suit the convenience of readers; they are however adapted for reference rather than for continuous study, and perhaps by the very facility they afford they are adverse to the acquirement of deep knowledge. For those who wish to attain a general knowledge of the subject treated they are excellent. The Abbé Martigny has provided an analytical table of the articles of the alphabetical arrangement; this table will enable any reader to study the subject systematically in his volume. We must not omit to notice also the table of the works of some two hundred authors of which use has been made in the compilation of the Dictionary. The reader who seeks for fuller information upon any particular point will here find a guide in his search. The volume is illustrated by numerous woodcuts, and translations are given of all expressions cited from the learned languages.

Archæological studies† will never cease to interest mankind, for in them we see how under most varied circumstances gratification was furnished to desires and needs which we recognize as identical with our own; and in proportion as we have more sympathy with the Christians of those early days of the Church than with the heathen world, so much the more are we drawn to seek after whatever memorials of them remain to us. Curiosity is gratified when we hear of the wine flasks discovered under the ashes of Pompeii: but deeper feeling is excited when the *ampulla* containing the blood of some holy Martyr is rescued from the sand of the Catacombs. One section of the opponents of the Church are fond of appealing to primitive antiquity: we may answer their appeal by referring to the articles EUCHARISTIE, FLAMMEUM VIRGINALE, ORDRES RELIGEUX, PURGATOIRE, RELIQUES, and many others: in fact we believe that many even well instructed Catholics will feel some surprise at the number and indisputable character of the witnesses to the unchangeableness of the Church's doctrine and practice.

7. Few persons of their class know more about the facts which make up "the short and simple annals of the poor" than those who labour among them as the Sisters of Mercy labour, visiting them in sickness, helping and guiding them at other times, instructing and

* *Dictionnaire des Antiquités Chrétiennes* par M. L'Abbé Martigny. Paris. Hachette. 1865. pp. 676.

† There is an excellent article in the Dictionary [ARCHEOLOGIE] upon the nature, use, and importance of archæology: this article serves as an introduction to the whole subject, and that on CATACOMBES should perhaps be the *next perused.*

caring for their children. No one can spend much time among them without being interested in their family histories, and without meeting with many strange incidents and perhaps lessons as to the ways of Providence with those who have often no other friend to help them. Attendance at hospitals, moreover, cannot be long continued without leading to an acquaintance with a few real histories which are stranger and more extraordinary than fiction.

At the same time it is perhaps true to say that few real histories are what we may call dramatically complete. There is often, for instance, a great deal of dullness and mediocrity about persons whose fortunes have been strange and even romantic: there is often some defect of temper or lack of intelligence about "heroes and heroines" in real life which we may be quite sure no ordinary writer of fiction would allow to appear in the creatures of his imagination, and which would make "the reading public" very angry with him if he did. And then, people who begin by being interesting sink down into something very commonplace, and a career which starts with a promise of adventure about it issues in vegetation. Thus there is something very natural in that extremely prevalent desire—happily, in most cases, it does not pass into execution—to write novels as well as to read them. Every one would like to have the management of his own pet characters, and to be able to arrange the providential course of their fortunes according to preconceived ideas of what would be proper under the circumstances. Hence arises a temptation experienced by those who have to put before the world real histories, to dress them up, prune off excrescences, correct seeming incongruities, and supply deficiencies in the narrative. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction: but fiction has often to be made more sensational and more picturesque than truth.

We are unable to say whether the stories collected in the little volume* before us have undergone any of this "improving" process of which we speak. They profess to be taken from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy, and there is no reason why they should not be accepted as, in the main, real histories. There is one of a young lady who consents to a secret marriage with a certain Lord Montford—"a noble-looking man, with a head remarkable for the extreme beauty of its contour, and the richness of its curls. The face, too, though not exactly handsome, was irresistibly attractive, from its aristocratic mould of features, and melancholy expression." This Lord Montford, we think, many of our readers must have met before. He persuades Eva to marry him secretly, and in a picture gallery at Paris, while looking at a picture of St. Mary Magdalene, as she tells us, "a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, and a voice hissed rather than spoke into my ear, 'Aye, look, for the sin that branded her is marked upon your brow.'" The speaker, "a tall, stately lady," turns out to be the true Lady Montford, separated from her husband! The next story, "The Cross and the Crown," is built, as ship-builders would say, on the same lines with Longfellow's *Evangeline*. The others almost tell their own tale by the titles:—"The Fatal Accident." "The Novice," "The Priest's Death," "The Apostate," "The Gambler's Wife," and "The Besetting Sin,". They are well and cleverly told, and the volume is very nicely "got up."

8. The Rev. W. H. Anderdon has added a pleasing contribution to the store of Christmas story books in the shape of a little volume

* *Tales from the Diary of a Sister of Mercy.* By C. M. Brame. London: Burns and Oates, 1868.

called *In the Snow.** It is a collection of tales supposed to be related by a number of travellers who have been caught by a sudden increase of severity in the weather at the Hospice of Mount St. Bernard, and who wile away the time by providing in turn what entertainment they can in the form above mentioned. They seem to have succeeded so well that we are almost surprised at the alacrity with which they gave up listening to one another's tales at the first symptoms of a thaw—"in the snow."

9. Many of our readers will be glad to learn that the exquisite work of Madme. Craven, *Le Recit d'une Sœur*†, which has obtained so remarkable a success in France, has been translated into English by Miss E. Bowles. We need say no more in its commendation than is contained in the use made, and the opinions expressed of it in our own pages, but we warn the readers of the *Story of Alexandrine* that the interest of Mrs. Craven's volumes is by no means exhausted by the character which was made the principal figure in our own articles. We have also much pleasure in welcoming a good translation of Monseigneur Dupanloup's *Femmes Savantes et Femmes Studieuses*‡ from the pen of Mrs. Phillimore. This publication may, we hope, be taken as a sign that the important question of the education of ladies is about to receive due attention on this side of the Channel as well as in France. We are also glad to learn that the monthly publication issued under the auspices of Father Ramière, the Director of the "Apostolate of Prayer"—called *Le Messager du Sacrè Cœur*—is to appear regularly in an English form. We are very much in need, both in Ireland and England, of some strictly religious magazine which may fill the place occupied in France by the *Semaine Religieuse*, which, unless we are mistaken, appears regularly in most of the dioceses in that country. This *Messenger* will, we trust, be gradually improved until it answers the purpose, not only of promoting the objects of the "Apostolate of Prayer," but also of diffusing religious intelligence of general interest, and of supplying a certain amount of edifying and instructive reading. We must also simply mention the appearance of two letters by "Cornubiensis," *How do the Distinctive Principles of Baptists accord with Holy Scripture and Common Sense?* and of a *Postscript* by Canon Oakeley to his pamphlet *On Church Choirs and Church Music.*

* *In the Snow:* Tales of Mount St. Bernard. By the Rev. W. H. Anderdon, M.A. London: Burns and Oates. 1868.

† *A Sister's Story*, from the French of Madme. A. Craven. By Emily Bowles. 3 volumes (Bentley). 1865.

‡ *Studious Women*, from the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. By R. M. Phillimore (Virtue). 1868.

Letters on Classical Education.

I.

A MAN need not have very sharp hearing, Dear Mr. Editor, to be aware of the great outcries against Classical Education which are filling the scholastic atmosphere. To judge however from the multitude of new classical school-books which are issuing from the press, I should conclude that the defenders of the old stronghold are not yet very much frightened by their besiegers' advances. I have noticed even some new Latin Verse books, and a new Introduction to Greek Iambics, published during the past year. This laying in of stores and ammunition does not look as if they expected to have to evacuate their fortress before long. In fact, without attempting to maintain that there is any causative connexion between the two things, much less to decide which is cause and which effect, I may say that the loudness of the attack has been coincident with the growth of the system attacked. There has always been a sort of grumbling discontent in some quarters against Classical Education, but it certainly seems to me that the grumbling was lowest when there was most reason for it to be loud, and is now loudest when there is comparatively little reason for it at all. At a time when the Public Schools absolutely excluded everything but the Classics and their accessories, when not even French or Mathematics were allowed to cross the sacred threshold, I remember but little public dissatisfaction being expressed. A stray article in the *Edinburgh* by Sydney Smith was about the worst the old system had to fear. And yet, apart from this exclusiveness, the Classics themselves were not taught so thoroughly and so carefully as they are now. On the other hand, now that other subjects, such as Mathematics and French, and in some places Natural Philosophy, have been admitted into the curriculum, and, as I said, the Classics themselves are better taught, the

former low growl of discontent has risen to shrieking pitch. We have Mr. Lowe in one place, and Earl Russell in another, denouncing a Classical Education, and recommending instead a course of Shakspeare and Macaulay. We have also certain Under-masters declaiming loudly against the cruelty and absurdity of Latin Grammar and Latin Verses; and we have a flood of articles in Reviews and Newspapers, the authors of which seem to try who can say the strongest things against a system which they think doomed to annihilation.

One of the most note-worthy of recent publications on the subject is a set of Essays by various writers on different points of a liberal education, edited by Mr. Farrar, one of the masters at Harrow.* All are more or less on the side of reform; each writer advocating either the admission of some favourite branch of study, or the omission of some present practice which seems to him specially obnoxious. What I may call the positive Essays seem decidedly more successful than the negative. This is perhaps partly owing to the fact that they are generally more moderate in tone: the negative writers frequently using language which it would be indulgent to call by no worse name than extravagant declamation. After reading the book through, the thought almost forces itself upon one; "What sort of a school would that be, which should try to combine in practice all the advice given by these authors?" If such a school were practically possible, I am sure it would not please any one of the nine gentlemen who have bound their ideas up in one volume. To treat of each point raised and argued in these Essays would be impossible, but I should be glad if you will allow me to express my thoughts on the general subject, with occasional reference to the Essays. The subject is of undeniable interest; all the more so that every one feels able to form an opinion on it for himself, and to criticise the opinions of his neighbours.

The whole matter may be reduced roughly to two questions. First, whether Latin and Greek should be retained at all, or, if retained, should not be brought down

* *Essays on a Liberal Education.* Edited by Rev. F. W. Farrar. Macmillans. 1867.

from their post of preeminence, and put simply on a level with other matters to be introduced into the curriculum. Secondly, whether, retaining the Classics as the *pièce de resistance*, and giving the principal attention to them, time cannot be found to teach a substantial amount of several other things, which it is desirable a boy should be grounded in before leaving school.

Now, with respect to the first of these two questions, it is well to state distinctly at the outset, that, as far as I can judge, not one of the writers of the "Essays" would wish to answer affirmatively. All that any one of them really advocates amounts to nothing more than a modification of what he thinks the too exclusive character of Classical Education. Yet many of them seem to think it necessary, in order to prove this point, to use language so strong, and arguments so sweeping, that the actual reforms they urge cannot fail to strike the reader as a lame and impotent conclusion. They will have no right to be surprised if, as has been already done in some notices of the book, extremists use both their arguments and their authority for the purpose of eliminating the Classics altogether from education. This is especially true of Mr. Sidgwick's paper on the theory of Classical Education, in which he takes all the arguments which he has met with in favour of the Classics and combats them one by one. Yet he tells us in conclusion that he would still retain Latin as the main subject, and would make room for what he thinks ought to be introduced, by postponing Greek till the higher forms are reached. And I must add (what is absolutely necessary to form a fair notion of Mr. Sidgwick's opinion of the Classics), that he thinks *the knowledge of Greek would not suffer* by this postponement, for that boys, being older when they begin, would make a proportionably quicker progress, and would end with quite as good a knowledge of it as they do now. It is evident therefore that this writer does not wish to lower the Classical tone of our higher Education, but only to propose a plan by which he thinks the same results would be produced in less time. Whether his anticipations would be verified will be vehemently doubted by many: but

there is no reason to think that he would stand by his plan if it were certain to lower the Classical standard of Public School education.

I have said however that Mr. Sidgwick takes the arguments in favour of the Classics and combats them one by one. There are but few men who, like Dr. Newman, can state an adversary's argument more strongly than that adversary himself: and Mr. Sidgwick is not one of the few. As stated by him many of the pleas he combats are manifestly weak, and do not cost him much trouble to demolish. There is however almost always *something* in the arguments he combats, and this he meets by saying that some other subject would answer as well on that point, or perhaps better. But surely there is some special force in the fact that the *one* study of the Classics does so many things at once. Suppose it were possible that these things might be done better each by a separate means, which may very well be denied except for argument's sake; yet it is no mean advantage that there should be one study which can reach them all, even though it should not reach them all so perfectly. I suppose there is no other study that can be named which is so far-reaching, and so many-sided, as the study of the Classics. When a boy prepares his author-lesson for school, to how many points has his attention to be turned! It is much the habit of those who complain of Classical studies to take the case of a dull boy, and an exacting master who insists on certain results, and canes if they are not forthcoming. This is not quite fair. Surely these are accidents of human nature, and not faults inherent in this particular study. Even if we substitute English and Natural Philosophy for the Classics, dull boys and unsympathetic exacting masters will still be found, and the result will still be, under whatever circumstances, a failure in education. No:—let us rather take an earnest, patient, appreciative teacher (and such can be found in Classical schools), and suppose the boys to be of average ability. I do not hesitate to say that such a master will make an author-lesson in schools a means of drawing out the powers of the boys' minds in various directions, and of imparting to them an amount of interest-

ing and improving information that could not be equalled by any other kind of lesson. History, Geography, what are called Antiquities, Comparative Philology, construction of sentences, harmony and force of language, arrangement of topics, differences of idiom, figures of speech, choice of appropriate words or phrases for translation; and (if the author be a poet) metre, rhythm and prosody: all these and probably many other things besides, which others better versed in these matters than I am could suggest, would find their place in a school lesson of any Greek or Latin author. Many of these points the master would have taught his boys to investigate for themselves when preparing their work; others he would himself bring out and dilate upon as occasion served. Often enough opportunity would be offered to compare the state of such sciences as the ancients knew with their state at the present day; and this would be all the more appreciated if the school curriculum included something of modern science, for I am not advocating exclusive classicism by any means. Add to this the practice of composition and written translation, with the hints and corrections of an experienced and pains-taking master, and you have an instrument of education, to say the least, of very extensive reach, and of great polishing power. I do not pretend to have exhausted the whole scope of Classical study. I suppose it is impossible for any one to be sure of having enumerated all the different bearings of a subject so complex, so elastic, and so incapable of adequate logical division. Ever, as I write, new points seem to suggest themselves to me, and to reproach me for omitting them. I have however said enough perhaps to show that a system of education with so large a scope, and having such multitudinous points of contact with the mind, cannot be put down as useless in itself, nor even as comparatively useless, whatever other system may be compared with it. I have no doubt it is due to this many-sided character that it has held its ground for so many ages: though in times when the battle for bread-and-butter is more fierce, it is easily understood that a system which does not directly teach boys the trade of money-making will have to undergo an

unpopularity which its enemies of all sorts will not fail to take advantage of.

Still, if it be insisted that for boys of what may be called the lower middle classes, sons, let us say, of small tradesmen, who look forward to be small tradesmen themselves, such an education as I have indicated is not the most fitting, by all means let there be, as I suppose there are, schools where the Classics are not taught;—commercial schools, where boys may be taught only what is thought useful for their future occupations, and where their minds may not be raised above the sphere they are intended to fill. There are such schools already, and, if the demand rises, no doubt they will be multiplied. Many however, whose opinion is after all worth something, are convinced—first, that a little Classical instruction will do this class of boys no harm, but will rather help the more capable of them to rise above their parents' sphere:—and secondly that it is perfectly possible, at a good Classical school, to give as much of what is called a *modern* education in union with the Classics, as is ordinarily given at these commercial schools without them. Such boys ordinarily leave school when they are about fourteen. I do not hesitate to say that in the five years preceding, boys of average ability under capable and pains-taking masters (and surely I may be allowed to make these conditions), may obtain permanent advantages from a Classical training, besides enough Arithmetic, History, Geography, and French, to satisfy the wants of their career. Of course, if a boy shows himself quite incapable of profiting by Latin or Greek, he should not be kept at a Classical school, and it is the master's simple duty to induce the parents to remove him. If however the master chooses to consider the increase of his numbers, and consequently of his income, a matter of greater importance than the interests of his clients, it is quite right that outcries should be raised; but in all justice let them be directed against such masters, not against the system of education which they falsely represent.

I have spoken as yet only on the first general question—whether the Classics should be retained in their preemi-

nence as the basis of a liberal education. There is, I think, no real danger that the affirmative decision of the Public School Commissioners on this head will fall to the ground. Still it is well that this side of the question should be kept before the public, when so much is being said on the other side. The further question, whether in the old plan the Classics did not monopolize more than their fair share of attention, and keep other branches of study unfairly in the background, was also answered by the Commissioners in the affirmative. If your room and my time admit of it, I shall be glad to consider this second point in a second letter.

II.

THE question whether Classical training suffices without any admixture of other really distinct subjects, is one which need scarcely be asked, or if asked would scarcely be answered now-a-days except negatively. I do not so much mean that circumstances are altered, though no doubt as the sciences have become more clearly defined and more fully known, their claims for admission to the curriculum may be greater; but I mean rather that there *never were* good grounds for confining education to the Classics, as used to be the rule at the great schools, and that people by some means or other have been brought to see this. I do not doubt, nay, I should certainly maintain that there were many minds that were not injured by the old system, and minds that respond to a literary training as a string or bell responds to its own particular note. Such men as these, after a school and college course of Classics, let us say at the age of twenty-one, are in the best possible condition to master any study whatever, or fit themselves at the shortest notice for any career, which the ordinary motives of human life may incline them to take up. Their faculties have not only been sharpened, but what is more to the purpose, they have been *co-ordinated* by their previous training: there is a power of concentration, of looking at things from many points of view, of recognizing at

once the leading features of a subject, and of seizing as it were the key to the position, which will generally give such men a distinct advantage over rivals who have perhaps been years at the same study, but are without that previous discipline of mind. Nevertheless, I am quite convinced that even these most favourable cases might have been improved if their training had not been so exclusive as I have supposed. And here I am naturally brought to consider what else should be taught to boys in our higher schools besides the Classics, understanding this word in that broad and comprehensive sense I have before explained.

It will be considered perhaps a mere truism to say that arithmetic and mathematics have an indefeasible claim to the second place in the school course; but I am obliged to say it in order to complete my statement. That these subjects should ever have been omitted from any system of education was simply an inexcusable neglect: yet every one knows they were omitted from the public schools, till, about thirty years ago, one after another of these schools began to introduce them tentatively and as optional matters. I remember however that before that time one at least of the London public schools gave its pupils three half-holidays a week; and the parents were always told, when they brought their sons for admission, that this time was given in order that the boys might be able to learn *at home* what was not taught at school. This was of course to admit that the education given there was not a sufficient one; and the plan adopted might answer to some extent at a day-school, such as the London schools mostly are. But such a supplement to the old exclusive system was of course not applicable to the other public schools of the country where the pupils are almost wholly boarders. In those old times I have known first-class Oxford classics boast that they did not know enough of "figures" to add up their washerwoman's bill; for there is a curious tendency in human nature, not always restrained by common sense, to despise any knowledge the value of which we have not ourselves experienced. Professor Conington in the *Con-*

temporary Review for January last, speaks of the "hereditary feud between classics and mathematics." The expression is no doubt a true one, if nothing more is meant than that such a feud has existed for several generations. But if it is intended to imply that there is any natural antagonism between the two, and that a mind which shows a good capacity for one would be thereby proved to have little capacity for the other, I should utterly deny the truth and justice of the implication. Mens' minds are as various as their bodies; but goodness of sight in no way implies badness of hearing. Different sides of the mind are reached by the two studies, but so far from there being any natural incompatibility between them, a talent for one will ordinarily coexist with at least a good capacity for the other. What little experience I have had has certainly forced this conclusion upon me, and I think that most cases which might seem to point to the opposite conclusion may be sufficiently accounted for by one of two causes, want of will, or early neglect.

Next in importance to mathematics is French. This ought also be obligatory on all, to be learnt *pari passu* with Latin, and much in the same way. German I would not allow till the higher forms are reached; but whether it should then be left optional, or made an ordinary lesson I am not prepared all at once to decide. To begin it earlier would be multiplying subjects too much; but by the time a boy reaches the higher classes his French may be left to take care of itself, if only he can get access to a fair collection of interesting French books, and is obliged to stand an examination in it with his other matters. German therefore might, if thought well, now take the place of French as an ordinary lesson, and would be useful, not only for its own sake, but on account of its relationship to English, and the means it affords of better understanding the structure and the changes of our own tongue.

The natural sciences are next to be considered, and they certainly ought not to be excluded entirely from school education. But unfortunately their name is legion,

and to admit them all would be to exclude all else. On this subject I cannot do better than refer to Mr. Wilson's Essay, "On teaching Natural Science in Schools," in the volume to which I have before alluded. It is one of the most moderate, and, perhaps for that very reason, one of the most convincing of the nine Essays there collected. We need not be surprised if in an Essay written specially to advocate the claims of science, rather more is demanded than we should be inclined to concede: but I think any one who is open to conviction would, after reading the essay, differ from Mr. Wilson only as to the more or less, not as to the principles maintained. He recommends that science lessons should be introduced at the top of the school, and gradually brought down lower, as far as experience may prove them not to interfere dangerously with other matters. He suggests a little Physical Geography, and Astronomy to begin with; Botany and Experimental Physics (or certain selections from the group of subjects so designated) to follow. He objects decidedly to Chemistry, as being for boys mere cram-work; he objects also to Physiology, and Geology, and he gives sufficient reasons for his objection.

On this subject of science teaching in schools, I should like to put forward a consideration, which seems to me important, and which, if allowed to have any weight, will tend to prevent the danger of these new subjects ousting the Classics from their prominent claims upon the time and attention of schoolboys. I think that no examination in these subjects should involve anything like plucking or penance as a consequence of failure. Let there be prizes if you please, but let them be optional prizes. Let there be examinations obligatory on all, but let there be no fears at the back of the examinations. I will explain why. To learn a thing in such a way as to be able to write it out at an examination in clear and definite terms, or answer problematical questions on it which do not suggest the method of their own solution is a very different thing from simply understanding a subject when put before one,—it is a very different thing again from taking an interest in a subject, and being

able to apply its principles to practical cases that fall naturally in one's own way. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that the one sort of knowledge would require in most boys ten times the amount of time and attention that the other would. What a different thing it is for a boy to *learn* a proposition in Euclid, and to understand it! Now, is it necessary that schoolboys should have the first sort of knowledge with respect to the Natural Sciences? If it is decided to be necessary that during three or four years of their school course science should be studied in this way, then we may as well give up Classics altogether, for the time left for them will certainly not avail to give anything like a decent proficiency in them. I for one do not think it necessary. Boys, before leaving school, should know there are such things as the natural sciences, they should see their bearing and their importance, they should be able to refer most of the natural phenomena they see or hear of to their proper sequence and relation. It is well that opportunities should be afforded to the quicker or more ambitious to make their knowledge more minute and complete, but for the mass my opinion is that the science-teaching, accurate of course, should be rather suggestive than complete, giving the boys such a knowledge as they may easily complete for themselves afterwards when they leave school. Some people will say, "they will not learn anything, unless there are examinations with penances to back them." This may be true with some things; it is not true of these subjects. They attract attention of themselves, and if taught by a competent and zealous master are immensely popular with boys, even without experiments.

Let this suffice for the positive suggestions made in Mr. Farrar's volume. The negative suggestions, namely, that Latin Grammar and Versification should be abolished, I must omit to notice, at least for this time. The two Essays on these points, as I have said, are full of rhetorical exaggerations, and the arguments run chiefly against the use of a thing from its occasional abuse. Defence will not be wanting on these heads, we may be sure. Already

Professor Conington, in the *Contemporary Review*, has raised his voice for Verses against Mr. Farrar, and has expressed his confidence that the worst of the attack is past, and that the tide will turn. I may here call attention to the fact that a proposal in the Cambridge Senate from the Syndics themselves, to make Verse composition optional at the Classical Tripos, was, a month or two ago, referred back to them by the whole body for further consideration. Mr. Farrar tells us that at Harrow his views have been carried out in practice: he would have added to the interest of his Essay, and certainly to its practical value, if he had entered into details on this point, and told us precisely what *is* done at Harrow: whether verses are altogether abolished, or made optional: and if the latter, what proportion of boys choose them, and what the others do instead.

i.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN UNLAMENTED FALL.

WITHOUT a suspicion of anything wrong, Eutropius followed the messenger who summoned him to the imperial presence. It was rather early, certainly, but it was all the better, as he was impatient to inform the Emperor of his project for the public dances, so as to commence preparations at once. As he approached the imperial apartments, it struck him that there was an unusual excitement there. The Emperor might be ill—dying. His thoughts went further: Arcadius had no son, his brother, the boy Honorius, was far away in the West: why should not he, Consul and Patrician, be Cæsar Augustus? All this passed through his mind as he went, and the eyes of all whom he met followed him with scorn and hatred. He stopped suddenly, thunderstruck, for Gaïnas was just coming out of the Emperor's room.

"'You here?" he faltered, pale and confused. "Why not?" answered the Goth; and seizing the arm of Eutropius, he drew him into the room, crying, "Here is the traitor, mighty Emperor! Punish him as he deserves."

Ashy-white under the paint on his cheeks, with trembling limbs, and eyes wild with terror, Eutropius fell on his knees, for Eudoxia was sitting in her triumphant beauty beside Arcadius. The whole truth flashed in an instant on the wretched man: "they are reconciled—Tribigild has submitted, and I am lost!"

"'Miserable wretch!" said the Emperor, "here is your sentence. Take it, and leave my presence."

"'Mercy! pity!" shrieked Eutropius, without offering to take the parchment to which the imperial signature had just been affixed.

"'Read it to him, Gaïnas," said Arcadius.

"'And let the doors be opened," added Eudoxia, "so that all who are here may rejoice in the justice of the Cæsar Augustus."

She was obeyed, and all the chamberlains crowded up to hear and to see——all but one;—while Gaïnas read in a loud voice: "The Patrician Eutropius, late Lord-Chamberlain and Consul, is deprived of all his titles, offices, and dignities; his property is forfeited to the crown, and he is banished to the farthest shore of the Black Sea."

A shout of joy rang through the palace, while Eutropius, grovelling at Eudoxia's feet, sobbed out: "O most noble Eudoxia, glorious Augusta—save my life!"

She turned from him with a gesture of intense scorn: but Arcadius said, "You have just heard that your life *is* spared, although you deserve a thousand deaths."

Gaïnas whispered to Eudoxia, "Lady, you were too merciful."

"I choose to punish, not to destroy," she answered haughtily.

"Away—out of my sight!" repeated Arcadius. "Go and get together what is necessary, for in two hours you must be ready to start."

"They will kill me!" wailed the fallen favourite, crawling on his knees to the Emperor's feet: "be merciful—do not let me be murdered."

"This scene is horrible—I cannot bear it," cried Eudoxia: she clapped her hands, and Amantius made his way into the room, through the crowd at the door.

"Take him away, Amantius—and see that he is ready in time: he is helpless from terror." Amantius obeyed, and led, or rather bore him out of the room. Even in the first ante-chamber a storm of reproaches assailed the miserable Eutropius: but the farther they advanced from the imperial apartments, the fiercer grew the insults, the wilder the cries of rage and triumph, and Amantius could scarcely save him from personal ill-usage. The fallen favourite seemed neither to see nor to hear: he was half senseless with the agony of terror. Amantius kept incessantly shouting through the yells of fury and threatening gestures which surrounded them: "In the name of the Empress let no one touch him.....he is banished.....he is leaving the city."....

"Yes—and taking his ill-gotten gains with him! Out with the gold he has stolen from better men!—he shall pay for his crimes with his life—what is banishment for guilt like his?" so the furious voices shouted on all sides; and still Amantius cried: "Touch him not—lay no hands on him, in the name of the Empress!" and at last succeeded in getting him to his own quarters in the palace.

"Now you are safe: prepare for your journey, and wait till the guards come for you."

"I—safe?" cried Eutropius—"do you not see that every one has forsaken me? where are my friends? my servants? there is not one to be seen: and hark to the tumult outside; the din of voices, voices of men thirsting for my blood!"

"Compose yourself: the soldiers will take care of you."

"The soldiers!.....Gaïnas has stirred them up against me: they will fall upon me like wild beasts—they will murder me: or—worse still, they will give me up to the people to be torn limb from limb!"

"Miserable man!" said Amantius, overcome by the sight of this agony of fear for so wretched an existence: "think on God!"

"Yes, yes; I will," cried Eutropius, suddenly inspired with a gleam of hope: "farewell, Amantius; I thank you.....now go, leave me: I would be alone."

Amantius hesitated—"You are not thinking of killing yourself?" he asked anxiously.

"I?—you are mad to ask me: is not my own desire to live—only to live.....Even if it were to be in a Scythian or Libyan desert, still to live!"

"God help you," said Amantius, as he went to inform Eudoxia that he had done her bidding. She met him radiant with joy. "Congratulate me! the Emperor has summoned all his officers of state to announce to them the title of Augusta. I am Empress now, Amantius!"

Louder and louder grew the fury of the populace against the hated Eutropius: they rushed in crowds to the theatre, the circus, the forum, to pull down his statues, drag them through the streets, and break them in pieces: others surrounded the door through which the Prætorian guards were to take him to the harbour: while some flung stones and dirt against the walls which hid him from their sight, yelling out curses on the man before whom, but yesterday, they had crouched in slavish submission. But the object of their hatred had escaped them. The moment he was alone he hastened to wash the paint from his corpse-like face; then tearing off his rich robes he dressed himself in those of a scullion, and soiled his hair and his hands with soot and ashes. No one interrupted him: he was utterly forsaken. Then he slipped hastily through the back entrance of the palace, and hurried by quiet by-streets into the city: he went on in an anguish of breathless haste, yet every now and then he slackened his speed, lest it should excite suspicion.

But no one noticed him—no one guessed that this shabby miserable old slave was the Consul Eutropius.

Now he is near his goal: like a hunted beast he dashes across the great square, and stands panting in the portico of Sta. Sophia. In his haste he stumbled against two women, one of whom looked at him, and cried, "Eutropius!" "Silence! . . for the love of pity!" he whispered, and hastened on, while the women passed into the square. The one who had recognised him turned towards the Patriarch's palace, saying: "We had better tell the holy father at once: something extraordinary must have happened." The deaconesses Pentadia and Procla were at once admitted to an interview, in a poor little room, which was more like a monk's cell than the apartment of a prince of the Church.

"Reverend Father," said Pentadia, who was much agitated, "the Church has received into sanctuary the man who sought to rob her of this privilege. Eutropius has fled, disguised as a slave, to the Altar of Sta. Sophia."

"Divine Providence!" exclaimed Chrysostom, "how wonderful are Thy ways! . . and you, Pentadia, to whom he refused this refuge, were the one to recognise him?"

"It seems that till I saw him no one had discovered him," she answered, "but he cannot remain long concealed."

"What can have occurred, now," said the Patriarch musingly, "to account for this? Well—be it what it may, the Church will protect him." Some priests who entered at this moment confirmed the news of the disgrace and flight of the Consul.

"When the Prætorians went to conduct him to the harbour," said Serapion, "they found his dwelling deserted. They are seeking him everywhere, and the people are mad with fury. Do you not hear them? they are coming nearer: what a hideous yell! they are on his track, poor wretch!"

The women trembled at the sounds: "Go to my little hospital," said Chrysostom: "you will be in your own element there, and forget your fears: I will go to the Church."

"You will save this unhappy man, holy father, that he may not die in his sins?" asked Pentadia.

"*I* can not save him, my daughter," answered the Patriarch: "pray for him, and ask God to protect His Sanctuary from the hand of violence."

CHAPTER IX.

THE SANCTUARY OF STA. SOPHIA.

It was a marvel of magnificence, that Cathedral of Sta. Sophia, which Constantine had adorned with such lavish splendour. The doors were of cedar inlaid with ivory and amber—the latter being then very rare, and greatly sought after; the walls of marble, covered with bright graceful arabesques. The galleries round the dome were supported on pillars of porphyry, alabaster, verde antique, and the beautiful rose-coloured granite of Egypt. Silver boat-shaped lamps bore the undying light before the High Altar, and candelabra of the same metal, in the form of trees, had large clumps of wax lights on their branches. Round the open screen which divided the sanctuary from the rest of the church, were twelve silver pillars, between which stood ten silver statues, representing Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, the four Evangelists, and the four greater Prophets. The altar was a mass of jewels, gold, and pearls; indeed the whole building was a treasury of art—the pride of the Emperors, the joy of the faithful, and the crown of Constantinople.

But on this day not one of the crowds which filled the church to overflowing gave a thought to its beauty and magnificence: every eye was fixed on an object which contrasted startlingly with everything that surrounded it. Stripped of the borrowed splendour of his dignity and office, half dead with anguish and terror, the miserable Eutropius stood in all his native ugliness and insignificance, clinging convulsively to a pillar near the altar. The crowd which filled the vast space of the cathedral was silent and motionless in breathless suspense. What would be the end? A new law had taken away the right of sanctuary, the innocent and guilty might be torn from the altar by the Prætorian guards at the Emperor's command. Would that command be given? would the new law be used for the first time against its framer? what would the Patriarch do? Then suddenly, in that wonderfully impressive hush of an expectant multitude, was heard the clatter of arms, the tramp of heavy feet: the Prætorians! They are coming nearer—they fill the nave, they pass on, regardless of the crowds, who cannot give way, but are crushed back by the advancing soldiers. Onward they push to their prey, who stares with the fixed gaze of despair at the great iron serpent slowly wending its way along, with fierce eyes full of vengeance and

death. Every nerve of his body quivers with terror—the sweat
agony is on his brow;—every now and then a hoarse ratt
comes from his parched throat, and a convulsive moveme
distorts his features. It was a horrible sight. But no one fe
pity: all were absorbed in breathless expectation.

A slight movement in the part of the cathedral leading to th
sacristy: then a whisper—"It is he—he is coming: room for th
Patriarch! The Golden-mouth is going to speak." Somehow
other, room was made for him, and the Prætorians stood literal
wedged in, while the Patriarch mounted the pulpit.

There he stood, a small slight figure—a pale, delicate, sick
face—a very picture of bodily weakness—but bold with th
boldness of a good conscience, and majestic with the consciou
ness of the sacred right he was ready to defend. In a lou
thrilling voice he bade the soldiers and the people withdraw, ar
not profane God's sanctuary by vulgar curiosity or brutal violenc
the law had never yet been executed: it should not be executc
now—God's mercy forbade it. Submissively, as though the Pat
arch were their general, the rude Prætorians obeyed. The peop
followed them, to relieve their long suppressed feelings in th
open air. The sudden change in his dangerous position was tc
much for the miserable Eutropius, and he fell senseless to th
ground. By the Patriarch's orders, he was carried to a roo
adjoining the sacristy, and refreshed with wine and restorative

"He has no martyr's blood in his veins, this creature here
said a young acolyte, who was attending to him.

"And his cause is no martyr's cause," answered a deacon
"self-love is always cowardly: the love of God alone give
courage."

"What a sight it was," cried the boy, "to see the holy fath
defending this old half-dead hunted vermin by nothing but h
words!"

"Ah, that it was!" said another. "I could not help thinkir
of the day when my poor soul will have to be judged, and ho
the devil will accuse it, and my angel guardian try to defend i
I *did* pray hard that my conscience may be better off than th
poor wretch's."

Hardly had Chrysostom reached his house, when a messeng
summoned him to the Emperor. The news spread, and grew i
spreading, and when he appeared in the great square of St
Sophia, the people surrounded him with lamentations: "You wi
be arrested, holy father,—sent into banishment instead of tha
wretch! . . . . . You have sacrificed yourself for him in vain

but we will avenge you—you and ourselves! Give him up, holy father, to the just anger of the Emperor, and save yourself."

The Patriarch said a soothing word every now and then, as he hastened through the excited crowds to the palace. He found Arcadius in a state of great irritation: Gaïnas had threatened him with a rebellion of the whole army in case of Eutropius' escaping.

"Holy father!" exclaimed the Emperor, "what have you been about? Defending a traitor, and endangering my throne! Is this lawful?"

"Your throne, most clement Arcadius, is strengthened rather than endangered by the protection which the Church gives this unhappy man from his bloodthirsty enemies," replied the Patriarch calmly.

"The Church no longer possesses the right to give this protection."

"Pardon me, mighty Emperor, if I reply that she cannot lose a right which is inalienable."

"It *is* lost, lost by an imperial decree rescinding the privilege: and I scarcely imagine that your Holiness thinks yourself at liberty to defy the laws."

"This law, Most Illustrious, was framed by the man against whom it is now directed; his motives for making it were very low and very unworthy: his aim was to take the last refuge away from nobler misfortune than his own. No sooner was the law promulgated than one common cry of indignation protested against it: to this hour it has never been enforced. It is condemned by the reverence of the people for the Church."

"But it exists, notwithstanding," cried Arcadius, "it has my sanction! and even your Holiness has to submit to the laws."

"Surely, most clement Emperor, so long as they are not in opposition to a higher law. I cannot allow the rights of the Church to be infringed; and this is one of her most precious rights—to be a place of mercy—a city of refuge. It is an inalienable right, inherited from her Divine Founder. A sinner embraced His Sacred Feet, weeping; and she rose up a Saint."

"That is *one* instance, reverend father!"

"Yes, *one* instance, one for which all ages give thanks, and which is an eternal precedent to the Church; and who can say what work may be done in secret? If she cannot save the body, she must seek to save the immortal soul. But soul and body are lost when the offender is seized and slain in that moment of madness, when he is a fugitive, half dead with anguish and fear.

And not he alone—his pursuers also fall into deadly sin. The Church would prevent this: O pious Arcadius, do you make that a reproach to her?—or to me who am merely the minister of her authority? And remember, we have hitherto been speaking of a criminal, Arcadius! let us now turn to the innocent. Think that, but for this blessed right of sanctuary, such a woman as Pentadia would have been torn from the altar, banished to Libya, and there killed—God only knows how—with her husband. May not such a case occur again and again? and ought you not to thank God for this merciful restraint on lawless passions?"

"The life of Eutropius is not threatened, holy father: he is to be banished only."

"Can you answer for your Prætorians, most clement Arcadius? or for Gaïnas, his deadly enemy? or for the enraged people? Give all these unsettled elements time to compose themselves—give this unhappy Eutropius time to submit himself to the chastening Hand of God. I know you only desire to do what is just and right: well, then, let your desire be the same as God's, Who desires not the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live."

"I am not cruel, as your Holiness knows," answered Arcadius," "but Gaïnas insists on the death of Eutropius, and the Prætorians clamour for it."

"Justice demands that he should be removed from this city," said the Patriarch, "and you will banish him to satisfy justice, not the revenge of Gaïnas, nor the ferocity of the soldiery. Oppose their clamours and bloodthirstiness by your mercy and wisdom and dignity, and they will be silent for very shame. They will see that their will cannot be carried out, if only, mighty Arcadius, you will assert your own."

"And I will: your Holiness is right! they shall find that I am master. But pray for me, my venerable father, that God may give me words to restrain them; and rest assured that this law shall be revoked. You have shewn me the truth in this matter, and I thank you for it."

Arcadius took leave of the Patriarch with the affectionate respect of a son, and the friends who were anxiously expecting the termination of the interview read good news in his face.

"Things have gone well, holy father, I am sure of it," cried Serapion.

"Pray for the Emperor," answered Chrysostom, "he has restored the right of sanctuary, and spared the life of Eutropius."

"Your Holiness is like Orpheus!" exclaimed Isidore, another

young deacon, in a burst of poetical enthusiasm. "By the charm of his lyre he tamed wild beasts and made stones feel: and your words have worked quite as great a wonder—checked the Prætorians, and given courage to the Emperor."

"Give God the honour, my son, and pray for the Emperor;" and so saying, the Patriarch returned to his house, the door of which was besieged by crowds waiting to welcome him back. But, though Chrysostom's holy and self-denying life, his love for the poor, the eloquence of his preaching, and his simple-minded devotion to his sacred calling, had made him the idol of the people, and the very model of perfection to all who loved virtue and desired to lead a christian life, yet there were many (and among them were monks and priests) who hated the Patriarch as vice ever hates purity. His predecessor, the Senator Nectarius, had been altogether of another stamp, and had not exercised the salutary discipline over his clergy which Chrysostom deemed indispensable for those who, living in the world, were not to be of it. Thus the careless, the worldly, and the half-hearted, shunned and hated the light which revealed their own darkness. There were some such men among those round the Patriarch's palace: and when he announced the joyful news that the Church was still to enjoy her right of sanctuary, and one loud cheer answered him, there were words of dislike and bitterness spoken even then.

"He may have to seek this asylum himself some day: who knows?" said Florus to Eugenius.

"He *will* have to seek it, if the feeling against him goes on increasing," was the answer. Both hated Chrysostom for the holy life which was a living reproach to theirs.

CHAPTER X.

NATURE AND GRACE.

It was Sunday—the day on which Olympias felt the burden of her captivity weigh most heavily: she was shut out from the House of God—excluded from the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries.

"O dearest lady," said Theone, "it is such a sorrow to enjoy a privilege which you cannot share."

"Do not grieve," Olympias answered; "I can unite myself in

spirit to those penitents who were excluded from the churches ti they had humbly performed their penance."

"But we all know, lady, that your place is not among them."

Olympias smiled: "*I* know that my place is where God ha appointed it."

When they were all gone Olympias visited her sick, attended t their wants, and said some prayers with them: then she went t her own room, and remained for some time lost in thinking c what she honestly thought the great grace of being thus a prison for the love of God. Like all delicate and noble characters, sh had the keenest sense of natural beauty, but she suffered n earthly charm, however innocent, to gain a power over her, an allowed weeks and months to pass without going on the terrac from which there was a magnificent view over the Propontis. I the time of her father and her husband this terrace was a brigh beautiful garden, gay with flowers and fountains, and dotted he and there with elegant little tents, fitted up with comfortab seats, in which it was a real luxury to enjoy the soft sea breez But all this was a tale of the past, and none of the attractions the place remained except the view over the sea—a charm th nothing can alter. Olympias went to the terrace on this Sund morning, and, leaning on the parapet, looked thoughtfully at tl blue dancing waves before her. "Like the life of the soul," sh thought; "the surface always in restless movement, unsatisfie longing—and perfect rest in the lower depths"—

"Olympias! what a wonder!" cried an eager voice, and a la stepped out of the door leading on the terrace: "I have be watching you full three minutes, and you have been doing nothi all that time! neither reading, nor sewing, nor looking after yo beloved cripples. It is quite delightful to find that you can ev be idle like the rest of the world."

"That is the way you catch me, is it?" said Olympias smilin "and what brings you here, dear Thaïs?"

"Just see what a proof of affection I am giving you," cri Thaïs, a very pretty young woman, and a near relation Olympias: "I have missed church to pay you a visit."

"Thaïs! I do not like such a proof as that!"

"Then you are an ungrateful creature to say so," was tl careless answer: "I was dying to bring you the good news; wanted to be the first to tell it, and I dare say I am. Shut up; you are, you have most likely not heard yet of the fall Eutropius."

"Ah, it has come, then!" exclaimed Olympias, thinking of Eudoxia's messengers.

"Why, you do not seem surprised," said Thaïs.

"One never can be surprised at the fall of any one in such an insecure position."

"Well, at any rate, you must be very glad of it; for now you will be free: it is no one's interest now to shut you up, and to devour your property; and all your relations, I your old playfellow among them, will attack the Emperor on the subject. Do you know they say he is quite a different man? full of courage and eloquence—fancy that! You see Eutropius had fled to Sta. Sophia, and the Patriarch was protecting him. The Prætorians were ready to storm the Palace, shaking their spears, and crying out that Eutropius should be given up. My husband was at the Palace and saw the whole thing. He could not believe his own ears when the Emperor declared he would speak to them: and he did it, too! He told them what a sin it would be to violate the right of sanctuary, and that murder would certainly be the consequence. They wavered a little, but did not quite give in. Then the Emperor spoke so warmly, pleaded so earnestly, and actually with tears! that every one was wonderstruck, because, you know, our good Emperor is not a person of quick feelings. It must be observed, however, that the Patriarch had just left him: so this unexpected energy may be partly accounted for. Anyhow, the Prætorians took themselves off quite quietly. Eudoxia (who is, of course, at the bottom of it all) is proclaimed Augusta, and everybody is charmed. How long this will last is another question! but one thing is certain, Eudoxia has got the power which Eutropius has lost, and I will answer for her using it!"

Olympias listened quietly to this torrent of words.

"And now, Olympias, what do you intend doing?"

"Just what I am doing now, only without let or hindrance."

"I declare you are intolerable, with your mania of being better than other people!" cried Thaïs: "have you really not had enough of it these six years that you have been a widow?"

"If by 'mania' you mean my way of life, dear Thaïs, I answer 'No:' suppose I were to ask you if you are not tired of your married life after eight years?"

"O that is quite another thing! I have a kind husband, dear children, an ample fortune, and a brilliant position: in short, I am very happy, and one does not tire of happiness. But you, Olympias, you persist in leading a miserable life, when you might

be happy if you would—no wonder I thought this dreary whim
yours might be over. O, if you only would marry Elpidius, ho
happy it would make us all—the Emperor and Empress included

"My dear Thaïs, people do not marry to please other peopl
but because it is their vocation. A second marriage is not min
you know that no persecution has been able to alter my dete
mination: why should I change it without any reason now that
am free?"

"The reason is," cried Thaïs, "that no one has a right to spo
their life. Why only look at this place: it used to be quite a litt
paradise. Have you forgotten how we used to play together
hide-and-seek here among those myrtle bushes? And tho
delicious evenings after your marriage, when Nebridius had t
terrace illuminated, and we used to sit in the tents listening to t
sweet music which was played in the house! and then when
were tired of listening we used to go down those steps to t
grotto where the boats were kept, and sailed far out, watching t
trembling line of light which was the reflection of this terrace
and only see what a change! Olympias, is it a proper thing
the daughter of Anicius Secundus to live in a ruin? I call it
perfect wilderness. We are now sitting on a pedestal whi
supported a flower vase! I declare you will make it impossil
for your friends to visit you, as you have only broken stones
offer them by way of seats."

"You happened to find me here, dear Thaïs," said Olymp
quietly: "I can offer you a comfortable seat in my parlour."

"I was thinking of you, not of myself, as you very well kno
replied Thaïs crossly. "You place yourself outside the circle
which you were born, for which you were educated"—

Olympias interrupted her: "Not so! my beloved Theodo
did not educate me for any narrow sphere of life, but before
and above all, for God—for His service and His love."

"O, of course," replied Thaïs, "we are all Christians, I ho
and so we love and serve God—only not in this exclus
fashion. That is just what we complain of in you. I should
think of speaking of myself; but look at the Empress, how pi
she is, how devout in God's service—what vast sums she spe
on the poor and sick, and in building churches!"

"God reward her," said Olympias.

"Well, all that does not prevent her liking dress and gai
cheerful society, and jewels, and every thing which it is natural
like: why should you be different from the Empress?"

"My dear Thaïs, I never dreamt of comparing myself with her."

"Olympias!" said Thaïs, with an important air, "I have a grand scheme, only I cannot accomplish it without you: it would be for the good of thousands—of the whole empire."

"Are you serious?" asked Olympias, in surprise.

"Perfectly serious. Now just listen. Suppose you marry Elpidius: that makes Arcadius your cousin, you would be thrown very much with him and the Empress, and could not fail to gain great influence over both. Then, of course, through my relationship with you, I should see a good deal of Eudoxia too, and she would naturally prefer the companionship of young women near her own age to that of Marsa and her set. That arrogant Marsa! it would be delightful to see her influence lessen as ours grew; and I am sure it would be a great benefit to the court and the city. She is universally disliked, and any ladies who supplanted her would be very popular. Now that Eutropius has fallen, Eudoxia will reign supreme, for the Patriarch cannot always be working miracles on the Emperor. Now don't you see how naturally it would come about that through our influence with her our husbands would get the reins pretty much in their own hands? Is not that a grand scheme? is it not worth the sacrifice of your whims and fancies, which can do good to no one but your dear cripples?"

"And my own soul," added Olympias, "which I have to save for the Kingdom of God? With the kingdoms of this world I have nothing to do. God has not committed them to me: He will not require an account of them from me."

"I might have known," said Thaïs slightingly, "that your narrow views would never take in a scheme like mine."

"I certainly do not in the least understand such matters. But it seems to me, dear Thaïs, that your plan is something like an intrigue—putting down some and setting up others. Take care! it is slippery and dangerous ground."

"I told you I could not manage it without your help—at least not yet. And it would be such a good time to begin!" sighed Thaïs.

"Is not Eutropius a warning against climbing such dizzy heights?" asked Olympias.

"Eutropius! a low-born, contemptible freedman, a warning to me?" cried Thaïs, half astonished and half indignant.

"Are you safer because you are nobly born? Not slaves only, but all men are liable to make a bad use of power."

"I am quite aware of that. I really have learnt *something* from the Patriarch's discourses. And it is too bad to be compared to Eutropius—and by a friend and relation too," said the offended Thaïs.

Olympias said everything she could think of to pacify her, reiterating assurances that she had not the least idea of vexing her.

"Well, I forgive you everything—all your eccentricities into the bargain—if you will marry Elpidius."

"What should you say if I were to propose that you should separate from your husband and choose another?"

"I should say that you had lost your senses."

"Well," answered Olympias calmly, "just as you are bound to your husband for life, so I have given myself to God. I hope this simple answer has given you the key to my whole life, and convinced you that every proposal of marriage can only be answered by me in one way."

"O Heaven! I guessed that was it! O, my poor Olympias what have you done?"

"I have thrown myself into the arms of God—a safe and happy shelter!" said Olympias.

"O you poor, poor thing!" Thaïs went on, with genuine compassion: "you have just buried yourself alive at four-and-twenty—and you might be so happy! O it is perfectly dreadful!"

How strangely different were the lives of these two, which promised to be so much alike when they played hide-and-seek together in the myrtle thicket!

CHAPTER XI.

THE PATRIARCH'S SERMON.

The conversation was interrupted by the return of Theone and her companions. They all seemed in a great state of excitement and two of them, who were the more immediate and confidential attendants of their mistress, came out on the terrace. "Elpis Theone! what is it? what has happened?" asked Olympias.

"Pardon our intrusion, noble lady, but may we speak? We have seen and heard wonderful things." Olympias looked at Thaï enquiringly.

"Of course," she exclaimed, "I am dying to hear the news."

"Let us come within," said Olympias, smiling, "you will listen better on a comfortable couch, will you not?"

"You are a good creature, Olympias! You know all about the pleasant things of life, and give them up notwithstanding! And you are so pale! If you only would use the least little mite of paint!—but of course you have not got such a thing: and then, to be sure, nobody sees you except your maids and your cripples." As Thaïs sank down on a couch, her feelings were a mixture of compassion for her cousin, and of self-congratulation, that *she* could not be the subject of similar pity.

"Now then Elpis, Theone—whichever of you is spokeswoman, begin your wonderful story. Has the Emperor conquered the Goths?"

"No, lady; but we have seen a victory of another sort," said Theone.

"As we were going to Sta. Sophia," Elpis began, "the people were flocking thither in crowds: it was like Easter-day—only, I must say, there seemed more excitement than devotion. They were pressing, talking, shouting, till we were half frightened, and quite thankful to get through a side door to the deaconesses' place, where the noble Pentadia always allows us to come: we should never have managed it by the great doors, there was such a crowd. In the nave they were literally packed together, and of all those thousands nothing stirred but their eyes. I ventured one look round—the Holy Sacrifice had not begun—and I saw the Consul Eutropius by the altar embracing a pillar! O, lady, imagine him, your persecutor, in the sanctuary of the church—the very man who has been shutting you out from God's House—and looking so miserable, so abject! I do not know how I felt; whether I was glad or sorry about it all. Then came our holy Father, and addressed the people. O if only you had heard him! I cannot repeat his words—and even if I could, the manner, the voice, the expression—in short, the *soul* would be wanting. 'Vanity of vanities—all is vanity,' that was his text; and you cannot imagine how impressive it seemed with such a terrible living illustration of it before our eyes. Then, when he asked Eutropius what had become of all his flatterers—of all those who had applauded him so loudly in the theatre and the circus, in return for the sums he expended on the stage and the racecourse—when he said how they were changed into fierce packs of wolves, crying for vengeance and thirsting for his blood, and how the Church alone, that holy Church which he had trampled under foot, took compassion on him and sheltered him—then, lady, I

could not restrain my tears, and so many besides me felt; indeed every one was more or less moved. Then the Patriarch went on to say how the Church in her courageous compassion stands between the crimes of the culprit and the wrath of the Emperor and the rage of the people, entreating both sides not to yield to revengeful passions, and not to stain a just indignation with rash blood-shedding. In a few moments the Holy Sacrifice would be offered for sinners as well as for the just; how could anyone, who then prayed sincerely 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us,' contemplate dragging the unhappy fugitive from his only asylum, and delivering him to a dreadful death? At this point a thrill of agitation ran through the crowd. Some wept silently, and some aloud: many left the church: others fell on their knees and prayed. Looks of pity began to be cast on the miserable man, who stood there not knowing whether to hope or to fear; and then out of the sea of human sorrows rose the mighty mystery of the great Sacrifice to the Throne of everlasting Mercy, and thence dropped its gracious dews on our hearts. O lady, I thought of you, and how you would forgive your oppressor with all your heart."

"Indeed I do, dear Elpis," said Olympias.

"Well," enquired Thaïs, "what came next?—for, you know Eutropius cannot possibly stand holding that pillar all his life."

"It will be easy to find a room for him within the limits of the sanctuary," answered Olympias. "When Pentadia took refuge there from Eutropius, she had a little cell assigned to her adjoining the room where the deaconesses instruct the female catechumens, and one of them supplied her with necessaries. Something of the same kind will be arranged for Eutropius."

"It was so striking," said Theone, "to see Pentadia all the time: she sat motionless, and apparently calm as a marble statue but every now and then a large tear rolled from her down-cast eyes, and when the Patriarch said, 'Forgive us our trespasses' her lips moved as if she were saying the prayer with him. If Eutropius had seen her, his heart must have been melted with sorrow and repentance."

"My dear child," said Thaïs, "Eutropius has too much upon his conscience to be troubled with remorse for *one* evil action and I cannot fancy him passing a couple of months in sanctuary as contentedly as Pentadia."

"As we returned, we heard people speaking of his banishment to Cyprus," said Elpis.

"To Cyprus," laughed Thaïs: "imagine that monster on

ugliness in the island of the queen of love and beauty! what a satire!"

"Lady! a messenger from the Emperor," announced an attendant; and Thaïs, Elpis, and Theone cried simultaneously. "He is come to give you your liberty!"

"Noble Olympias," said the chamberlain, who now entered, "the illustrious Emperor greets you heartily, and announces to you that he has issued orders to the Prefect of the city, to deliver up to you this day the document nominating him your guardian: for it is the Emperor's will that you should henceforth enjoy perfect and unrestricted liberty as to your person and property."

"I thank the Cæsar Augustus gratefully for having so soon remembered his servant," answered Olympias: "I pray you to tell him that I will take care to spend my fortune so that my imperial lord will not repent of having restored it to me."

"Tell me," said Thaïs eagerly, after the messenger had retired, "tell me what you mean to do with it?"

And Olympias answered gently, "To serve God."

Two Ways.

There are some souls who ever purely live;
Rise like the sun in all his golden strength,
And spend their days, like him, in nothing else
Than shedding light and heat, and killing down
The noxious vapours of the unwholesome world.
These swerve not to the right, nor to the left:
Sin seems to have no charms for them; yet no,
That were untrue to say: with them 'tis not
Earth tempts the less, but heaven attracts them more.
And having learned the way, they battle on,
And will that heaven shall be their better aim.
So, in the furnace of their own proud blood
They walk unharmed and cool, their only care
(Like the three holy children of old time)
To get from out things living or inert
All, all the glory that they can for God.

Friends may forsake them; but they care no more
Than do the trees in Autumn 'reft of leaves;
And outward things may vex them: but they have
No time indeed to waste in mourning o'er
Such gnat-stings in the years that are not life
But only prelude to it. So in the strength
Of heavenly food, they tread their upward path,
Blessing and blest, right to the mount of God.

And some there are who never truly live
Until their hearts are dead—dead at the least
To all they once thought worth the while of life.
Their earlier selves are but the budding grain—
Young, green, and useless: let them reach full age,
And if Heaven deem them worthy of the war,
Let all its dread battalions press upon them:
Let the keen scythe of trouble lay them low.
And rend in shreds their very core of pride;
Let the pure wrath of noon scorch up their bloom,
And let the evening dew weep sad upon them,
(Sad, yet so sweet it keeps their life alive;)
Then come the world and ceaseless vex them with
The threshing-flails of scornful human hearts;
So to the mill, last trial of their all;
Alone, alone with God—and powerless!
The rebel heart is brought to bay at last.
But what is this? O here is not the end;
The waters saw Thee, God, and gushed amain
To stay thy justice, and true contrite tears
Have moulded these crushed hearts to other use:
And lo! the listless grain no longer bends
Wanton to every blast, but hath become
The staff of life to all a thankful world.

The History of Galileo.

Part III.

Galileo, as we have seen, after spending in retirement the interval following upon the Decree of 1616, was induced by his own sanguine view of his theory and by the suggestions of his friends to revisit Rome in 1624. He perhaps was not without hope of being able to obtain a revision of the condemnatory Decree. He had good reason to be pleased with the reception which he met with in Rome, and in general with the success of his visit. But he had still greater objects in view. He was bent on producing his great work *Dialogo sopra i due massimi sistemi del mondo*. We shall have occasion to see what troubles the subtlety with which he designed this work, and the apparent artifice to which he had recourse in order to secure its publication, were the occasion of bringing upon him. It is in this disingenuous trickery, manifested by Galileo, together with a reckless presumptuousness in pressing his own opinions and proportionate contempt for his antagonists, that we are to find a key to the severity with which he was certainly treated in consequence of his publication of this work; though it must be borne in mind that the clemency and consideration with which this severity was mitigated showed unmistakeably the desire to make every allowance in his favour that his apparent want of good faith and imprudence would admit of. It was upon his return to Florence after his visit to Rome in 1624 that he employed himself on his great work. Its execution occupied him several years. He wrote during this time to Father Castelli, in Rome, to examine the ground upon which he stood. The reports which he received were calculated to give him confidence, and at length, in 1630, his friends Monsignor Ciampoli and Father Castelli, thinking the moment favourable for the publication of his work, recommended him again to present himself for the purpose in Rome. Galileo accordingly quitted his villa at Bellosguardo, and arrived in Rome in May 1630. He obtained at once a long audience with the Pope, and was able to congratulate himself on the kindness with which he had been received by

Urban VIII. "The Pope," he said, "has begun to treat my affairs in such a manner as to give me reason to hope for a favourable result." The Sovereign Pontiff often spoke of him in terms of esteem and affection; and gave proof of his sentiment towards him by considerably increasing his pension. Galileo was encouraged to make application to Father Riccardi, the Master of the Sacred Palace, for permission to print his work. Father Riccardi objected on the ground that the system of Copernicus was put forward in the work, not hypothetically, but absolutely; and Father Visconti, professor of mathematics, was appointed to read the work and point out such passages as required correction. This he did, and the Master of the Palace then gave his permission to Galileo for the printing of his work, with the proviso that he should make such changes and additions as would serve to put the question into a hypothetical instead of an absolute form. With this view he was to prefix a preface and subjoin a conclusion to show that the arguments advanced against the Ptolemaic system were stated only to make it clear that the Congregation, in condemning the system of Copernicus, had not acted without a full knowledge of the arguments in support of it.

Galileo in the meantime was compelled to leave Rome on account of the great heats, and returned to Florence. It was agreed that he should return to Rome in the autumn, in order that the Master of the Palace might have an opportunity of seeing the work after it had been fully revised. Incidents, however, occurred which were unfavourable to Galileo, and interfered with the progress of the work. His friend, the Prince Cesi, who was to superintend the printing of the book, died at this time, and the plague breaking out in Florence prevented communication with Rome. Galileo, finding it impossible under the circumstances to print his work in Rome, desired to have it printed under his own eyes in Florence. The Master of the Sacred Palace at first refused his permission, and granted it only on condition of the work being sent to him for a final revision. In consequence, however, of representations made to him, of the difficulty of transmitting the whole work, he agreed, in September 1630, to be satisfied with seeing the commencement and the conclusion, on condition that the whole work should be submitted to the revision of a Father to be named by him in Florence. Father Hyacinth Stefani was appointed, and after a minute revision the work was moved to tears, as Galileo himself gives account, at the humble submission of the author to the decree of his superiors. Galileo, however, it seems was in no hu

send the required corrections to Rome, and the Master of the Sacred Palace on his part delayed returning the preface and conclusion to Florence. Galileo, without waiting for the settlement of the preliminaries, commenced printing his work, and by the middle of March, 1631, six sheets had been completed. The preface and conclusion were at length, in the middle of May, promised by Father Riccardi, and the Inquisitor at Florence was empowered by him to approve of the printing of the work, without waiting for his own personal revision of it, on condition that the wishes of His Holiness should be complied with, and that the title and method of the work should show that it contained only a mathematical treatment of the opinion of Copernicus, and that this opinion should be presented merely as an hypothesis, without any mention being made of Holy Scripture. The promised preface and conclusion were sent in the middle of July, the printing of the work was then proceeded with, and in the beginning of 1632, in spite of the difficulty of communication caused by the raging of the plague, a copy found its way to Rome.

It was received with high admiration by some, but awakened of course bitter animosity on the part of the Peripatetic school, to whose principles it gave a death-blow, and serious apprehensions on the part of some Catholics, who saw in it an opposition to the decree of March, 1616. The report quickly gained ground that the work could not fail to be condemned. In fact, in the month of August, the Master of the Sacred Palace commanded the printer in Florence to suspend the issue of any more copies, and obtained possession of the eight copies which had been brought from Florence to Rome. An acquaintance with the true character of the work will at once explain why it should have been so summarily dealt with on its first appearance. This *Dialogue*, professedly an exposition of the arguments in favour of the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems respectively, is in reality a clever piece of satire, the point of which it is impossible to mistake. Through the medium of three interlocutors—Salviati, a learned Florentine and a zealous partisan of Copernicus; Sagredo, a noble Venetian of a high intellectual character, who seconds the Copernican Salviati; and Simplicius, a devoted follower of Aristotle and the Peripatetic school—the received doctrines were held up to a bitter and keen ridicule, which is only the more powerful in its effect from being veiled under the refinement of exquisite art. The author himself appears only in the preface, which, in admitting the reader to an acquaintance

with his object in writing the work, makes it difficult to regard it otherwise than a piece of delicate irony. After speaking of the promulgation of "a salutary decree at Rome which, in order to remedy the scandals of the age, had imposed silence on the advocates of the Pythagorean theory regarding the movement of the earth;" "I have resolved," he says, "well acquainted as I am with this decree, to render justice to the truth. I was at the time at Rome; the most distinguished prelates listened to me with attention, and the decree was not passed without some knowledge of it having been imparted to me. I have been desirous, then, to show to foreign nations that in Italy, and more particularly in Rome, persons were as well acquainted with all that could be stated in favour of the system of Copernicus as anywhere else. Putting, then, the system on a hypothetical ground, I have undertaken to show that this hypothesis is preferable to that which supposes the world to be at rest, against those pretended philosophers, Peripatetics in name, who in their conclusions neglect the ground of observation. I will examine," he says, "the phenomena of the heavens, which, strengthening as they do the system of Copernicus, facilitate astronomical science, if they do not altogether demonstrate the necessity of the system. I am confident," he continues, "that if the Italians travel less than others, they are men of equal thought, and that, if they have abstained from giving their assent to the opinion in favour of the movement of the earth, it is not from being unacquainted with the arguments adduced to support it, but because they attach more weight to the arguments drawn from piety and faith, and from their acknowledgment of the omnipotence of God and the weakness of the human understanding." The decree, then, according to the author, forbidding the teaching of the Copernican system, is wise and salutary; yet this system explains all phenomena, and is almost necessary; and the solution of this contradiction is to be found in the recognition of the omnipotence of God. The vein of satire which runs through the whole work, whilst it effected the object of the author, by holding up to ridicule the weak points of the opposite system and of his adversaries' mode of argument, manifested unmistakably the mind of Galileo. He had no reason to be surprised, then, if he were judged by what all agreed in understanding to be his real meaning.

In the following September the Holy Father ordered the Inquisitor at Florence to signify to Galileo, in the name of the Congregation of the Holy Office, that he must prepare to present himself in Rome in the ensuing month to explain his conduct.

Yet it was evident that there was a desire to give every advantage to Galileo. An extraordinary commission had been appointed in the preceding month to examine the *Dialogue*. This was an unusual proceeding, and had been adopted out of consideration for the Grand Duke and Galileo, and in order to avoid, if possible, the necessity of carrying the matter before the Holy Office.* Urban VIII. was, however, greatly displeased with Galileo, and on meeting with Niccolini, the Ambassador of Florence, said to him with great warmth; "Galileo has had the boldness to enter where he should not, and to approach a subject the most grave and dangerous that can be treated at the present time." "But he had authorisation for printing his work," remarked the Ambassador. "Yes," replied the Pope, with the same warmth, "Ciampoli and the Master of the Sacred Palace have been deceived. Ciampoli, without having seen or read the work, declared to me that Galileo intended complying in every respect with the orders of the Pope, and that all was right." "Galileo will at least be allowed time to justify himself?" inquired Niccolini. "In matters concerning the Holy Office," replied the Pope, "the only mode of proceeding is to pass a censure, and then require a retractation." "Could not Galileo be made acquainted beforehand with the charges brought against him?" again inquired Niccolini. "I tell you," replied the Pope, with animation, "the Holy Office does not proceed in this manner; no one is ever informed beforehand, and moreover Galileo knows very well what are the difficulties, for we have spoken together about them, and we have told him ourselves." The Master of the Palace reproached Galileo with not having complied with the requisitions contained in the letter written to the Inquisitor at Florence; but was still of opinion that all that would be required was the correction of certain passages.

The report of the Commission, after a month's careful examination, was communicated to the Pope, and Urban VIII. informed the Ambassador of the Grand Duke that, after the examination to which the work had been subjected, he could not do otherwise than refer the matter to the Congregation of the Inquisition. The report stated the following conclusions regarding Galileo; 1st.—That he had disobeyed the injunctions given him, by affirming absolutely, and not merely hypothetically, the movement of the earth and the stability of the sun; 2nd.—that he had falsely ascribed the ebb and flow of the tides to the stability of

* *Opere di Galileo*, v. ix. p. 427.

the sun and the motion of the earth, which have no existence; 3rd. that he had fraudulently kept silence regarding the order given him by the Holy Office in 1616, to abandon the opinion of the sun being the centre of the universe and of the revolution of the earth, and not to teach or maintain it. Deliberation was then to be held on the manner of proceeding against his person and the work which had already been printed. Another memorial presented his offences under the following eight heads. First, having without permission prefixed to his book the authorisation to print delivered at Rome. Secondly, having in the body of the work placed the true doctrine in the mouth of a simpleton, and defended it but feebly in the person of another speaker, in order to present merely a superficial notion of it and to prevent the truth, which he seemed to state against the grain, from being taken into much consideration. Thirdly, having been very frequently at fault in his work, and abandoning the ground of hypothesis, either by affirming absolutely the movement of the earth and the stability of the sun, or by speaking of the arguments on which it rests as demonstrative and necessary, or holding the denial of this opinion as impossible. Fourthly, having treated the subject as though it had not been already decided, and as a person would do who expected a definition and did not suppose that it had been already given. Fifthly, having despised the authors who are opposed to the opinion which he maintains, although they are those whom the Church employs the most. Sixthly, having affirmed and declared (what is false) the equality, in regard of the understanding of the truths of geometry, between the Divine and the human intellect. Seventhly, having laid down as a truth that the partisans of Ptolemy should range themselves on the side of those of Copernicus, and having denied that the reverse is true. Eighthly, having falsely ascribed the ebb and flow of the tides to the stability of the sun and the motion of the earth, which have no existence. These general heads of accusation may be reduced to two, viz., that Galileo had disregarded the injunctions he had received in 1616, and had presented the doctrine of the stability of the sun and the movement of the earth absolutely and not hypothetically. The astronomical opinion, then, of Galileo was attacked only in regard of the philosophical and theological opinion with which it seemed to be connected, according to a view which the state of science at the time was not sufficiently advanced to reject. We can hardly give credit to the opinion entertained by some, though

indeed the intrinsic evidence of the *Dialogue* would seem to give it considerable plausibility, that Galileo should have had the effrontery, to say nothing of the imprudence, of ridiculing the Pope, Urban VIII, under the character of Simplicius. Galileo had himself, on this report being spread, distinctly denied any such intention to Cardinal Barberini, and the Pope had expressed himself satisfied.

To resume the thread of the narrative; the Inquisitor of Florence, in obedience to the injunction previously transmitted to him from His Holiness, summoned Galileo at the beginning of October, and intimated to him the order to present himself at Rome during the course of the month. Galileo expressed himself ready to obey the order. It caused him however considerable pain. He represented his feelings to the Grand Duke and to Cardinal Barberini. He would gladly have gained time, and he begged of the Cardinal to lay before the Congregation the state of his health, his advanced age (nearly seventy years), and the fatigue which the journey would entail upon him. He was desirous of presenting a memorial, and he declared that it would be seen that he was devoted to the Church, and that it was rather personal enmity than any consideration of religion that had actuated the attacks against him. He was recommended, however, from Rome by the Ambassador of Florence and his other friends, not to undertake the defence of his conduct, but to submit to what should be decided regarding him. Niccolini also assured him that the cause would be inevitably proceeded with, and that it was necessary that he should be himself, for a time, under personal detention. He represented the matter, however, to several Cardinals, the Assessor of the Holy Office, and to His Holiness himself. The Pope remained inflexible. It was necessary, he said, that Galileo should come to Rome to answer for himself. He might, however, take every precaution to smooth the difficulties of the journey, and break it by easy stages. On the Inquisitor at Florence summoning Galileo again, at the beginning of November, he declared himself ready; but, on representing the state of his health, which kept him in the hands of physicians, he was allowed a month's delay. The Pope, on his part, sent orders to the Inquisitor to inform Galileo that he should be obliged, at the end of the month thus allowed, to compel him to present himself at Rome. On the 18th of December, however, the Inquisitor wrote to say that Galileo was confined to his bed by illness, and that, however much he wished it, it

was out of his power to travel. This statement was attested by the three leading physicians of Florence. Little credit, however, was attached to the declaration at Rome; and the Pope caused the Inquisitor to be informed that such subterfuges could not be allowed; that he must verify and certify by a commissary, assisted by a physician, the true state of Galileo's health. If he were able to come, he should be brought as a prisoner and in chains; if his health would not allow of it, he was to be allowed to remain, but as soon he was able to move he was to be brought as stated above. The commissary and physician were to travel at Galileo's expense, since he had not chosen to take advantage of his health, at the time he had received the order, to put himself on his way.

These measures were in character with the legal proceedings of the time. The declaration was simply a matter of form; it was a menace which was never to be carried out in regard of Galileo. On the 15th of January, 1633, Galileo finally resolved on setting out on his journey; he went to Rome in the litter which Niccolini had sent for his conveyance, and on the 13th of February he took up his lodgings at the Ambassador's palace. During the first few days after his arrival, no official proceedings were entered into; but he was allowed an opportunity, in conversation with one of the members of the Congregation of the Holy Office, of expressing his loyalty and devotion to the Church. Galileo was himself astonished; "this treatment," he wrote, "appears very kind and humane, and contrasts strangely with the chains, cords, and prison with which I was threatened."* Galileo had many friends in Rome; and he was, in truth, treated with much kindness and consideration. He lived in the house of the Ambassador, instead of being lodged at the Holy Office; and was surrounded with every mark of care and regard. Every attempt was made to calm his angry temper, and he was recommended to avoid appearing in public, in order not to seem to brave public opinion. Galileo would, no doubt, have felt the seclusion, but commonly any one accused before the Holy Office was kept in prison during the process of the cause; whereas Galileo was at liberty amidst his friends. "There is no instance," remarked Niccolini, "of accused persons not having been kept in confinement, were they bishops, prelates, or persons of title."† It was no longer possible, however, at a certain stage of the

* *Opere di Galileo*, v. vii. p. 20. † *Ibid.* v. ix. p. 440.

proceedings, as the Pope had himself informed the Ambassador, to dispense with Galileo's being taken to the house of the Holy Office. But even under these circumstances Urban VIII. gave orders that the best and the most convenient rooms should be reserved for Galileo. On the morning of the 12th of April Galileo presented himself to be interrogated.* He acknowledged himself to be author of the *Dialogue*, and on his being asked the reason of his coming to Rome in 1616, he replied, that hearing of the doubt raised regarding the theory of Copernicus, he had wished to know what opinions he should hold on the subject in order to remain a Catholic. "The Congregation of the Index," he said, "decided at the time, that the opinion of Copernicus, held absolutely, was incompatible with the Holy Scriptures, and that it should be admitted only as a hypothesis." He acknowledged that he had received notice of the decree, but declared that Cardinal Bellarmine had assured him that the opinion of Copernicus might be held hypothetically. "He concluded by telling me," he said, "that the opinion of Copernicus could not be maintained absolutely, because it was contrary to the Holy Scriptures." When interrogated regarding the order he had received not to defend and teach this opinion, Galileo protested that he had never acted against the injunction not to maintain or defend it, but he declared that he did not remember having been forbidden to teach it. In respect of the second point of the Process, on being asked regarding the permission he had had to write the book, Galileo declared that he had thought that he required no permission to write it, since in writing it he considered that he was not contravening the Decree. As regards the authorisation to print it, he had refused advantageous offers to print it in France, Germany, and Venice, and had brought the work himself to Rome in order to submit it to the Censorship; it had been revised there and the authorisation had been granted him. "However," he added, "I have not in the book embraced or defended the opinion of the movement of the earth and the immobility of the sun; I show on the contrary that the reasons advanced by Copernicus are weak and inconclusive." We have already seen how far such an answer can be regarded as consistent with the real character of the work and with the evidence which it contains of the real mind of the author.

These interrogatories concluded, the examination on the sub-

* *MS.* of the Process, fol. 413.

ject of his intention was suspended, and Galileo was consigned, by way of prison, not to the secret rooms in which the accused were ordinarily placed, but to the private apartments of the Fiscal of the Holy Office. Galileo was here at liberty to walk in the garden attached to the residence, "of vast extent," as he describes it himself. He was attended by his own servant, who slept near him, and had free access to him. "Any of my attendants," wrote the Ambassador Niccolini, "have similar permission to take to his apartments dishes prepared at my own house. I am at liberty to write to him, and hear from him every day."* Bocchineri also, speaking of this period of Galileo's residence, remarked, "I imagine that he will have suffered more during his quarantine at Ponte Centino than in the prison of the Holy Office."† Galileo himself, speaking of the same circumstances, writes as follows to Bocchineri. "It has been decided that I should live in retirement here, but with conveniencies quite unusual under the circumstances. I occupy three rooms, part of the residence of the Fiscal of the Holy Office, with full and entire liberty of walking in the grounds. As regards my health," he adds, "I am well, thanks be to God and the delicate attention of the Ambassador and his lady, who omit nothing to procure me every comfort, which is, indeed, quite unnecessary for me."

Galileo having, on the 22nd of April, experienced acute pain in one of his legs, the Commissary and the Fiscal, who were charged with the process, came to see him. They promised him that he should be allowed to remove as soon as he was able to leave his bed, and they repeatedly begged of him to keep composed, and not to allow himself to be annoyed.‡ On recovering from the attack Galileo begged to be allowed a hearing. On the 30th of April, he was accordingly admitted to appear before the Congregation, and he was requested to state what he had to say. He completely disavowed his book. Perhaps this disavowal may be ascribed to his having become acquainted with the fact that, on the 17th of April, the Theologians and Consultors had presented severally their attestations in form, proving that Galileo had taught in his book the movement of the earth and the immobility of the sun. Perhaps Galileo may have hoped, by a disavowal, to escape a condemnation which now appeared inevitable. He declared that having again read over his *Dialogue* to see whether, contrary to his intention, he had acted in dis

* *Opere di Galileo*, v. ix. p. 440. † *Ibid.* p. 344. ‡ *Ibid.* v vii. p. 30.

obedience to the decree of 1616, he had found that there were two arguments which he had presented with too great force; that he did not regard them as conclusive, and that they admitted of refutation. "Had I to present them again, I should do so," he said, "in such a manner as to take from them the force which they have in appearance, but which, in reality, they are completely without." His error was to be traced, it would appear, to vanity and ambition, ignorance and inadvertence. After he had finished what he had to say, the examination on the intention was put off to the following day. Galileo resumed his speech, and declared that he had not held the condemned opinion regarding the movement of the earth as true, and he was ready, if allowed time, to prove this clearly. "I will resume," he said "the arguments of the several characters of my *Dialogue* and refute as powerfully as I can those advanced in favour of this opinion." In concluding he repeated his request to the tribunal to be at once allowed to carry his resolution into effect.

It is difficult to reconcile the conduct of Galileo on this occasion with the persistency with which he had pressed his opinions, with the tone of triumph with which he had insisted upon the almost demonstrative character of his proofs, and the contempt he had expressed for his opponents. The same day, the 30th of April, the Commissary General of the Inquisition, in conformity with the orders of His Holiness, informed Galileo that he was allowed, in consideration of his ill health and advanced age, to hold himself prisoner in the palace of the Grand Duke, under condition of seeing only the residents in the palace and of repairing to the Holy Office every time that he might be required. Galileo was summoned on the 10th of May, and the Commissary having allowed him a delay of eight days in order that he might, if he so wished, present his defence, he immediately handed in a writing, to which was annexed the original of the declaration of Cardinal Bellarmine, dated the 26th of May 1616. "In fine," he declares, "I commit myself once for all to the well known consideration and clemency of the tribunal." The writing handed in by Galileo was two pages in length.* It began by completing the answer which he had given to the interrogatories of the 12th of April, relative to the prohibition imposed upon him in 1616 against maintaining, defending, or teaching the opinion in favour of the movement of the earth. The declaration of Cardinal Bellarmine, the original of which he produced, did not

* *MS.* of the Process, fol. 419.

speak of teaching, and as this declaration represented to him the decree of the 5th of March, he could not be charged with not having spoken of it to the Master of the Sacred Palace. Galileo declared that he had done all that he could to avoid every fault whatever in his book, having presented it himself to the Grand Inquisitor. His judges, then, should dismiss from their minds the idea of his having knowingly and willingly disobeyed the orders he had received. He renewed, moreover, his offer to correct at once any errors which might have escaped him. In conclusion he spoke of the wretched condition to which his constant anxiety of mind for six months, and the fatigue of his journey at his advanced age of seventy years, had reduced him; he then committed himself with confidence to the clemency and goodness of the Cardinals his judges.

ταυ.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Iter Hiemale.

Nocte et tenebris frigidis circumdatus
Patriæ reliqui littora,
Horasque per tres jactitatus fluctibus
Adnavigavi Galliam.
Excepit inde triste per nives iter;
Gelu rigescebant pedes;
Lutetiæ ad ipsos hospitum focos gravi
Sedebam amictus pallio.
Illic stupebam Sequanam stratam super,
In Russicum morem, viis;
Aulamque serâ nocte ducentem choros
Illuminatos per lacus.
Lubens ab istis, haud nego, spectaculis
In lectulum me contuli;
Lubensque tandem ferreâ fugi viâ,
Raptus vaporis impetu.
Sed falsus eheu! spe, fatigatus morâ,
Phocæa adivi mœnia:
Illinc manebat per procellosum mare
Hyberna navigatio.
Magister, alto credere haud ausus ratem,
Cautus legebat littora,
Eurisque circuibat adversantibus
Inusitatam per viam.
Noctem, diemque, et alteram noctem inscius
Hæsi supinus lectulo,
Condens Iambos, computans horas, gravem
Vix ore frænans nauseam.
Tum mane, pelago fluctuante jam minùs,
Seminecem in altum me traho,
Mente auguratus posse demum conspici
Portum, et propinqua littora.
Eheu! quid aiunt? jam magistrum ab Alpibus
Flexisse in Australes plagas;
Adhuc diem unum navigandum: vespere
Portum tenendi spem dari.

Hic ingemisco, et, tabido similis cani,
Refugio in imum carcerem.
Sed mox laborat navis aliquantò minus;
Fluctus minores irruunt;
Quin et, reductâ nubium caligine,
Cæli patescunt cærula;
Eurosque flantes de nivosis montibus
Sol lucidus transverberat.
Tum "Civitatem," quam vocant, attingimus
Ad vesperam verso die.
Hic oppido, portuque toto, et mœnibus
Vexilla fulgent Galliæ,
Extraque muros milites tentoriis
Circumsedentes cernimus.
Exinde lætus, ultimâque jam vice,
Curru vaporis auferor,
Horasque post tres Urbis Æternæ redux
Oculis saluto mœnia.

P.

School Systems in America.

WHATEVER may be the failure or the success of the movement now on foot among us for the improvement of Education, and, in particular, of the Education of the poorer classes, it seems at all events certain enough that it will not fail for want of due information. Whatever light can be thrown on the subject by the industrious labours of Royal Commissions, and by the despatch of men of intelligence and cultivation to report on the manner in which the question is dealt with abroad, will certainly not be wanting for the guidance of our legislators. At first sight the general good-will with which the subject is approached on all sides, the strong conviction universally felt of the necessity of exertion, and the readiness which may be justly expected from all classes to cooperate in whatever sacrifices the effort may entail, would seem to promise us a speedy and happy solution of the problem before us. What on earth is to prevent us from having a perfect system of education? We can afford money for everything else, and we are not likely to grudge it for this. We do not need to be convinced of the advantages of education, and some of us have seen good reason of late for fearing that there is considerable danger in its absence, especially when the more uneducated classes are coming in for a larger share of political power than they have hitherto enjoyed. If there is any question which ought to be no matter of party dispute, no difficulty between class and class, race and race, creed and creed, it ought to be this. Unfortunately, there are certain principles concerned in education, and these principles are bones of sore contention between those two parties which must for ever wage internecine war, without any hope of compromise and reconciliation. There is

the Christian view of education, and the unchristian view: there are the traditions and the principles on the one hand which have ever guided the Church in her conduct as to this matter, and the traditions and principles on the other hand, which have directed the policy of those who would sweep the Church off the earth if they could, and are bent at all events on reducing her to the level of a political institution or an instrument of Government. As in marriage, so in education, the Church and State meet on the same ground, and politicians who deny the prerogatives of the Church, and who would legislate on heathen principles, are by no means unlikely to find her very much in their way. As their principles extend to a general denial of faith and the supernatural order, they come into collision not only with the Catholic Church, but with all bodies of Christians outside her pale, who recognize, however imperfectly, what they deny. It is therefore well worth our while to remember that the question of Education may be very likely to raise a battle of principles, however much men may agree about certain practical aims and matters of detail, and that all the information in the world is far less important than a clear and decided view of the principles around which the battle may have to be fought.

Every onward step in the direction of more extensive Education must proceed on one of the two principles which are at present in operation almost side by side in the United Kingdom. In Ireland, where the population is preponderatingly Catholic, the "common" system has been in possession for many years, at least in theory, for of course there are hundreds of schools in which the children are only of one religion. This system has been strongly condemned and complained of by the Catholic Bishops, and it is confessed by most influential persons entrusted with its management to have been intended as an insidious engine of perversion from Catholicism to Protestantism. In England, where a considerable love for distinctive doctrine still survives, both in the Establishment and among dissenting bodies, the politicians who have had the management of the educational measures of the Government have

not been able to force the "common" system upon the people. Many devout wishes for the purpose have doubtless been formed in the Office of the "Committee of Council on Education," and more than once attempts have been made, openly or covertly, to carry those wishes into effect. But the feeling of all bodies interested in Education has hitherto been too strong for bureaucratic *doctrinaires*, and our English system is at present, in principle, "denominational." With certain drawbacks and shortcomings, national aid is allotted to the several religious bodies, on certain conditions of inspection and the like, to help them to educate their own children for themselves.

We have only to look across the Atlantic for the exemplification in the New World of divergence in the principles of educational systems similar to that of which we have been speaking. Strange to say, it is in the land in which all liberal institutions flourish the most, and in which the fullest toleration is supposed to prevail, that we find a school system in force which certainly imposes some hardships upon those who conscientiously object to separating general education from the teaching of the distinctive doctrines of their own faith. The American laws do not compel all American citizens to go to the same place of worship: but they make them all pay for the same places of education, and the far-famed school system of the United States is to that extent liable to the charge of intolerance. On the other hand, one of the fairest systems of education, as it would seem, in the world, is to be found in operation under the Government of the British Crown, in the "Dominion" of Canada. The American system owes its modicum of illiberality more perhaps to the accidents of history than to any deliberate purpose on the part of its framers: the Canadian system owes its freedom to the wise and enlightened policy of the Colonial Government, happily unshackled by any pedantry at home.

We have already had occasion to remark on the lucid and interesting report of Mr. Fraser on the American and Canadian school systems. It is a perfect mine of information, at once interesting and suggestive. Those who are afraid of attacking a Blue Book, however pleasantly written,

will find an admirable abstract of its contents, as far as they relate to the United States, in the Supplement to the *Guardian* newspaper of January 29, 1868. We shall make the freest use of this summary in the few paragraphs which we are able to devote to the examination of this system. The "common" school system, then, is not, in reality, a creation of the American mind since its emancipation from the thraldrom of British domination. It is simply the law made for the Protestant State of Massachussetts in the seventeenth century, a very few years after the landing of the "Pilgrim Fathers." We need hardly say that the idea of "denominational education" was not likely to present itself to the minds of the early legislators of Massachussetts. No one in those days thought of the state of things which prevails at present in America as well as in England, where a number of religious "persuasions"—to use the phrase of the day—live side by side under the protection of the same laws, before which, if all are not equal, all are at least recognized as possessed of indisputable rights. The Massachussetts' idea was simply to provide ample means of education and to insist on their use in the case of every single child in the community. The system has spread over all the Northern States: there are laws against truancy, and against the employment of children who are not educated. In practice, these laws, as Mr. Fraser tells us, are evaded. In theory, also, the American system is far more perfect than our own, for it provides three gradations of schools, the primary or infant school, the grammar school (at which Latin is taught), and the high school (at which French and Greek and other subjects are added). The feature of the system with which we are more immediately concerned, as likely to suggest the introduction of similar provisions into this country, is the manner in which the schools are supported —chiefly by rates, and governed by local boards, chosen in a way analogous to that in which our own parish officers are selected. The Central Government and the Government of each particular State, contribute towards the support of these schools: but the main provision for their maintenance comes from the rate, the payment of which is obligatory

on all. In return for this, all parents have a right to the advantages of the schools for their children: but there is a certain, though very small, amount of religious instruction, —consisting chiefly in the public reading of the Protestant version of the Bible and of the use of hymns,—which we suppose is considered to inculcate that modified form of revealed truth which goes by the name of "common Christianity." We have already said that this system seems to have been framed when the right, or even the existence, of "dissenting" bodies was practically unrecognized. It appears to have been perpetuated up to the present time for various reasons which do not exist, at least in equal force, on this side of the Atlantic. Among these we must reckon the far greater indifference which seems to exist among all religious bodies, except Catholics and a few others, as to distinctive doctrine as such: it must be remembered also that the system costs comparatively little, and thus that the rate is perhaps no very great burthen to to any one. We must add also the fact that the Catholics of America, who form the party most aggrieved by and most open to the injustice of the system, have thought it better to pay the rate and support their own schools into the bargain, than to agitate for a change in the system itself. There, however, the system is, and we may perhaps soon hear of an attempt to introduce its main features into this country, and thus to supplant the present "denominational" schools, as far as State support is concerned, by something analogous to the National system of Ireland.

Before this is attempted, it would at all events be well to listen to the judgment formed on the system by so intelligent and unprejudiced a witness as Mr. Fraser. The result of that gentleman's inquiries is certainly not, on the whole, favourable to the American system. The "common" schools seem to be in the hands, chiefly, of the lower middle classes in the country. The extreme to which the principle of local management and payment by rates is carried in the United States issues in the great underpayment and almost equal inefficiency of the teachers: and there seems to be a vast amount of jobbery

about the appointments. But this and other kindred defects of the system noted by Mr. Fraser are not so much to our purpose as that of which he speaks gravely though concisely—the failure of the schools to inculcate religious principles by means of that modicum of Christian teaching which is all that, even with the proverbial indifferentism of Americans of several denominations, the several sections of the community can agree upon as unobjectionable in the "common" schools. Not only does the system drive away the children of Catholics, and others besides them, but on those on whom it is allowed to operate it seems to have no perceptible religious influence at all. Mr. Fraser states that in some places the Catholics, by getting themselves elected on the Board of Management, have succeeded in altogether banishing the reading of the Protestant Bible from the schools; we are not told that the schools in which this is the case are unequal in tone and principle to the rest. The tendency of the system must of course be to propagate and increase indefinitely the indifferentism on which it is now practically based: but some of the wisest thinkers even in America are dissatisfied with the result, and wish to see more doctrinal teaching introduced. "Many of the most earnest supporters of the system of common schools," writes Mr. Fraser (p. 184), "expressed to me strongly their desire to infuse, if possible, not only more distinctly religious sanctions and motives, but also, more distinctly religious teaching, into the methods pursued." We can hardly be wrong in attributing to the absence of religious instruction one great and acknowledged evil in American society. "It is a matter of general regret among Americans," (we again quote Mr. Fraser), "though I did not observe that any steps were being taken to remedy the acknowledged evil, that parental authority over the young is brief, weak, and lessening. Such is the precocious spirit of independence generated by the political institutions of the country, and the general current of social life, that boys and girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age think themselves quite competent to decide many questions for themselves, and do decide

them, on which English boys and girls of eighteen or twenty would still feel bound to consult and obey their parents. And, as in England, so in America, the lower you descend in the social strata, the more markedly this tendency exhibits itself. It was piteous and saddening to see—as I had occasion to see frequently, when mothers would come to the office of a Superintendent of Schools to excuse or to complain of the truancy of their children—parents helpless to control the wills, and even the caprices, of lads of eleven or twelve or still younger years. It is not a natural or a normal state of things, and every well-wisher to the great Commonwealth of the United States, every one who would desire to see her equal to the mighty destiny that lies before her, cannot but hope that for so manifest an inversion of a great social law a remedy may soon be found" (p. 187).

We shall leave to the readers of Mr. Fraser's report to draw out from it for themselves the other elements of failure in the "common" school system. We might well ask those who may be desirous of introducing something of the same kind into this country, whether, with all the additional stimulus to teachers which is provided among us by our far more stringent arrangements as to Government inspection, they can hope to make any system flourishing and vigorous among us without the active cooperation of the clergy and ministers of the various "denominations." Any measure for the founding of "common" schools in this country will probably be accompanied by provisions for placing the management of these schools far more exclusively in the hands of local boards, and any one who has had any experience of the niggardliness, the bigotry, and the impracticability of the average "Guardians of the Poor" whenever there is a question either of improvement or of fairness to persons who are not of the dominant religion, and of the comparative impotence of the Central authorities who are supposed to keep the several Boards in order and force them to the just discharge of their duties, will be quite prepared to see the difficulties which now beset the application of public charity, repeated, or even augmented, in the

case of public education, should the administration of the latter be arranged on the same principles as that of the former. At all events education will never flourish unless those who take the highest view of it, and who bring to their exertions for it the noblest and holiest of motives, are hearty in carrying out the system established by law and supported by public funds. In America the voluntary system which has sprung up by the side of the "common" school system has rivalled and surpassed it to such an extent that it would be very unfair to credit the wide diffusion of education for which the United States are so famous to the account of the public schools. Denominational schools have risen up on all sides, the supporters of which still submit to the public rate, just as Catholic rate-payers in England submit to be taxed for "District Schools" in which pauper children of their faith are deliberately perverted to Protestantism, and for prisons in which Visiting Magistrates of the famous Westminster type either allow of no Catholic Chaplain at all, or refuse him, even when unpaid, the right of seeing such prisoners as they are afraid or unable to keep from him except one at a time. We are glad to know that the Catholics of the United States are confessedly the foremost in the great work of denominational education. It must be remembered that it is not very long ago that the "common" school system, as at present administered—that is, without any definite religious instruction at all, beyond that modicum of which we have spoken—was justly considered as a boon by Catholics, whose children had up to that time been liable to receive distinctively anti-Catholic instruction in religious matters instead of none at all. The late Archbishop Hughes, of New York, fought the battle of emancipation in that city with great vigour and energy, and his success is briefly related in one of the chapters of Mr. Maguire's late volume. In many parts of the States Catholics have neutralised the evils of the present system to some extent, by gaining power to alter the regulations or administer the schools in their own way, so that the result may be compared to that which is produced in many parts of Ireland under

ıe National system.* But this has not contented the :al of the Catholics. The impulse which has been given) the Educational movement among them has produced ıe most striking results,—as to which we shall content ırselves with quoting two Protestant witnesses, both ımerican. The first is Mr. Nichols (whose words are uoted by Mr. Fraser). He speaks generally of the rogress of Catholicism, but he gives sufficient details as ɔ the particular point with which we are occupied. There were in 1861," he says, *(Forty Years in America*, ol. ii., p. 84.) "96 academies and colleges for young ıen, 212 female academies, 28 hospitals, 102 orphan ;ylums, 100 other benevolent and charitable institutions, ɔo monasteries and religious houses for male religious ders, and 173 convents of nuns and female religious. ıese are additional to a vast number of primary schools tablished by the Catholics for the education of their own ildren, while they are also obliged to contribute to the ces for the support of the "common" schools of the coun-.." We add the evidence of one of the dignitaries of the otestant Episcopal Church, at the "Church Congress" ld last autumn at Wolverhampton. In a discussion on

*"I am told," says Mr. Fraser," (note p. 163) "upon what seemed to to be the best authority, that in some parts of Illinois, where the in-itants are almost exclusively Roman Catholic, Roman Catholic trustees oint Roman Catholic teachers to the public [schools, and that definite gious instruction in the articles of the Roman Catholic faith is given by m. In Connecticut also, I am informed upon equally reliable authority, re are certain localities—New Britain, Waterbury, and Hartford were ntioned—in which there are school-buildings erected by the Roman tholics, which they loan to the State, and which come under the control of : township School Committee, as far as examining the teacher is concerned, t in which religious instruction is given to the children by the priest, the ool taking its share of the general and local appropriations." Mr. Fraser rs, just before this passage, that "in Ohio, nine-tenths of the Roman Catholic ildren are in separate [Catholic] schools, under the control of their own iests, and supported of course, out of their own resources. In Cincinnati I is given to understand that there were 8000 children in the Roman Catholic parate schools, as against 16,000 in the public schools." He mentions a tholic Bishop who told him that, "he did not dissuade children from ending the public schools, because he had nothing better to offer them; but it, if he could see his way to the successful establishment of separate schools, should certainly feel it his duty to throw all his influence in their favour."

"Church Education," the Protestant "Bishop" of Illinois spoke as follows: (We quote *verbatim* from the *Guardian*, Oct. 9:)

Having done justice, therefore, to the extent of popular education in that country from which I come, I will now speak of what I consider its grand fundamental defect, and which, in my judgment, unless largely supplemented, as it is by religious efforts outlying and around it, it could create only a nation of infidels. *(sic)* Speaking, therefore, in behalf of Church education, and speaking from this standpoint, and this development, I have next to observe what is experienced on this subject—that hunger of the human heart—in relation to the higher form of education. We have two ways in which to estimate that. The first is the condition of the Church, and the efforts put forth in order to educate our young people as they should be, in a moral and religious point of view. There is a testimony on this point to which I refer with shame. It is, notwithstanding the poor means of their people, the true and honest stand on the subject of religious education which is taken by the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic clergy, refusing all compromise, have steadily gone on, all over the land, building their schools and their colleges, and they associate with them everything likely to make them not only permanent and valuable, but also attractive to the young and rising generation; thus fulfilling in that way, on their side, the duty they owe to their principles, to the Church of which they are members, and the claims of God upon them. And, on the other hand, it is to be remarked, what has been the effect of the existence of these institutions amongst the populations around them, and in a country like America. Have they been repelled or received? Unfortunately we have had to mourn over the fact that we cannot keep our sons and daughters out of these institutions, and wherever good and sound education is wanted, our people send their children there without regarding its connection with the peculiar religious instruction which characterises that Church. Our national schools are all secular, and thus we are compelled to feel, to our own disadvantage, that education to be right must be the education of the Church.*

* This fact of the great number of Protestants who are educated by Catholics in America is very striking, though it hardly falls within the direct scope of our present article to notice it, except so far as it testifies to the desire felt by Protestants, not only for the most refined intellectual and social education which is within their reach, but also for such training as shall preserve those moral and religious instincts which are endangered by the secular system. Mr. Maguire has well remarked on the superiority of the Catholic education in correcting that fatal and unnatural tendency to the disregard of the authority of parents of which we have seen Mr. Fraser complaining as prevalent in America. We believe we understate the fact when we say that there are many convent schools and colleges in which the number

The Protestant Episcopalians are not so powerful a body in America as they are in England, and their opposition, even if they were all united on the point, would perhaps hardly avail to overthrow the "common" school system. But Mr. Fraser's Report leads us to the conclusion that that system is losing ground in general esteem, and is not unlikely to be supplanted. Mr. Fraser enumerates several reasons for such an expectation. The highest and the lowest classes in society do not use the system: the middle classes, who use it, "appreciate" it very inadequately: absenteeism and truancy are on the increase; the cost of the system is being felt, and will become less tolerable as fewer people benefit by it; a feeling is growing that more distinctly religious teaching is necessary, and "that even the interests of morality are imperfectly attended to:" the Catholic hierarchy are eager to supplant the system, the ministers of all denominations give it but a very lukewarm support; and the growth of wealth, separating classes more than before, is telling against schools at which all are on an equality. It is not impossible, then, that the system may die out or be changed: in any case, it is likely more

of Protestant pupils equals that of the Catholics. Mr. Nichols tells us (vol. II. p. 36) after mentioning several colleges of the Society of Jesus, that "the reputation of this order for thoroughness of education has caused large numbers of the Southern youth to be entrusted to their care". . . . and that "they seldom fail to gain the confidence and love of their pupils, who, as the Southerners say, can read their diplomas." He adds "This process of educating Protestants, if not in the Catholic Faith, yet out of their prejudices against it, has been carried on still more widely and successfully in the convent schools of various orders for the education of young ladies. Teachers, often ladies of rank, from France, Belgium, Germany, England and Ireland, have engaged in this work, and have brought to it character, manners, and accomplishments not easy to be found elsewhere in a new country. Devoted to their work with religious fervour, they supplied a means of female education of which the wealthy classes in America, who were not very bigoted, were glad to take advantage. And as these ladies, wise in their generation, or under wise direction, scrupulously refrained from direct efforts at proselytism, they gained more and more the confidence of the public. The result has been that everywhere in America—in the best society—the best accomplished and influential ladies have been educated in convents, and though they may never go over to Rome, they love and respect their teachers, and defend them from the attacks commonly made against them: all the more that these attacks, generally made by very bigoted and equally ignorant persons, are usually of an absurd, and often a very atrocious character."

and more to prove its own failure, by creating rival schools on the separate system throughout the States: though it is difficult to imagine that a country like America will ever tolerate institutions out of harmony with the wants and desires of its citizens. The mixed system has been tried in Europe also, and found wanting, "In Prussia," says Cardinal Cullen, "it was tried for many years, and created great dissensions and heartburnings in the country. After a long experience, the Government changed its policy, abolished primary mixed schools, acknowledged the right of both the Catholic and Protestant clergy over their respective flocks, established the denominational system, and in this way promoted goodwill and harmony to such an extent, that in the late war Catholics and Protestants vied with each other in making sacrifices for their country and fighting her battles." (*Address* at the meeting of the Clergy in Dublin, December 18, 1867.) In Austria and and France, notwithstanding the immense preponderance of Catholics in those two countries, there has been no attempt on the part of the Government to force mixed schools on the Protestant minority. In Canada, as we have already said, under the very Government which keeps up the National system in Ireland, and which has more than once shown a disposition to extend it to England, though there is a "common" school system, it is modified by provisions which allow of separate religious instruction by the clergy of the several "denominations," and what is far more important, by further provisions which allow of the free establishment of "separate" schools, the supporters of which receive their fair share of public money and of Government assistance.*

* For the sake of brevity we forbear from giving a lengthened account of the Canadian system. The following passage from Mr. Maguire's work (*The Irish in America*, p. 157) will give an idea of the facilities for the establishment of separate schools. "Two or more Catholic heads of families, by giving notice (with a view to exemption from the public rate) to certain local officers, may claim the right to establish a school of their own, and elect their own trustees for its management. The supporters of this school are not only exempt from the payment of all rates for the support of the public schools, but the law guarantees to them the right to share half yearly in the legislative grant, in proportion to the number of children they may educate. They also receive an

The advocates of mixed education are perhaps likely to turn to Ireland, and to endeavour to persuade themselves that there at least it has succeeded. But the speeches at the meeting of the Dublin clergy to which we have already referred ought to undeceive them. The mixed system has, in reality, taken no hold in Ireland, and the objections felt to it are every year increasing in strength. The former fact is amply proved by the statistics quoted from the Education Report for 1866 by His Eminence Cardinal Cullen. Out of 6358 schools mentioned in that Report, 2638 were schools in which the pupils and teachers were absolutely unmixed: there being 2454 in which they were exclusively Catholic, and 184 in which they were exclusively Protestant. Of the remainder only 131 can be called mixed in the truest sense, that is, having mixed teachers as well as children, and in them the numbers of Catholic and Protestant children were nearly equal. "They are generally official schools kept up with extravagant expense, and without any regard to the feeling of the country." There remain 2483 schools with Catholic teachers, with an average of nearly 140 scholars, out of whom 10 are Protestants; and 1106 schools with Protestant teachers, having an average of about 130 scholars, of whom about 26 are Catholics. Whatever good, therefore, is done by the National system cannot be set down to the fact that it has been successful in mixing the children or the teachers. As a matter of fact, it is felt as a serious hardship and injustice. The character of the school and the authority of the National Board prevent the education from being fully and freely Catholic, even where the school is prac-

equal amount to whatever sum they send to the Government Department of Education, for the purchase of maps, globes, school-prizes, and library books. These library books are selected by a Council, of which the Catholic Bishop of Toronto is a member. Many of the books are exclusively Catholic in their character, and the trustees have the right to select only such books as they may prefer. The schools are, of course, subject to official inspection, and are required to report to the Department. . . . . Every Catholic school may claim an area of country for its support, of six miles in diameter, or eighteen miles in circumference—that is three miles in all directions from the school-house as a central point. All supporters of the school within that area are exempt from public school taxation."

tically a Catholic parochial school. "In 2454 schools, frequented by 373,756 Catholic children, without one single Protestant among them, the teaching of the Catholic religion, the practice of prayer, the use of religious emblems, and books containing any reference to the Catholic Church or to its Supreme Head are distinctly prohibited." In this large number of cases, therefore, the so-called "mixed" system is simply a system for preventing Catholic schools from being fully Catholic. In another number of cases it is a system which helps on that process of proselytising of which we have more than once had to speak. "Proselytism," says Cardinal Cullen, "works in two ways. First, by keeping Catholic children from learning Catholic, or even any religious doctrine whatever: secondly, by teaching anti-Catholic doctrine. Now, if you look at the Rules of the Board (sec. iv. 9.) you will find that every patron has the right of excluding all religious instruction from his schools, and thus condemning children, as far as the school is concerned, to a pagan ignorance of Christianity. Is not that an effectual system of proselytism? In the second place, if you examine the parliamentary returns, lately obtained by Mr. O'Reilly, M.P. for Longford, you will see that in National Schools in which Presbyterians are patrons, thousands of Catholic children receive religious instruction from Presbyterian masters, recite anti-Catholic prayers, and read the Protestant version of the Bible. Is not this direct proselytism?" (*Address* p. 13.)

It is clear that in no true sense can the experience of mixed education in Ireland be said to justify a favourable verdict. On the contrary, there is every reason for thinking that the only just and wise course that can now be pursued in Ireland is to introduce the denominational system, for which the circumstances of the country are so peculiarly fitted. In England we are hearing again the mutterings of a number of men of resolute purpose and unrelenting hostility to religion, who seem bent on trying once more the experiment in which they have hitherto happily been foiled—that of forcing upon us a uniform State system of education. They do not profess to propose all at once

to supersede the system now in possession, but they look ultimately to an "education, or what is called an education, separating gradually but distinctly more and more from religion: payment and management made matters of a uniform legal system, something on the model of the Poor Law or the highway systems: and ultimately, compulsory attendance in schools recognised by the Law."* Under the circumstances of the case, perhaps one of the wisest things we can do is to learn to discern our enemies from our friends. Education and intellectual progress are as good watchwords for the foes of society and religion as national independence and the liberty of races. The most direct and dangerous attacks which have been made in our own day upon the Christian Faith and the Catholic Church, have been guided by men who have had the skill to marshall their forces under the flag of popular freedom, and to lead them to the assault with the music of national melodies sounding in their ears. It is the old device of the enemies of God—never to contrive evil except under the name of good, never to wage war against what is sacred till they have first engaged some of the best sympathies of human nature on their own side. At this moment, thousands of good persons in different parts of Europe sympathise, more or less actively, with what is in reality a plot for the destruction of Christianity and social order, because its framers have known how to trade on the legitimate aspirations of oppressed nationalities. In some cases, indeed, the false Liberalism of the day has been forced by circumstances to lay aside the mask, and show to the world the full hideousness of its persecuting tyranny. Every one remembers the long war which had to be waged even in a country like France, for the freedom of religious education: every one knows what became of the proposal to carry out in Italy the vaunted programme of Count Cavour, "a Free Church in a Free State." It has been said of modern Russian civilisation, "scratch the Russian, and you soon find the Tartar beneath." In the same way it may be said of

* *Guardian*, Feb. 12.

many of our modern Liberals, "scratch the Liberal, and you will not be long in coming on the persecutor." There are men active and influential as writers, and, in various degrees, leaders of public opinion in England, who have thrown themselves heart and soul into the movement for promoting education chiefly with the purpose of taking the child out of the hands of the parent and the priest, and giving him over to the State, to be brought up, practically, without any faith at all. Hitherto the religious feeling of the country has kept them at bay: but we may be tricked into assenting to some new scheme which may give them the opportunity they desire, and then have to wage a long war for the freedom of Christian education. We have no fear that the Catholic Church will not emerge from the struggle in triumph, but who can tell what mischief may have been wrought in the country before the victory is won?

Y.

The Greek Physiognomists.

Physiognomy is a science which in recent times has been so completely identified with the single name of Lavater, that we have almost forgotten what was done for it in those distant ages into which, the more we inquire, the more we shall be surprised at the extent of knowledge which had been attained to by them. That the Greeks should have profoundly studied physiognomy, any one would expect who has ever seen their portrait-busts. What can be more truthful, for example, than those of Herodotus, Alcibiades, Euripides, Sophocles, Thucydides, or, above all, the life-size seated figure of the comic writer Posidippus in the Vatican? In the lofty, high-piled head of Herodotus we behold a wonderful anticipation of that of Sir Walter Scott, whose genius so much resembled his. The expression of Alcibiades, with its peremptory, dare-devil character, so like that of a reckless young officer, (if our army friends will excuse us,) fills up for us even the likeness of Plutarch. In Euripides and Sophocles we see equally the thorough artist, but of different types, in the one rather the "*genus irritable vatum*," in the other the serenity of an intellect and imagination of an altogether higher order. The bust of Thucydides in the Louvre exhibits a singular union of dignity, profound judgment, and eager curiosity. As for Posidippus, those who have not seen the statue alluded to, but who know the bust of the late Thomas Hood, will understand the exquisite humour, and the carefully controlled laughter which we discern in it, but can imperfectly convey in words. Such fidelity in the artistic representation of characteristic traits could hardly have been unaccompanied by a philosophy inquiring into their laws. It was however long before they developed any system on the subject, although Greek literature, as early as Homer, shows traces of physiognomical observation, not yet reduced under rules. Witness his admirable description of Thersites, with peaked head, thin hair,

hump-back, and bandy-legs, in which we observe that, like Raphael,* especially in the Cartoon of the Healing at the Beautiful Gate, Homer has been careful to make the whole figure correspond to particular features. The dark eye-brows of Zeus, which the sculpture of Phidias expressed from the Homeric description, present another example. In the great days of Athens, the well-known story of the physiognomist who, without knowing Socrates personally, pronounced a most unfavourable judgment of him from studying his face, shows that, by that time the pursuit of this kind of knowledge had become professional and scientific. The endless jokes of the comedians about the disproportionate height of the head of Pericles, and their ridicule of the mulberry complexion of Sylla, may afford further illustrations of what could not but have shown itself among so lively a people—a habit of sharp observation of the manner in which the mind is revealed in the face, and not in the face only, but in the whole outward man.

Of the Greek writers on physiognomy we unfortunately possess only a very few brief treatises, which though extremely curious, are rendered uninviting to the general scholar by a corrupt text added to much original difficulty. They are the writings respectively of Aristotle, Polemon, and Adamantius. The two latter are of late date—Polemon, probably a Christian of the third century, and Adamantius, a convert from Judaism in the fifth. The work of Adamantius is an expansion of that of Polemon. As these treatises are not commonly met with, and the subject is one in which almost all persons take an interest, even the ordinary reader may be attracted by a sketch of the method adopted by acute observers of human nature in ages which differed so very widely from our own. Aristotle opens his discussion on physiognomy by a proof of the possibility of the science. That minds are not unaffected by the changes in bodies, is plain from the phenomena of drunkenness and disease: and on the other hand, those of the passions show that the body is influenced by the emotions of the mind. The mutual connection of body and mind is further still made evi-

* "The marks of congenital deformity are seen not more decisively in the malformed legs and distorted foot, than in that exaggerated and peculiar conformation of the jaw that so constantly accompanies such defects, sympathetic consequences doubtless of some common cause." Article on "The Sistine Chapel and the Cartoons of Raphael," by W. Watkiss Lloyd, Esq., in the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review* for June 1866, p. 92.

dent by a view of animated nature generally. Certain forms, certain bodily organizations are connected with certain types of the mind, "for no animal ever yet was produced such, that it had the form of one animal and the mind of another; but the body and the soul of the same individual invariably correspond." The same principle appears in the judgments formed by connoisseurs, for example, in horses and dogs, who will tell by looking at the animal what its character is. These reasons lead the philosopher to conclude that physiognomy is possible; that is, that it rests upon facts, and is not an idle, imaginary series of inferences (such for instance as the system of collecting omens from the palpitations and quiverings of different parts of the body, on which there is a large treatise by an Alexandrian author, Melampus, published together with the Greek physiognomists I have mentioned, in the edition of Franzius now before me).

He proceeds to examine the various methods that had been adopted by his predecessors to arrive at conclusions in this province of investigation. These were three. Men of one school formed their observations, as regarded human character, on animal physiognomy in general, observing that in the animal creation, a well-defined mental disposition seemed to accompany certain external features. They concluded that where similar features could be discerned in man, they might argue that the soul corresponded to them. Others limited their view to the human race only, and drew their conclusions from facts equally obvious, namely, the association of form and character in the various national types of mankind. The Egyptians, the Thracians, and the Scythians all differed in features and differed in dispositions. Here was evidently a basis on which the observer might build his inferences. If a man resembled an Egyptian in face, most likely he would resemble him more or less in mind. Physiognomists of the third school, still confining themselves to man, adopted another principle. They studied the changes produced in bodies by the various passions, observed how a man looked under the influence of anger, fear, love, and so forth, and then inferred the presence of similar dispositions where they found the features, when in a state of repose, showing traces resembling the effect of those states. According to his usual practice, after thus opening an inquiry by stating the views of previous thinkers, the philosopher proceeds to criticize them briefly. He objects to the system of inference from the features of animals, on the ground (1) that

no man can be found really *like* a brute creature (ὅμοιος), but only resembling it in some particular (προσοικώς τι); that is, we suppose, the isolated similarity indicating no allied organization of body, and therefore none, in general, of mind; (2) that the marks of animals are either common to many different species, or peculiar. The former would yield no conclusions, nor could the latter afford reliable ones. For example, the lion is not the only courageous animal, [modern authorities indeed seem to say that it is not courageous at all,] but share that attribute with many others. Why then should we arbitrarily select the features of the lion as typical of courage, and pronounce that where a resemblance to them is found, there the presence of a courageous temperament may be inferred? So too the hare is not the only timid animal, why then must the peculiar marks be the selected physical characteristics of timidity? With these cautions however, the greater part of the conclusions in Aristotle's treatise are illustrated from animal physiognomy, though founded upon an induction of the features presented by the individuals of various classes of mankind, taking in not merely the conformation and expression of the countenance but the integument, complexion, hair, voice, whatever in short coming before the senses, may serve as signs of that which is within. I shall place before the reader one or two examples of his analysis of the physiognomy of certain characters. He finds that the following signs indicate the courageous or manly constitution of body: harsh hair, erect form, bones, ribs, and extremities strong and large, abdomen flat and drawn-in, shoulder-blades flat and separate, neither very closely conjoined, nor yet entirely apart, a powerful, not very fleshy neck, a broad and fleshy chest, hip contracted, calves of the legs contracted below, bright eyes, neither very wide open, nor quite closed, complexion coarse, forehead not large, but straight and prominent. On the other hand, the signs of a coward are these: soft hairs, sitting close to the body and not rising erect; pale face, weak and blinking eyes; weak extremities, small legs, long and slender hands, small and weak loins, eager gesture in movements but without impetuosity, a startled expression, readiness to change countenance, a downcast look. A mean, little-minded person has small limbs, small joints, lean habit of body, small eyes and small countenance. He has bestowed great pains on the consideration of the male and female characters and their signs. The female in general is softer and less forcible than the male, more capable of being tamed, more inclined to despond, more

malicious, more rash, and less generous. Then as to the bodily features of these two great classes, the female sex in general has a smaller head, a narrower face, a slenderer neck, a weaker chest, more delicate extremities, less nerve, softer tissue. The male has the contrary to all these, and his nature is more brave and just; that of the female, more cowardly and unjust. If the ladies protest against this description, I can only say, "*non meus hic sermo est*," this discourse is not mine, but Aristotle's, I am only a reporter, and not guilty of first uttering the libel. But to proceed. He selects two animals for description, as most completely fulfilling, the one the male type of organization, the other the female. These are respectively the lion and the panther, and he accordingly describes their peculiarities with extraordinary minuteness. The notion is a very fanciful one, yet the reader cannot but be interested with an abstract of the description, were it only as an example of the carefulness of Aristotle as an observer.

The lion, then, has a large-sized mouth, a square-formed, not very bony, face, the upper jaw not projecting beyond the lower, but corresponding to it, thick nose, bright, hollow, not very spherical nor projecting eyes, very large eye-brows, square forehead, concave in the middle, hair hanging forward from the upper part of the forehead over the nose; moderate-sized head, long and thick neck with yellow hair, not crisp nor very much curled, strong shoulders, bold chest, broad back, fleshy hips, strong, nervous legs, stately tread, well-jointed body, neither too stiff nor too flexible; he walks with wide steps, and shaking his shoulders as he goes along. In character, the lion is generous, fond of victory, gentle, just, and attached to those that are about him. So much for the manly type. The panther, as representing the feminine organization, is disposed of more briefly. It has a small face, a large mouth, little whitish eyes, projecting forehead roundish at the ears, long and slender neck, long back, spotted hide, conformation weakly-jointed and unsymmetrical. In character it is little-minded and thievish, and in general deceitful. Aristotle probably amused himself with this whimsical method of physiognomical diagnosis as applied to other animals, and throughout the treatise, after describing the features of a particular character he will say: "Its reference is to dogs," or "to oxen," or "to the feminine type," or "to the masculine," or again, "to fitness," by which last he seems to mean, the natural analogy which certain features

appear to have towards certain habits of the soul, for instance the small pinched-up face to smallness of mind.

I proceed to lay before the reader some examples of the interpretation attached by Aristotle to particular features, premising however that he draws physiognomical conclusions in great detail from the conformation of every part of the body, in which, whether they are right or wrong, he shows his profoundly philosophical spirit. For the entire corporeal organization constitutes a perfect whole, all the parts of which are in keeping. A thick neck he holds to indicate a strong character, a thin one, a weak character, following respectively the male and female types. A well-sized neck, not too thick, shows high-mindedness; a long, slender neck, cowardice, a very short one, cunning. The animal types these follow, are respectively the lion, the stag, and the wolf. Thin lips loose at the ends, and the upper over-lapping, also show high-mindedness, and this too belongs to the leonine type, and to that of high-spirited dogs. Thick lips, the upper projecting, show folly, and belong to the type of the ass and the monkey. People with projecting upper lips and prominent gums are apt to be abusive. A nose with thick extremity shows indolence—the bovine type. An aquiline nose, well-cleared from the forehead, shows high-mindedness. The same indication is afforded by a round nose, flattened at the end. A nose turning up rapidly from the forehead shows impudence. Nostrils wide open shows a passionate character. Fleshy faces show indolence and cowardice; lean faces, diligence; little faces, small-mindedness; large faces, slowness and stupidity. The middle size is the best. If there are baggy formations about the eyes, the subject is fond of drink. Little eyes are a sign of a little mind; great or prominent eyes, of stupidity; concave eyes, of a mischievous disposition. As to their colour, very black eyes show cowardice, as also gray and pale-coloured eyes; those of the blonde type, and bright, gleaming eyes, indicate courage; glittering eyes, a sensual character. The forehead, if little, shows inaptitude to learning; if very large, stupidity; if round, insensibility; if square and symmetrical, high-mindedness; if heavy and projecting, self-will. A large head shows insensibility, a little head, lively perception; a peaked head, impudence. Little ears belong to the monkey type, and great ears to the donkey. One may observe, remarks the philosopher, that even the best kinds of dogs have moderate-sized ears. As to complexion, very

dark persons are cowardly. This inference he draws from the character of the Egyptian and Ethiopian races. Such too, are extremely fair persons, as partaking of the feminine type. The blonde complexion shows courage; the red, cunning; the sanguine, a passionate character; the colour resembling that of honey, coldness of disposition. Eye-brows drawn down towards the nose, and up towards the forehead, indicate silliness; hair rising straight from the head, cowardice (arguing from the effect of extreme fear in causing the hair to bristle); so too does very crisp hair. Prominence of the forehead, near the head, generosity (the leonine type); hair growing on the forehead, near the nose, shows meanness. He very justly includes the voice among the means of judging by physiognomy. A deep, grave voice shows an insolent disposition, and this Aristotle infers from the braying of asses. A voice that begins with a grave note and ends with an acute one, a despondent, melancholy character; a deep voice with many undulations, courage; a sharp, screaming voice betrays a passionate temper. In forming a judgment from the signs in general, he pronounces that the clearest indications are afforded by the eyes, forehead, head, and face; the next best, by the chest and shoulders, and then come the legs and feet. The three principles on which he most relies, are fitness or adaptation (which I have endeavoured to explain above), and the male and female type; "For these," he says, "are distinguished by the most perfect division, and it has been shown that the male is more just and more courageous, and in one word, better than the female." I commend these views of the most profound philosopher of antiquity to the consideration of Mr. Mill, and without joking. A difference of character so marked as to have been adopted by Aristotle as the very basis of the whole system upon which he judges of the dispositions by outward signs, cannot be referred to any effects of education and habit; and to ignore it in the constitution of society and the state, would be a futile attempt to disregard the laws nature has fixed for the government of the world, and which would secure their own fulfilment, even if ill-advised human legislation sought to set them aside.

I may remark on the whole treatise I have reviewed in the foregoing pages, that, strange as some of the opinions expressed in it may be, it is impossible not to admire its breadth and decision. Every sentence of it shows a sharp and vigorous observer, from whom, even where he is wrong, we may learn

much. It is full of that precision and formality that reign in so marked a manner over the Greek intellect, as well in its philosophy as in its poetry, architecture, and statuary. Things are referred to one or two leading ideas, and traits are brought out by single, well-conceived and determined strokes, free from all uncertainty and vagueness. Even where the reasons of his conclusions seem fanciful, his great good-sense and penetration have probably often preserved Aristotle from error in the conclusion itself. The treatise forms an admirable supplement to that precious manual of observations on human character, the bulk of the second book of the *Rhetoric* of the same philosopher, and to the scarcely less valuable *Characters* of Theophrastus, a work from the same wonderful school which laid the foundation of almost all our intellectual education. In another paper I hope to go over the no less curious Treatises on Physiognomy by Polemon and Adamantius.

O

Cavaliere de Rossi on the History of St. Callistus.

Concluded from page 193.

We come at length to the dealings of Callistus with Sabellius. It it needless to repeat what we have already quoted above. We may, however, observe that a person in the position of our author was not likely to stand in such close intimacy with Callistus, as to be a receivable witness when it is a question of private motives, and the reasons which actuated him in his exercise of supreme authority. Taking the author's words as they stand, it might be doubted whether the definitive sentence on Sabellius was pronounced before or after the elevation of Callistus to the Papal Chair. If before, it is difficult to imagine how he could have rebutted the fatal and peremptory exception of evident incompetency, for, as we may gather from the letters of the Roman Presbytery, extant among the Epistles of St. Cyprian, they would have deferred all such causes to the Judgment of their Bishop canonically elected. But further, is it likely that a man who played fast and loose with the doctrines of Revelation for the paltry ends of his selfish ambition, could have imperilled his election by an act so well calculated to provoke the hostility of a not inconsiderable faction? The expression, then, employed by our author, "Callistus *imagining* he had attained his object," may imply a protest on his own part against the election, or his intention to have its validity judicially tested. Be this as it may, his assertion that Callistus was afraid of him, thinking he would denounce him to the Churches, may be read as an indication of some attempt of the writer to impugn the election and orthodoxy of Callistus in letters to the different Christian communities. If so, he unwittingly bears a witness far more favourable to his adversary than aught else that *could be alleged*, as we may infer from his

obiter dicta that the attention of the Churches was called to the orthodoxy of Callistus and the treatment Sabellius received at his hands. Nor is this a mere conjecture. Our author informs us that Sabellius was condemned at Rome, aud that by Callistus. His story is corroborated by a passage occurring in the synodical letter of the Council of Philippopolis, A.D. 347, which may be seen in the works of St. Hilary of Poitiers. The fathers of this Council allude to the Roman Synod in which Sabellius and other heretics were condemned, and which, they say, was confirmed by the Churches of the East. Thus the excommunication of Sabellius was a synodical act, and the style of ecclesiastical procedure justifies us in affirming that Callistus published his sentence in a synodical letter, wherein, according to custom, the Catholic teaching must have been put in contrast to the proscribed tenets. Granting for the moment that Sabellius was sacrificed to the imperious exigencies of an electoral contest, it was impossible for Callistus to get rid of his inconvenient ally by a hole-and-corner proceeding. A slight acquaintance with the records of Christian antiquity will satisfy any mind capable of conviction, that an act of such consequence must, if done at all, have been done in the face of day, and have engaged the attention of the Churches both to the parties and merits of the suit. We have, therefore, the sanction of history for asserting that the orthodoxy of Callistus was universally acknowledged. To this we may add the more than negative proof from the silence of Tertullian, so envenomed in his strictures on what, in modern parlance, would be styled the practical corruptions of the Church of Rome: nay more, we have on record his positive acknowledgment that his party were in perfect harmony with the Catholics on all points concerning the Trinity in Unity and the Nature and Person of the Saviour.

Having thus endeavoured to deprive Callistus of all credit for the condemnation of Sabellius, the author proceeds to charge him with obstinate resistance to the truth—which must be taken to mean either the author's system, or the Catholic contradictory of the heresy of Sabellius. The reasons he assigns for this obduracy are that another course *would have* involved Callistus in self-contradiction, and have

compelled a retractation of his former charge against his biographer, whom he had accused of Ditheism. The alleged formulary of the Pontiff's teaching in the Catechetical school, over which he presided, has been given above. Its error consists mainly in identifying the Father and the Son, He being the Manhood, which the Father has sanctified by taking it to Himself. So that the Father is the Spirit of the Son, that is of the assumed nature, and has suffered with the Son; in a word, Father and Son are distinct names for one and the self-same Divine Person. Assuming the accuracy of our author, it is hard to point out the Theodotian element of this system, or to award to Callistus the praise, whatever it is worth, of originality. The formulary in question differs but little, if at all, from the Sabellian Patripassianism condemned by Callistus. Far from inventing a new heresy, Callistus would in this case have borrowed from and copied Sabellius, varying somewhat the expression of his teaching, but leaving the sense unchanged, and the identity of the two schools obvious to all but the meanest intellects. Still, if we believe our author, Callistus was the *first* to broach this not very novel view. But in Chapters 27 and 29 of his book against Praxeas, Tertullian calls attention to the self-same formulary not as to the system of a rival school, but as an evolution of the same heresy. Throughout the 31 chapters of his book, he makes not the slightest, the most distant, allusion to any condemnation of Sabellius put forth by the Neo-Patripassians. It may be objected that Tertullian wrote this work on the revival of the Noëtian heresy in Rome, and hence before the death of Zephyrinus. True, but the system fathered upon Callistus appears in his pages as a mitigation, a toning down by the school of Sabellius of the most unacceptable features of the teaching of Cleomenes. But our path becomes darker as the author proceeds in his narrative. The new teaching, as he informs us, was not confined to the life-time of Callistus; it was adopted both by the Roman Church and every community throughout the world that bore the name of Catholic. It behoves us, then, to summon as witness some other contemporaneous writer. The unknown author of the "Little Labyrinth," before quoted, must have written either during, or shortly after the Pontificate of

Callistus, as we have already observed. The point in dispute between the Catholic and the Artemonite interlocutors was the teaching of Zephyrinus and of the Church of Rome as to the Divinity and Person of the Word. The Catholic calls upon his adversary to compare the actual belief of the Roman Church with the doctrines propounded by Justin, Clement, and Irenæus, not one of whom would have subscribed the Callistian formulary as it here stands. We may, moreover, appeal to Novatian, who, but twelve years later, under the Pontificate of Fabian, was accounted one of the most illustrious priests and doctors of the Church of Rome. When he withdrew, some years afterwards, from the communion of Cornelius, the sole grievance he alleged was the forgiveness granted to certain classes of sinners. But we might naturally have expected him to reproach the Church he attempted to divide with the heresy of Callistus, had it ever existed save in the fevered brain of his biographer. But in none of the numerous works he wrote in defence of his schism do we discover the faintest trace of any disagreement between the Church of Rome and Novatian as to the doctrine of the Trinity. In the book "*De Trinitate*," generally ascribed to his pen, he represents the Saviour as crucified between the "sacrilegious heresy of Sabellius," "the blasphemy that confounded Christ with the Father," and the Artemonite impiety, that regarded Him as a mere man, denying his God-head. But of the Callistians who, striving to steer a middle course between these two opposite extremes, fell into the errors of both, he says absolutely nothing. We might refer also to the Confessions of Faith presented by the numerous members of the Roman clergy whom he had seduced by his example, on their return to unity, but we pass at once to an indisputable testimony to the orthodoxy of Callistus, handed down to us by authentic history. It is contained in the dogmatic epistle addressed by Dionysius of Rome, ere yet the generation trained up by Callistus had passed away, to his Alexandrian namesake. The dissensions excited by the Sabellian heresy in the Churches of the Libyan Pentapolis, rendered it imperative for him to defend the doctrine already set forth by his predecessor. In this letter, written "in the *name of all*," as he testifies, that is, with the unanimous

consent of the bishops and clergy assembled in synod, he renews the anathemas against Sabellius, censuring, at the same time, the system attributed to a certain Alexandrian school, whose formula was diametrically opposed to that of Sabellius, and thus, "*to a certain extent*," fell into Tritheism, dividing the Divine Unity into three separate substances. The Pope proclaims that Monarchy is the most august teaching of the Church of God, and having developed the dogmas of Trinity in Unity, and of the Incarnation, he concludes with the following comment on the "Apostolic rule" or "standard"—in other words, on the Baptismal Creed:—"The wondrous and divine Unity is not to be divided into three God-heads. * * * We must believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Christ Jesus His Son, and in the Holy Ghost; and hold that the Word is united to the God of the Universe. For, He says, 'I and the Father are one;' and, 'I am in the Father and the Father is in Me.' Thus will the Divine Trinity and the dogma of the Monarchy be maintained entire and inviolate." These closing words of an epistle, written in the name of the Roman Church to that of Alexandria, by a Pontiff who most probably had sat at the feet of Callistus, and whose learning had won him fame and celebrity within thirty years after the death of this much-maligned Pontiff, read like a protest against the calumnies so recently brought to light, in favour of the teaching of the orthodox Monarchian schools of the Church of Rome, a teaching which, in after years, was inserted in the Nicene Creed. To deny the identity of the faith of Dionysius with that of his predecessor, to accept to the very letter the truth of the unworthy imputations recorded in the *Philosophumena*, we must be content to suppose, without a vestige of proof, that, within the brief span of one generation, the Roman Church twice changed her confession of faith, and condemned, in the eyes of the world, what she had but lately proclaimed to be saving truth. There are those whose capacity of belief is equal to such a feat. We shall not attempt to disturb their ingenuous and childlike faith.

Our author having thus blackened the character of Callistus to his heart's content, makes him, or his school, responsible for the *vagaries of* an obscure set of fanatics

called Elchesaïtes, who, if he may be trusted, might claim the Munster Anabaptists for their lineal descendants. He then takes an abrupt leave of Callistus; concerning the remainder and close of whose career he says nothing whatever.

This studied reticence, as we may surely claim to consider it, makes it incumbent upon us to examine such records and monuments of the past, as may justify the honours which Christian piety has so long awarded to his memory, and silence the voice of slander by the irreversible judgment of history. Like all the successors to St. Peter's Chair at Rome for the three first centuries, Callistus is inscribed on the calendar of the Church, and enrolled in the white-robed army of martyrs. That this honour was not awarded in consideration of his confession before the Prefect Fuscianus, the garbled report of which we have seen above, is unquestionable, as it was the invariable practice in these early ages to reserve the title of martyr for those only who had shed their blood, or died a lingering death in bonds or exile, for the "testimony of Jesus." From the acts of his martyrdom we learn that he was put to death under Alexander Severus, in a popular tumult occurring in the Trastevere, or quarter of Rome north of the Tiber, being precipitated from an upper story into a pit. His remains, we are told, were secretly conveyed to the cemetery of Calepodius, on the Aurelian Way, not far from the scene of his death. The Emperor, whose mildness of character and leaning towards Christianity are attested by contemporaneous history, was not, as the legend would have us believe, responsible for this outrage, which was the result of an outburst of popular fanaticism, encouraged, or connived at, mayhap, by the local representatives of law, justice, and order. These acts may be relied on so far, at least, as their details are confirmed by other testimony. As is well known, the Roman Church celebrates the martyrdom of St. Callistus on October 14; but there are peculiar circumstances connected with this anniversary which distinguish it from the commemoration of all the other predecessors of Sylvester, save St. Peter, and testify not only to the glorious end of this Pontiff, but to his personal celebrity and the enduring *veneration* in which his memory was enshrined. Though

the edicts of Diocletian made sad havoc of the early records of the Church of Rome, they could not destroy all monuments of the past, or blot out the living traditions of local piety, afterwards preserved to us in the Calendar drawn up soon after Constantine had restored peace to the Church. Now, in this Calendar, entitled "Feriale," which gave the list of the greater immovable festivals, or saints' days, there are two catalogues—one of the anniversary of martyrs *(depositiones martyrum)*, the other of bishops, prefixed to the former *(depositiones episcoporum)*. Putting together the indications furnished by both these documents, we discover a complete series of all the Popes from Pontianus to Sylvester, chronologically arranged. Hence we infer that none of the predecessors of Pontianus, not even the immediate successors of the Apostle, whose names are inscribed in the Liturgy, had the privilege of a yearly commemoration, with the one exception of Callistus. His biographer, closing his virulent diatribe with embittered irony, styles him "this *most admirable* Callistus," and the fact we have just noticed, while it testifies to the enduring *admiration*, vowed to his name and memory when oblivion seemed to have eclipsed that of so many of his sainted predecessors, is inconsistent with the notion that the Roman Church ever endorsed the libel contained in the *Philosophumena*, or repudiated as heterodox his school and the doctrines he taught.

The history and nomenclature of the early Christian cemeteries in Rome afford another proof of the esteem and veneration wherein the name and memory of Callistus were held. Among the various offices committed to him by Zephyrinus, his biographer lays especial stress on his being set over *the* cemetery—that which was opened by Zephyrinus, for the burial of the Roman Pontiffs, who had hitherto been interred in the neighbourhood of St. Peter's tomb. It is worthy of notice that, though Callistus was not the founder of this cemetery in which the remains of so many illustrious bishops and martyrs were deposited, though he was buried in the cemetery of Calepodius, the lustre of his name seems to have eclipsed both that of the founder and of the long line of sainted Pontiffs *by whom it* was hallowed. It ever

bears the name of the Cemetery of Callistus on the Appian Road, both in the ancient calendar we have just referred to, and in the continuation of the catalogue of Popes, under Julius I. (A.D. 337-352). The cemetery of Calepodius, as being the burial place of Callistus, is designated in the same documents as that of Callistus on the Aurelian Way. No other Pope of these early ages has left so many traces of his memory in the monuments and local traces of Christian Rome. We find on the portion of a collar of a fugitive slave, which belongs to the time of Constantine, the inscription, "Area Callisti" (Callistus Square), so called from its having been the theatre of his final conflict. The continuator of the catalogue of the Popes, speaking of the Basilica of Sta. Maria in Trastevere, which was erected in his time by Pope Julius, mentions it as being "beyond the Tiber, in the 13th Ward, hard by *Callistus*," which shows that some memorial of Callistus existed in that place before the building of the Basilica, which soon got the name of "Titulus Callisti" (Parish of St. Callistus). But not content with building this church, Julius founded another over the very tomb of his predecessor, who was thus the first among the long series of martyred Popes to have a basilica erected over his grave; and we are further told that the same Pontiff ordered his own remains to be deposited near those of the predecessor he had so much honoured during his mortal course.

Time will not permit us to follow De Rossi further in the erudite but interesting details his knowledge of local antiquities enables him to multiply; but enough, and more than enough, has been said to show that Callistus, like the other Popes, needs but the truth for his apologist and advocate, and that the charges heaped by party spirit and baffled rivalry on his honoured name, on closer examination turn rather to his credit, and help to justify that verdict of Catholic generations which is in reality the witness of the Spirit of Truth.

μξ.

Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America.

VIII.—Up the Jacuhi.

The city of Porto Alegre, or Joyous Haven, the capital of the province of Rio Grande do Sul, is built on a bold promontory jutting into the Rio da Aldéia or Gravatahi, one of the five rivers which unite close to it, and form the Lagóa Viamão, or as it also called, the River Guáyba. It suffered considerably from the rebellion of Colonel Bento Gonçalvez in the year 1835, who was endeavouring to imitate the ambitious doings of the neighbouring generals of Montevideo and Buenos-Ayres, and establish an independent republic. The rebels or Farrapos—that is "the Ragged ones"—as they were called, spread confusion, ruin, and bloodshed for several years over this fair land; but the Brazilian government finally prevailed—that is, being unable to subdue the rebellion, it bribed its chiefs, loaded them with honours and wealth, and peace was re-established. How long it is to last is very uncertain.* The town is regularly built, chiefly on the summit and northern side of the promontory. Its streets are parallel to and at right angles with the Rio Gravatahi, and have a generally pleasing appearance, although the very rough way in which they are paved and the lowness of most of the houses—few of which rise higher than the ground-floor—give them, in comparison with those of European cities, a poor and mean aspect. It possesses a few really respectable and ancient families descended from the original settlers, and owning estancias and lands in the various settled districts of the province; but the bulk of its population is of a mixed nature, some thousands of black and mulatto slaves, a number of Portuguese traders of the lowest class, four or five thousand Germans—most of them bakers, shoemakers, tailors, and small-ware tradesmen,—and a sprinkle of French and Italian adventurers,

* Since these lines were written (Feb. 1864) the province of Rio Grande has again become the theatre of war, the forces of Paraguay having invaded it, and wasted several of the Uruguay towns.

who like most of their countrymen abroad, are cooks, hair-dressers, perfumers, or dealers in millinery or children's toys. As I have already mentioned, the religious and moral character of the inhabitants, with very few exceptions, is not of the highest kind; some families however have preserved the ancient notions of piety and honour.

I remained in the city during the winter months of July and August. When September ushered in the glories of an almost tropical spring, and brought dry weather together with gentle gales laden with the powerful scent of the blossoming orange and lemon trees, I again started forth in pursuance of my design of doing what little good I could in a country so often left destitute, even in many of its inhabited parts, of spiritual help. The life of a missionary amidst the mountains and woods is monotonous enough in description, although to him it is sufficiently varied by the constant change of faces and scenes. It is always either sailing on some forest-bordered stream, or paddling with Indian guides across some wide lake, or traversing sombre virgin forests for days and days on the back of a horse or mule, or sleeping in some shanty or poor Indian hut, open to all the winds of heaven, and the primordial and scarcely disturbed habitation of a multitude of strange-looking insects and fierce blood-sucking parasites. But real adventures, such as those who sit at home at ease like to peruse, are scarce, or at least scattered at intervals over many years of existence. Since the ill-treatment of the Indian races by the Whites, it has been no longer possible to penetrate alone among the utterly savage tribes, without the certainty of cruel tortures and immediate death. For the present, until better times, one must confine one's exertions to attempting to improve the inhabitants of the coast towns, or to instruct and guide the broken and scattered remnants of the former Indian flocks of the old Jesuit Missions.

These poor Indians of the Reductions of the Paraguay and Uruguay rivers, when suddenly deprived a century ago (August 1768) of the Fathers and Pastors who had achieved such wonders among them, dispersed themselves in various directions to escape the cruel rapacity of the Paulistas or slave-hunters. Some went back to a purely savage state in the mighty forests of the north-west, others united themselves in large bodies for better resistance against possible invaders, occupied sundry aldéias on the eastern and western bank of the Uruguay, and formed what was then, and is yet, called Sete Missoēs or

the Seven Missions—of St. Francis Borgia, St. Louis, St. Nicholas and others. Some others disappeared altogether, and remained undiscovered in the depths of the forests for seventy or eighty years—as, for instance, the Camés of Nonohaï who were found only about fifteen or twenty years ago by some explorers of lands for projected colonies. These Indians had retained the name of Christians, and still used most of the prayers and hymns taught them by the Jesuits; but of course they were without Priests and Sacraments. To one of these Indian aldéias, far removed from all civilisation, I begged leave to proceed. I was absolutely alone in this undertaking, but guides were to meet me at the little town of Cachoeira, forty leagues above the mouth of the River Jacuhi, one of the great feeders of the Sagõa dos Patos.

I first visited, as a preliminary to my longer excursion, the little aldéia of Nossa Señhora de Belem, or Bethlehem, where I found a rather pretty church, and, just outside of its main entrance, a belfry consisting of three or four upright worm-eaten old beams from which still hung three bells bearing the date of 1683. In raised letters round the lower rim were invocations in Latin of the Holy Trinity, and of various Saints of the Society of Jesus. I here gathered together the little ones of the village, and after sufficient catechising, and several days' devotional preparation, I administered to them the Sacraments for the first time in their young lives. When I was examining them as to their religious knowledge previously to admitting them to the Holy Communion, a very little fellow with bright eyes, whom I thought at first much too young, presented himself. "How old are you, incuino?" said I. "I don't know, Señhor," he answered; "perhaps twelve." "But you are very small for that age!" "True, Señhor," retorted he sharply; "*meu pai diz que não teñho crescido nada*!—my father says I have not grown a bit!" I could not resist the little fellow's earnest look, and admitted him with the rest. Happy, thrice happy little beings! I was much moved by their simplicity and innocence, and contrasted their blissful lot in that unknown solitude with the sad fate and precocious corruption of so many poor children in our busy European cities. No priest had visited Belem for many years; we had *terços* of prayers every evening, where all sang the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Gloria Patri and other prayers to the very wild but touching melodies taught them by the old missionaries.

The country round Belem, still wild and very little inhabited,

is of wondrous magnificence, and I spent the intervals of my labours there in exploring such scenes as most attracted my attention. Splendid rivers, lofty wood-crowned hills, lovely glens full of every kind of beautiful animal and vegetable life—time did not appear heavy as I sat for hours together on the same shaded grassy knoll contemplating the marvellous panorama stretched before me. I could well understand how the ancient solitaries of whom we read in the history of the primitive Church, could without *ennui* spend their lives alone with God and His works in the wilderness. I remained about ten days at Nossa Señhora de Belem, and having rested some time, and leaving it at a chãcara or country house on the left bank of the Guáyba, belonging to one Señhor Justino Vieyra, an old man sadly afflicted with the gout, and whose fruit garden was one of the best I had yet seen in America—I crossed over with an Indian lad to catch a steamer about to ascend the Rio Jacuhi. That vessel goes now and then to Rio Pardo to fetch a cargo of maté, or Paraguay tea, for conveyance to various places in the Banda Oriental. It is two long days' navigation by steam up the Jacuhi to Rio Pardo, thirty leagues above its mouth. About half way is the small uninteresting village of Saõ-Jeronymo, remarkable only for its coal-pits opened a few years ago by an English gentleman from Lancashire, Mr. J——, who lives there with his wife and nine children, and has lost in this warm climate none of the ruddy bloom characteristic of his northern countrymen. These coal mines, he told me, extend in one vast bed for hundreds of miles in a north-easterly direction, even beyond the province of Santa Catharina. If it be so, what a source of wealth in a country so beautiful and so intersected by many navigable streams, if only there were people to avail themselves of it !*

Rio Pardo is a rather considerable town for a country where villages of a couple of thousand inhabitants are frequently decorated with the name of "cities." It is situated on the right bank of the river of the same name, close to its confluence with the Jacuhi. Its origin was a small fort built by the Portuguese in 1751, when, in agreement with the Spaniards, they proceeded to this point in order to settle the frontiers of their respective

* Want of enterprise is the bane of those new countries for which nature has been so bountiful. Mr. J—— told me he could supply any amount of good coal at less then 20s. a ton, and yet most of the Southern steamers buy English coal at the rate of 80s. per ton !

dominions in that part of South America. The following year, on receiving information that the Portuguese garrison of a hundred men was much reduced by confinement and sickness, Tyarayú-Sepé, Cacique of the Reduction of Saõ-Miguel of the Seven Missions, came with two thousand Indians to besiege it. Peace was made between the assailants and the besieged on the ground of their common religion. The Portuguese found the spot so advantageously situated both for defence and for trade, that they built sundry houses around the fort and settled there. The population had so increased fourteen or fifteen years later that the little oratory was enlarged into a handsome church dedicated to our Lady of the Rosary. This place, as well as its neighbour Cachoeira, suffered much devastation and depopulation in the time of the civil wars of the Farrapos, notwithstanding which it now reckons three or four thousand inhabitants, including about a thousand Guaranis, who live a couple of miles off at a place called Saõ Nicholão. In the neighbourhood were once sundry linen factories, destroyed in the war, and the town carries on at the present day a brisk trade with the South in maté and jerked beef.

Above Rio Pardo the Jacuhi receives the waters of a great number of affluents, among the principal of which are the Jacaoybá, the Hyraoipirá, and the Goï or Jaï. These come from the north, through the plains called Campos da Vaccaria; from the west and south it receives the Rios Vacacahy, Sancta Barbara, and Dom Marcos, the last so called after a missionary who was massacred about eighty years ago by a wandering horde of Guaycurús. Some smaller streams, which would be respectable rivers in Europe, the Trapuán, the Pigueri, and Butucaraï, also contribute to swell the Jacuhi with their waters. From Rio Pardo to Cachoeira, eighteen leagues by the river, my passage was made in an ordinary canoe; it was at this latter place I was to meet the guides and mules sent forward by the cacique of Nonohaï. This neighbourhood is famous for the breeding of mules, in which there is a great internal trade. They are even sent so far hence as Chili and Peru. At an estancia or breeding-farm a few leagues up the river, I was told of a bargain that had been made between the estanciero and a messenger from a Bagé lady who wanted a team of eight, all of the same colour, size, and age, for her carriage. The agent had the pick and choice of more than a thousand animals, and when he had selected his team, the price demanded was forty milreis—that is about nine shillings a piece! They would have cost a thousand

pounds in Rio Janeiro or Bahia, and certainly thirty guineas a piece anywhere in Europe.

The voyage up the Jacuhi from Rio Pardo to Cachoeira is of three or four days' length, about eighty miles, reckoning the many windings of the stream. The country is rather flat, and consists mostly of pasture land, but it is thickly and luxuriantly wooded along the river-banks. There are few habitations to be seen: these are removed some distance from the stream, and are generally built on whatever rising grounds dominate over the Campos. Rather than lose time in going to one or other of these at night, and undergo the ceremony of asking and receiving a solemn hospitality, I preferred sleeping in the lanchão or boat, stretched on an old sail, and as near mid-stream as possible—that is when we anchored, for sometimes the wind was fair to run up under canvass alone. Thus I had nothing to fear from night-prowling snakes or tigers; but what shall I say about the mosquitoes? One can only avoid them on the rivers when these are very wide, or the wind blows strongly. At other times, especially near the banks, to escape their bites is a sheer impossibility. For provisions we carried with us fariñha, jerked beef, a hock of bacon, a couple of flat round cheeses from Minasgerães, rivalling the noted Suffolk cheese in hardness, and a bottle or two of caixãsa or native rum, and a small kettle, of course, without which no coffee could be prepared or water boiled for maté. About noon, when the sun poured on the glistening river its almost vertical and intolerable beams, we landed in some creek to enjoy the cool shade, broil some beef, and take a pannikin of black coffee. This done, the guides would smoke a charrúto or two, stretch themselves at full length on their poncho, and sleep for a couple of hours. As for myself, not quite so primitive in my habits, I would either recite my breviary, or gaze in a dreamy way on the bright solitary waters, and wonder how I had come to such a spot, and undertaken so strange a kind of life.

Cachoeira—so named on account of the rapids of the Jacuhi which render the navigation a little way above this place impracticable for large vessels, is a small town—and indeed, little more than a village, of about two thousand souls. It suffered most grievously during the late civil wars, being taken and retaken I don't know how many times within a few years, and finally almost destroyed by fire. It was formerly an aldéia of Butucaraï Indians, who, persuaded to adopt a civilised

manner of life by the governor, Dom José Marcellino de Figuereido—a truly great and good man of the old Portuguese stock,—built a small church, and invited over a Father from one of the Guarani Reductions. He dedicated the sacred edifice to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception. Another and larger church was built in the year 1819, and this being dedicated to St. John the Evangelist, an alvará or Royal decree of the 26th of April of the same year raised the village to the rank and privileges of a municipal town under the name of Villa-Nova de Saõ João da Cachoeira, that is, the New Town of St. John of the Rapids. As the White population increased, and the Black slaves brought by the Whites also became more numerous, the Indians for the most part migrated to the woods. There are now scarcely five hundred of them in or about the place. Almost the sole industry of this little town consists in the rearing of cattle.

To my great disappointment I could see or hear nothing at Cachoeira of the guides and horses I had expected to meet there. I was not greatly surprised at this, for time seems of no acconnt with the people of these regions. After waiting another whole day, I hired a couple of mules and a man, a gaucho, who for half an ounce (about thirty-three shillings) engaged to take me and my baggage three days higher up the stream* overland—as the river winds very much—as far as the dwelling of Velho Thomaz, as he was called, a very old Guarani Indian, formerly of the Mission of Saõ Gabriel, who now lived with a few of his people at a fishing station on the left bank of the Jacuhi. I had taken with me among other things for wilderness travelling, a *rede* or strong cotton hammock, wherein I slept at night and reposed at noon day. This hammock was of immense use to me for some months, until in an unlucky hour it came to grief; a lusty Spaniard whom I encountered on the island of Yapehú in the Upper Uruguay, having thrown himself into it with a heavy *flop*, and split it open in its entire length, so as to render it absolutely unserviceable. Sleeping or lolling in these hammocks among the trees is very luxurious, were it not for the insects which are everywhere an unavoidable plague. Generally before turning in at night we made a fire at a short distance from us, and this to some extent kept the mosquitoes at bay.

* In hiring guides and peons, it is always understood that food and maté are to be provided for them over and above their money hire.

It was only afterwards I found out how the Paraguay Indians inhabiting low, marshy lands, avoid the nightly stings of these dreadful pests. They raise terraces of foliage on upright posts about four yards above the ground, and lie on these, for the insects seldom rise more than six or seven feet from the surface. On the third day towards nightfall we reached Velho Thomaz' cottage, and there, as I had faintly hoped, we found the Cacique *Dohr*, or, as he was called by the Portuguese, Capitão Prudente, waiting for us with three companions and some mules and dogs. I inquired of him how far and in what direction Nonohaï lay? He pointed across the river to the north-west and counted fifteen—that is, with true Indian taciturnity and gravity, he gave me to understand it was a fortnight's journey—fifty leagues.

This "Velho Thomaz," or Old Thomas, was a Guarani Indian, 122 years of age, having been born the year of the defeat of the Mamelus on the Uruguay by the Indians of the reduction *de los Reges*, that is in 1741. He was not yet toothless, but wonderfully wrinkled, and of great liveliness and physical strength for his age. I saw him lift up a heavy log of wood which appeared almost too large for me to raise. He said he had never known sickness of any kind. He showed me with no small pride a pair of brogues he had finished the day before, and which the guide purchased of him for a tobacco-pouch and a boliviana.* He remembered well the old Jesuit Fathers. He was 27 years of age when they had to leave the country in 1768. They had taught him in his youth the shoemaking trade, and also Latin enough to serve at all the services of the Church. He spoke with much emotion *de buenos Padres* as he called them, he still recited every day the Little Office of our Lady in a well-thumbed breviary which the Fathers had given him, and regretted very much that for some years his infirmities had not allowed him to go to Cachoeira to hear Mass. He had the satisfaction to hear it in his own humble home, at least for the short time I stayed there. I have since heard that Padre João Veras, the Vigario of São Gabriel had paid the old Patriarch a visit some time after I left, to afford him again the consolations of the Sacraments. He dwelt here with ten or twelve of his sons and grandsons, who earned their living chiefly by catching and drying *taïnas* and *piaz* Jacuhi fish, which they sold to the traders of the Rio Parana country. The venerable Sachem complained bitterly of the civil wars which had robbed him of many of his children.

* A Bolivian silver coin worth a little less than half-a-crown.

The next day but one we crossed the river at a very early hour, in order to press on a good way through the woods on the other side before the sun had acquired much power. The luggage and myself were placed in a *balsa*—a sort of flat canoe made of hides turned up at the sides, which were transversely held together by leather thongs. The cacique and a son of his swam across on horseback, pulling the *balsa* by a cord, while an Indian swimming behind held it with one hand, to keep it from overturning. The rest of the party had gone lower down the stream, to cross with the mules. When we reached the right bank, some consultation took place among the Indians as to the road we should take: some were for coasting the stream up its course for some time before striking across the forest, as the ground there had been denuded of any but low brushwood by some recent overflow, but the cacique objected to this plan at that particular hour—the dawn was just breaking—as jaguars might be in ambush among the brambles. Just as he spoke, a splendid fellow bounded over the sedge a hundred yards a-head of us, and took to the water in most gallant style. I wondered why the cacique or some of his party did not immediately fire at him, but he was already it seems beyond gun-shot, and an Indian never wastes his powder or his arrows. Whether the tiger was frightened out of its lair by our near approach, or merely took to the water to fish, as that animal usually does at that hour of the day, I could not tell; it was probably the latter; for on following with the eye its course up the stream, we could discern a line of eight or ten capiváras, or river hogs, plunging and swimming away as fast as they could towards the other side. We soon lost sight of both pursuer and pursued in the far distance, and could only guess the issue of the contest, which was not likely to be in favour of the poor capiváras.

It was then determined to strike across the forest in a direction nearly due north for a couple of days, until we should come to the Rio Cebollaty, one of the southern affluents of the Upper Uruguay, which at its confluence with this river, still runs in almost a straight line from east to west. I had taken with me one of Sandford's best pocket maps, and also a couple of small pocket mariner's compasses, in case of being lost in the woods. This map—one of Keith Johnston's series—I found generally pretty correct, as far as the number and course of the rivers were concerned; but, here and there, places were marked on it forty or fifty miles more up or down than they should have been, and the names of the streams not always correctly given. I found good use two or three times for my pocket compass; and it puzzled my Indians not

a little to understand how my small watch-like case, with its tremulous little needle, could tell me which way to turn in order to reach their country, whither I had never gone before. Capitão Prudente, with the true instinct of a chief, would not appear astonished at anything. He certainly had once or twice been among the settlements, and even, I believe, in his youth, as far as Porto Alegre, and he probably knew something of the superior knowledge of the Whites. He was, however, very taciturn, and I had during this journey many opportunities of contrasting these Camé Indians with their neighbours, the Guaranis, from whom they differ in language, dispositions, manners, and even features. The Camé's or Coroados have broader faces, higher cheek-bones, and browner eyes; their language is much less soft and articulate, less labial and more guttural than the Guarani. I wrote down a small vocabulary of some three or four hundred words of the Camé tongue, on hearing them from the cacique's mouth. I have not since had an opportunity of comparing my orthography with Dr. Martius' book. This learned German philologist, who has twice traversed the whole continent of South America within these twenty years, has lately (1862) published the second volume of his great work on several score of the languages and dialects of the Aborigenes.

Our Library Table.

1. L'Abbé Darras' *Histoire Generale de l'Eglise.* 2. *The Pentateuch in its Authorship, Credibility, and Civilization.* By the Rev. W. Smith, Ph. D.—3. *Essays on a Liberal Education*, edited by Rev. F. W. Farrar; and *Modern Culture*, edited by Dr. Youmans. —4. *School Days at Saxonhurst*..—5. New French Republications.—6. Ozanam on *Civilisation in the Fifth Century*. translated by A. C. Glynn.—7. Three New Tales; *Edith Sydney, Nellie Netterville, and Lucretia.*—8. Don Juan Manuel's *Count Lucanor*, translated by Dr. York.—9. Miscellaneous Notices.—10. *The Dogmatic Teaching of the Book of Common Prayer.* By Canon Estcourt.

1. A complete History of the Christian Church, at once sufficiently minute in detail, lucid in arrangement, comprehensive in its general plan, and not too overwhelming in bulk, is one of those works of which we may fairly despair ever to see the production by a single writer, however gifted, learned, and industrious. The qualities required for all successful histories are rare, they are not always accompanied by health and strength of body, leisure, and other external circumstances favourable to their continued exercise, and by the time, perhaps, that they are in full play, and the materials for some great task of the kind of which we speak have been accumulated and arranged, disease or death steps in to stop the progress of the undertaking, and the possible historian of a great country, or of some critical period in the life of humanity, leaves behind him some noble fragment or some imperfectly elaborated sketch. His labours may indeed make it more easy for some successor in the same exhaustless field to begin the work afresh with better prospects, and they may have a value and a sort of completeness of their own. Nothing may have been wasted, but the great work itself remains unaccomplished. If this is the case with the history of nations or of particular periods, much more is it the case with the greatest history of all—that of the Catholic Church. It would seem as if such a history were a task too great to be undertaken singly; and as time flows on, and fresh materials accumulate, we find that much of what has already been done has to be re-written, and that every new half-century in the life of the Church makes her annals more multifarious and more complex as well as more voluminous.

It seems likely, therefore, that no absolutely satisfactory History of the Church will ever be written by a single person. What we may hope for is that the main outlines and characteristic features which mark that history may be caught by some master hand, and traced out clearly and judiciously in a general sketch, which need not perhaps far exceed the limits of such a book as the earlier work of M. Darras, which has been so well translated into English on the other side of the Atlantic. The growth and spread of Christianity—the early persecutions—the new state of things which arose when the Roman Empire became Christian—the epoch of the great heresies connected with the doctrine of the Incarnation—the conflict of the Church with the barbarian conquerors of Europe—the formation of the Christian commonwealth of nations: and again, the schism of the East, and the consequent fall of so large a portion of the Christian world under the degrading slavery of Mahometanism, which attempted for so many centuries,

not without much apparent hope of success in a merely human point of view, to fasten its detestable yoke upon the West also—these great features of the picture, and others analogous to them in modern times, might well be set forth with sufficient fulness for the purposes of general history without imposing too enormous a task either on the writer or the reader. It may not be quite philosophical to divide history into general and particular, and to deal with the annals of national Churches as distinct from those of the universal body, but there is no reason why special works should not be devoted to the former, which admit of and require greater fulness and minuteness of detail, without loosing sight of the relation which the story of the part bears to that of the whole. Through the many coloured woof of which the life of the church is made up age after age, there run certain great and dominant lines which can never be lost sight of, such as the development of defined doctrine under the refuted attacks of heresies, the guiding influence of the Vicar of Christ on the different portions of his flock, the progress of missionary enterprise, the rise and growth of religious institutes, and the manifestations of the spiritual life of the Church. All these threads may be followed out with the greatest interest and profit, and it is probable that, like the histories of national Churches, they can be most hopefully treated by those who devote themselves specially to them, without aiming at more. Thus we might come to possess a considerable number of monographs, which taken together with some comprehensive and philosophical view of the whole course of the life of the Church upon earth, might make up when collected an adequate Church History.

We have not, however, yet arrived at the time when such a collection can be made; indeed, we have hardly yet much more than bare, though most valuable, annals for the greater part of the history of Catholicism. There have been a good many attempts of which it must be said that, if not absolute failures, they have been at the best but half successes. Some of the writers who have been guided by the most Catholic spirit have been the most tedious, and their works the most unwieldy: others, who have had more of the historical gift and the philosophical temper, have spoiled their works by the indulgence of prejudice or of some unsound bias, or at least have been unable to free themselves from the effect of imperfect theological training, which has given them but an incomplete conception of the constitution of the Church itself, and the mutual relation of its component parts. Others have written with a good and loyal spirit, and have been sincerely desirous of using, in their own compilations, the best authorities that are to be found among their predecessors; but there are many parts of the History of the Church as to which, as yet, nothing satisfactory exists, and therefore the annalist, however good his intentions, could not but make his own pages reflect, without supplying, the deficiency. The present, therefore, would seem to be the time for labouring rather in the field of special history. Just as a good Encyclopœdia cannot be written while certain branches of science which would naturally have to be handled summarily in its pages have not yet been sufficiently studied, so the history of the whole Church must be built up out of perfectly elaborated records of the manifold and multitudinous subjects which fall legitimately within it. Meanwhile, we must have general histories, though hereafter they may have to be superseded by works more perfect in their kind. The need of these *ad interim* works is abundantly testified by the readiness with which they are hailed by the public, notwithstanding all their disadvantages of bulk, and, sometimes, of

incompetency. Thus, the long history of Rohrbacher has run through several editions in France, and has, we believe, been translated into German and Italian.

We have now before us the tenth volume of the enlarged History of the Church, by the Abbé Darras. We have already spoken of the first work of the author, in four volumes : and it is probable that to have gone over the whole ground of Church history in this summary manner has in some measure made him more fit for his present ambitious undertaking. The work* is to extend to twenty volumes, and is intended, we suppose, to supersede that of Rohrbacher, containing all that is good in that author, adding the latest discoveries, and bringing us down to the present century--intellectually as well as chronologically. As the narrative has only just reached the end of the fourth century, we are not yet able to speak with any great confidence as to the manner in which some of the more difficult questions will be treated : but most of M. Darras' work is very good of its kind. He has more science and criticism about him than many of his predecessors. We have, however, here and there a fault to find with the laborious author of this new History. He now and then insists too much on arguments which are not quite to the point, or which at least, are not calculated to persuade those who are the only persons to whom an argument might be useful in the cases in point. Then, he seems to be sometimes carried away by that pugilistic spirit of which we have specimens among ourselves, in certain writers who prefer infinitely a battle with a brother in the faith to an argument with some heretic outside the Church. They are exaggerated in their compliments to Protestants who misrepresent Catholicism as the true heirs of Luther or Jewel - and equally exaggerated in their severity on those who are Catholics like themselves, but do not come exactly up to the highest level on certain debated questions. Did we not know how high what may be called party spirit has sometimes run in France, we might be inclined to wonder at the appearance of this intolerance in a writer like M. Darras, who certainly cannot have caught the trick by having been trained among the internal polemics of a community outside the Catholic Church. It is surprising as well as painful to see him, for instance, attempting to fix the stigma of rationalism upon the learned author of *The Church and the Roman Empire in the Fourth Century*, for no better reason than that De Broglie holds in great suspicion many of the statements of Eusebius of Cæsarea concerning Constantine the Great, mentions many difficulties that are very generally made with reference to the celebrated vision of the cross in the heavens, or believes it to be a settled question that Constantine was baptized in the East, and not in Rome. Let us say a few words on one, at least, of these questions.

M. de Broglie is not the first Catholic who has refused to swear by everything that the courtly prelate of Cæsarea has told us in his panegyric, rather than life, of his imperial patron. No one can doubt the partiality and occasional unfairness of this father of Christian history. There seems to be a great probability that Eusebius is flattering Constantine when he attributes to him the finding of the Holy Sepulchre and the Cross. And many, if not most, of the least suspected Catholic writers have not considered themselves bound by his assertion that Constantine brought his mother into the Church,

* *Histoire Generale de l'Eglise.* Par l'Abbé J. E. Darras, vols 9 and 10. Paris: L. Vivés.

instead of having been moved by her to abandon paganism. Eusebius would allow no one to figure in history except the Emperor and, of course, himself.—the "*Ego*" being frequently brought into greater prominence than the "*Rex Meus.*" Hence Helena must yield her claim to having trained her son to serve the true God when she was young, and to having sent him the True Cross before she died.

M. de Broglie, speaking of the appearance of the Cross to Constantine, as related by Eusebius, says that sincerity obliges him as a writer of history to mention, if not to believe, certain objections "*On a opposé au rapport d'Eusèbe des difficultés que la sincérité fait un devoir de constater sinon d' admettre.*" The passage is quoted by Darras in p. 31, as being sufficient itself to convince the offending party out of his own mouth. The difficulties alluded to are in substance the following. Eusebius relates that when the Emperor had a "*Labarum*" or Christian standard made in accordance with his vision, he placed upon it the figures or busts of his *sons.* It is notorious, however, that at the time of the vision in 312, Constantine had only one son, namely, Crispus. Again, Eusebius tells us that after the vision, Constantine was uncertain as to its meaning, and that Christ appeared to him when he had retired to rest for the night, in order to explain to him the meaning of the Cross. It is argued by some that there was no need of such an explanation,—"*Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus.*" These are the only difficulties mentioned, with the exception of the allusion to Eusebius' sycophant character, and, to do M. de Broglie justice, he nowhere manifests any decided sympathy with the spirit which has prompted some authors to make these objections.

The Abbé Darras answers the first objection with great fairness and in a critical manner. He shews that Eusebius could not have seen the "*Labarum*" with his own eyes until Constantine's arrival in the East in 323, at which time all the sons of the Emperor had been born. This answer is conclusive against the objection, always supposing, however, that Eusebius is not professing to describe the original standard made in gold and precious stones the very day after the vision, and which was guarded by fifty chosen men whom it was supposed to render invulnerable (See *Life of Constantine*, by Eusebius, Book 2 cc. 7. 9, and Sozomen *Church History*, Book 1 c. 3). The second objection is met less fairly. Abbé Darras would have us believe that Constantine knew of the Cross only as an instrument of torture and capital punishment. On the contrary, it is all but quite undeniable that Christianity was so widely spread in the beginning of the fourth century as to make the sign of the Cross familiar even to many who were not Christians. He quotes De Rossi from Abbé Martigny's "*Dictionnaire des Antiquités Chretiennes*" to shew that there is no instance of any Latin or Greek Cross of any fixed date before the fifth century. This seems to prove too much. It might prove that Constantine's vision was not known in the fifth century—as if it had been known, the cross would have been on most monuments, instead of on none, long before the lapse of four generations after the vision. But M. de Broglie may probably see a difficulty in acknowledging that Constantine did not know what a cross in the heavens meant, or that he could not possibly have put it on his standard, without a revelation, in the fact that the early apologists of the Christian Faith allude to the figure of the cross being *necessarily* on the Roman standard, as that was attached to the pole by a transverse or cross beam (See Tertullian, St. Justin Martyr, and the *Dialogue* of Minutius

Felix). Again, who can explain what so many of the early Fathers of the Church tell us of the custom of making the Sign of the Cross on all occasions, if Christians and persons very favourable to Christianity (such as Constantine was most undeniably), were not in the habit of trusting in that sign in times of great emergency? Once more, what is the force in Abbé Darras' pages of the argument taken from De Rossi of there being no Latin or Greek Cross on a standard or elsewhere before Constantine's vision (and long after, we may add), unless he can prove that the Cross was on the "*Labarum*" *after* that vision? But this he does not prove. Eusebius thus describes the "*Labarum*" in the 31st Chapter of the 1st Book of the *Life of Constantine*:—"Now it was made in the following manner: a long spear overlaid with gold formed the figure of the Cross, by means of a piece laid transversely on it. On the top of the whole was fixed a crown, formed by the intertexture of gold and precious stones, and on this two letters indicating the name of Christ symbolised the Saviour's title by means of its first characters, the letter P being intersected by X exactly in the centre." Now, independently of the fact that De Rossi himself refers to an inscription in which this monogram occurs to the year 298—a long time prior to Constantine's vision—what has this monogram to do with a Latin or a Greek Cross? Who can say that the first two letters of the name of Christ prove that Constantine saw a miraculous cross in the sky? The absence of the Cross and the inscription on the "*Labarum*" should be accounted for; and De Broglie shows no want of zeal for religion because he thinks it his duty to state a difficulty which has been often felt and must still strike any thoughtful mind.

2. Dr. Smith has issued the first volume of what promises to be a most excellent work on the Pentateuch.* He intends to treat the controversy about the first five books of the Sacred Scripture under the three heads of authorship, credibility, and civilisation. By the last of these we understand him to mean to embrace all the questions which relate to the contents and especially the enactments of the Pentateuch, as judged by the highest standards of usefulness, morality, and sanctity. The present volume is devoted to the authorship of these sacred books, but it does not exhaust even this branch of the general subject, as the discussion of the alleged internal evidences of a variety of authors is left for future treatment. We can only hope that the succeeding volumes of the series will be as well executed and as satisfactory in their general argument as that now before us.

After a general Introduction, which contains some very interesting remarks, Dr. Smith proceeds to give a short sketch of the history of opinion on the subject before him, and to explain the sense in which he undertakes to maintain the claims of Moses to the authorship of the Pentateuch. He shows that writing was in use long before the age of Moses, and that it is probable that many records left behind them by the earlier Patriarchs or others of the holy nation have been embodied in his works. The ground is thus cleared for the discussion of the main question. Dr. Smith proceeds first of all to external evidence. At the head of the proofs of this class come the testimonies of Our Lord Himself, the Apostles, and the Jews to whom they addressed themselves. It is amusing to be told that this process has

* *The Book of Moses, or the Pentateuch*, in its Authorship, Credibility and Civilisation. By W. Smith, Ph. D. Vol. I. Longmans.

been objected to as uncritical. The New Testament is not to be allowed even the value of a common historical record, and the criticism which is in search of the results concerning a particular monument of antiquity must first of all forbear from all recourse to the light thrown upon the inquiry by the Truth Itself. This is hardly less childish than the postulate made by modern writers that all miracles are to be held impossible, and that therefore all narratives in which mention is made of miraculous facts must be rejected as false; or again, that there can be no such thing as prophecy, and that therefore all seeming predictions must be taken to have been written after the events predicted. We next come to the evidence from the Old Testament. Dr. Smith first of all proves how the Book of Deuteronomy is based on and presupposes the other books of the Pentateuch, and then he produces the evidence which shows the existence of that book at various periods of the Jewish history up to the age of Joshua. A second division of the same branch of the argument deals with the traces of the five books as a whole in later times, from Joshua to Isaiah. The second book turns to the internal evidence, first direct and then indirect, of Mosaic authorship. Here again Deuteronomy is handled separately, and then the four earlier books. These chapters are extremely interesting. The last two hundred pages of the volume contain answers to objections grounded on the alleged incongruity of parts of the Pentateuch with the age and the character of Moses. Dr. Smith here deals in order with the difficulties so carefully raised by the adversaries of the Pentateuch, such as Kalisch, Hartmann, Davidson, and others, either from history, geography, archæology, the details of the Mosaic legislation, or the style and language of the several books. Without entering on the discussion of single arguments we may heartily congratulate our author on the great learning and ability which he has displayed in this part of his work.

3. We have spoken elsewhere in our present number on the subject of Classical Education, with particular reference to the lately published volume of *Essays** edited by Mr. Farrar. We may, therefore, here confine ourselves to an enumeration of the essays of which the volume is made up; several of which are the productions of authors who have a great claim to the attention of the public. Only one of the writers is an Oxonian. This is Mr. C. S. Parker, Fellow of University, who opens the volume by a very interesting summary of the *History of Classical Education* from the earliest Christian times, when the Fathers were eager "to recognize a high moral and intellectual standard, wherever it could be found in heathen writers, as the testimony of a soul by nature Christian," and when the bishops protested against the insidious attack of Julian the Apostate, who "forbade the Christians to establish public schools of rhetoric and literature, in which pagan authors might be read." Mr. Sidgwick, of Trinity, Cambridge, follows Mr. Palmer with an essay on *The Theory of Classical Education*—somewhat exaggerated in tone: we have next Mr. Seeley—the author, we believe, of *Ecce Homo*—on *Liberal Education in Universities*. Mr. Seeley is a great enemy to the worship of the tripos and the class-list; and to some extent his remarks on the examination system may be allowed as true. But the measures which he proposes, such as the throwing open all fellowships to the

1 *Essays on a Liberal Education*. Edited by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, M.A. Macmillans, 1867.

whole University, and opening all lectures to students from every college, would almost destroy college life altogether. "The reader will see," says Mr. Seeley, "that my object is not merely to alter the machinery of the University," [he speaks particularly of Cambridge,] "though I think some alterations in the machinery most important—but to recommend quite a different conception of what a university education should be." Cambridge, probably, is hardly yet prepared for a revolution. After Mr. Seeley's essay, we find ourselves addressed on more special subjects by Mr. Bowen, Mr. Farrar, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Hales. These gentlemen have written respectively on "Teaching by means of Grammar," on "Greek and Latin Verse Composition as a general Branch of Education," on "Teaching Natural Science in Schools," and on the "Teaching of English." The last two essays are by Mr. Johnson, an Assistant Master at Eton, and Lord Houghton. Lord Houghton treats in a light and easy style of "the Present Social Results of Classical Education"—but Mr. Johnson's essay, "on the Education of the Reasoning Faculties," is one of the most important and interesting in the whole volume. A good deal of it must be considered as almost an autobiography: the history of the laborious attempts made in various ways by an able, earnest, and self-sacrificing "tutor" to bring out into play the mental faculties of his pupils. Mr. Johnson has laboured it would seem, alone, very much after the fashion of the explorer of an unknown country, and he has met with his share of discouragement and failure. But his essay seems to us at once suggestive and practical to an extent somewhat unusual among the writings of the band of reformers among whom he has enlisted himself.

We may include in this brief notice of Mr. Farrar's volume, another collection of essays and discourses, "on the Claims of Scientific Education," edited by Dr. Youmans.* There are twelve essays in this volume, all signed by names of great distinction in the world of science or literature, such as Whewell, Faraday, Huxley, Daubeny, Tyndall, Paget, Masson, and others. A copious Appendix contains extracts from the writings and speeches of other eminent persons, all bearing more or less on the subject of the introduction of scientific study into the ordinary curriculum of higher education. Some portions of the evidence of scientific men,—Dr. Carpenter, Sir Charles Lyell, Dr. Faraday, Professor Owen, and others– before the Public Schools Commission, close this very interesting compilation.

4. Literature of the *Tom Brown* style may perhaps have become more fashionable than usual since the success of that famous book: but it has in reality sufficient attraction in itself to secure at all times a certain amount of attention. To most of those who have gone through the usual course of manly education, the change from home to the little world of school-life has been the first great event in their existence; marking the epoch at which they first learnt by experience the struggles, the responsibilities, the anxieties, and the enjoyments of individual existence. The memories of those happy years, impressed on the mind in its first freshness and simplicity, remain deep and indelible long after many a later, but fainter and vaguer, mark has been obliterated, and the novelty and strangeness of the circumstances and incidents of the school-boy's career give them an air of romance and adventure which makes them seem worth

* *Addresses and Arguments on the Claims of Scientific Education.* Edited by Edward L. Youmans, M.D. Macmillans, 1867.

telling and worth hearing. Books about school-life are sometimes the outpourings of a genuine enthusiasm or the first efforts of a real genius: sometimes they are but the speculations of a jaded *litterateur* or a moralising book-maker. But from *Tom Brown* down to *Bernard Burke*- from the most admirable to the most contemptible specimens of the class—these books have all of them a certain run of popularity, though few people who have had any real experience of the life which they claim to represent can be guilty of the grotesque blunder of taking their representations as adequate evidence.

The little volume* before us, in which, under the not very impenetrable name of *Saxonhurst*, one of the most celebrated of our English Catholic Colleges is described as it existed, let us say, a quarter of a century ago, is, in point of literary merit, very far above the ordinary level of school-boy histories, and is evidently the work of an accomplished writer. It seems to have first appeared, in a somewhat different form from that which it now wears, in Mr. Dickens' excellent magazine *All the Year Round*. The writer's object we suppose to have been rather to make some effective papers for the general public than to give a perfectly accurate picture of the institution where he seems to have spent some very happy years. The book is the story of a school-life rounded off, pointed, coloured here and there, with incidents brought together which had no real connection, and characters so arranged as to serve artistic purposes. The little tale begins, grows, developes, and ends in a catastrophe. There is nothing unfair in all this, unless the reader is given to understand that the story is literally true, and unless the author has here and there been so faithful in his delineation of real characters as to have imposed upon himself, without quite fulfilling it, the moral obligation of never making them say and do what they did not say and do, and would not have said and done. "It may content some readers to know that the scene of the following sketches is a *real* school, and that the incidents are all strictly true." So we read in the Preface to *Saxonhurst*: and we must confess to having found these words the least agreeable in the book. The characters may be drawn from life, and the "incidents" may be "all true"—in a sense: but anyone will see that a perfectly false history may be made up of real characters and true incidents dramatically linked together in a manner not in accordance with the truth; and an announcement like that which we have just quoted is out of place, if such a liberty has been taken.

Looking at the book as most readers will look at it, we may say that the author has given a very pleasant impression of his school—such an impression as may make it easy for outsiders to understand the loyal and hearty love which those who are here called "old Saxonhurstians" feel for the venerable place of their education. All such colleges have become less severe and Spartan in their regime and fare within the last twenty years, and the present successors of the author and his contemporaries will in consequence fail to recognize some parts of the picture as entirely in accordance with their own experience. No one expects to find in a volume like this much account of the system of studies, or, again, of the religious discipline and training of the school, and it is only the bad habit now prevalent with a certain class of writers of taking books of this sort as serious and adequate evidence on questions affecting public education

* *School Days at Saxonhurst*. By One of the Boys. Edinburgh: Black, 1868.

that makes it necessary to remark that to dwell upon such details would certainly have made *School Days at Saxonhurst* less acceptable to the general reader.

5. If the diffusion and progress of learning in a nation are to be measured by the industry and enterprise which are employed in literary undertakings for the benefit of its members, there are certainly at present evident signs of a great revival of the higher studies in France. The great apparent popularity of translations of certain great authors, whose works used in former times to be considered the special property of the more erudite classes only, may perhaps be looked upon as in some measure indicating a comparative disuse of the learned languages; but it is still a matter of congratulation to see St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, and other great Fathers published in French. That such works should be acceptable to the French reader is a great gain, and it is not certain that the number of those who really appreciate them in their original language is proportionately diminished. But the enterprise of which these translations are the fruit does not limit its aims even to presenting authors so voluminous as those which we have named in a French form: there has already, we think, been at least one version of St. Thomas, and we have seen a scheme for the translation of what is probably the largest book in the world—the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists. Nor are translations alone in favour with the public; we have now before us several volumes of an admirable reprint of the *Opera Omnia* of St. Bonaventura,* some also of an edition of St. Chrysostom,† in which the Greek text is printed in parallel columns with a French translation, a reproduction of the great work of Petavius, *De Dogmatibus Theologicis*‡ founded on the last extant edition of Zaccaria, but with a good many additional notes; a similar edition of the work of Thomassinus§ on the same name as that of Petavius, and a reprint of the *Theologia Moralis* of Lacroix. All these works are handsomely printed, and bear witness, as we have said, to that revival of learning which has been a marked feature in the history of the French Church in our own time.

6. A number of works have lately been published by French historical scholars, which form together a sort of chain or series by means of which the student is carried on very pleasantly from the last days of the Roman Republic down to the fifth century of the Christian era. De Champagny leads the van in this procession of distinguished writers, with his *Césars*, his *Rome et la Judée*, and his *Antonines*, the last of which works may be considered as reaching down to the conversion of the Empire. M. Albert de Broglie takes up the thread of history at the fourth century, in his *l'Eglise et l'Empire Romain au quatrieme Siecle*, and the reader may then find great pleasure as well as profit in turning to the earlier work of Ozanam, *La Civilisation au cinquieme Siecle*, which, again, was but a part of a larger work

* *Opera Omnia Sancti Bonaventuræ*, ex Ordine Minorum S.R.E. Episcopi Card. Albanensis, Parisiis, *Lud. Vives*, 12 *tom.*

† *Œuvres Complètes de St. Jean Chrysostom*, traduites intégralement du Grec en Francais. Par M. l'Abbè Bareille, Chanoine Honoraire de Toulouse et de Lyon. Paris, *Lud. Vives*, 20 *vols. in* 8.

‡ *De Theologicis Dogmatibus.* Opus Dionysii Petavii Aurelianensis e Societate Jesu. Nova Editio. 7 vol. grand in 4.

§ *De Theologicis Dogmatibus.* Opus Ludovici Thomassini, Congregationis Oratorii presbyteri. Editio Nova. 6 vol. in-4.

projected by its able and lamented author. We may hope that in these days of multitudinous translations, none of these really eminent works may remain without its English Version. Mr. Ashley C. Glyn has begun with the work of Ozanam:* the last on the list as enumerated by us, but perhaps the earliest of all in the date of its production, and in many respects, both on account of the method of the author, and the characteristics of the period with which it deals, a book that may be taken as a sort of introduction to the study of the formation of Christian society, and, to a certain extent, of what we may call the system of Christendom. Studies of this sort are gaining ground with us every day, and have already attracted the industry and the great literary ability of one of the first of our English Catholic writers—Mr. Allies. Mr. Glyn's translation from Ozanam deserves high praise, and will, we hope, be cordially welcomed.

7. Messrs. Burns and Oates have just published two little tales each of considerable merit in its way. *Edith Sydney*† goes over the well-trodden ground of the history of a series of conversions to the Catholic Church. Edith, the heiress of Clare Hall, her cousin, Agnes Lyle, another cousin, Henry Vincent (the heir to the property after Edith), the curate, Edwyn Hamilton, and the incumbent, Mr. Bruce, all find their way, at various times, and by various paths, into the bosom of unity. Agnes Lyle becomes a Poor Clare, Edith Sydney a Sister of Charity, Henry Vincent becomes "Father Joseph of the Society of Jesus," and Edwyn Hamilton becomes a Capuchin—and dies. There is of course a good deal of controversy here and there introduced. This is usually well managed, and Miss Oxenham seems to possess considerable powers for the delineation of character and incident. *Nellie Netterville*,‡ a tale of the great Irish transplantation of the times of Cromwell, is the work of a writer already well known whose reputation will certainly not suffer by her new production. By the side of these works we may place *Lucretia*§—apparently a burlesque attack on the sensational and sentimental literature now unfortunately popular. Lucretia Beverley, or rather Lucky Frummage, is a young lady of considerable personal attractions and ample fortune who falls into a succession of scrapes through her own folly,—having taken her views of life and her standard of action from modern novels of the kind just mentioned. We fear that the poison thus infused into the public mind has done a good deal more mischief than is described in *Lucretia*, or than can be remedied by the onslaught of the writer before us.

8. Don Juan Manuel, cousin and friend of Sancho IV and Ferdinand IV, and for some time guardian to Alphonso XI, the successful of Ferdinand, was one of the most famous captains of his day in Spain, sometimes engaged in civil war, but more frequently in war against the Moors, against whom he was in arms as a boy, and almost up to the date of his death, at the age of sixty-five, in 1347. It is a curious feature of the time that he should have employed his intervals of

* *History of Civilisation in the Fifth Century.* Translated by permission from the French of A. F. Ozanam, by Ashley C. Glyn, B.A. 2 vols. London: Allen & Co.

† *Edith Sydney.* A Tale, by F. M. Oxenham. Burns and Oates, 1868.

‡ *Nellie Netterville*: or, One of the Transplanted. By the author of *Wild Times*, &c., Burns and Oates, 1868.

§ *Lucretia*: or, the Heroine of the Nineteenth Century. By the author of *The Owlet of Owletsedge*. Masters, 1868.

leisure, few and far between, in the collection of stories, and his compilation, one of the earliest books in the Castilian dialect, should have been famous down to the present day. Dr. York has given us a very good translation,* published by Mr. Basil Pickering. The stories are short, pithy, and often very pointed: contrasting wonderfully, in their freedom from grossness, with the celebrated work of Boccacio, who was the author's contemporary. They are all introduced and concluded in the same manner, which reminds us somewhat of the Princess Scheherezade. Count Lucanor tells his counsellor Patronio that some question has occurred to him or been put to him, and Patronio replies that the answer may be illustrated by a story. At the end, we are told that Don Juan "found this to be a good example," and wrote a couplet of verses embodying the moral of the tale. It is a very curious and interesting book.

10. We noticed some months ago the publication by Messrs. Kelly and Piet, of Baltimore, of the Sermons preached at the late Plenary Council of the American Church at Baltimore, and of the Pastoral Letter of the Bishops there present. This interesting volume† has now been reproduced in Dublin by Mr. Kelly. Mr. Washbourne has just published a translation of the *Legenda Sti. Francisci* of St. Bonaventure, by a religious child of St. Francis,‡ with a few lines of Preface by the Archbishop of Westminster. We have also to notice an interesting lecture by Father Beste, of the London Oratory, the *Victories of Rome*,§ and an opportune republication, by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, of a pamphlet‖ first issued five years ago, containing a collection of expressions of opinion on the subject of the Irish Church Establishment by the most eminent Protestant statesmen and writers of our time. Mr. de Vere might perhaps have added somewhat importantly to the contents of the pamphlet if he had carried on his extracts down to the present date. People will be tempted to ask how it is, when it is almost impossible to find any one with a character who is ready to defend the Irish Establishment on grounds of reason and justice, that we are still so far off from any practical solution of the questions which concern it? We have also received Father Suffield's *Statement of Facts*¶ on the subject of Fenianism, a Sermon by Father Bridgett, of the Redemptorists, on the *Veneration of Relics*:** and a new *Latin Delectus*,†† by Mr. Kavanagh.

* *Don Juan Manuel's Count Lucanor.* Translated by James York, M.D. Basil M. Pickering.

† *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, delivered at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore October 1866): the Papal Rescript, Letters of Convocation, &c. together with the Pastoral Letter of the Hierarchy. Dublin: Kelly.

‡ *The Life of St. Francis of Assisi*,, from the *Legenda Sancti Francisci* of St. Bonaventure. Edited, with a Preface, by His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster. London: Washbourne.

§ *The Victories of Rome.* By K. D. Beste. Priest of the London Oratory. London: Washbourne.

‖ *The Church Establishment of Ireland*, illustrated exclusively by Protestant Authorities. With a Preface by Aubrey de Vere. Longmans, 1867.

¶ *Fenianism and the English People*: Statement of Facts. By Father Rodulph Suffield, O.P. London: Richardson.

** *The Veneration of Relics.* A Sermon preached at the solemn translation of the Body of the Child-Martyr S. Urban, at St. Alphonsus' Limerick. By the Rev. F. S. Bridgett, C.SS.R. Dublin: Duffy.

†† *A New Latin Delectus*, with the Rules of Syntax. By M. Kavanagh, Whitaker and Co.

The Dogmatic teaching of the Book of Common Prayer.

Anglican Prayer-book has always been, in a certain sense, the hold and the mainstay of the more "advanced" school among who are bound to its use. Taken, as far as nine-tenths of its nts are concerned, either from the Bible or the Breviary, with its rs almost all Catholic in their origin, and making profuse use of ure, it is no wonder that to those who were not aware of its his- or who seldom cast a glance into its remoter recesses, in which n State services and a certain collection of theological statements "Articles of Religion" lay ensconced, it should breathe that quiet, and grave tone of religious feeling which in the last gene- was so happily enshrined in verse by the author of the *Christian*

To a Catholic, the Anglican Prayer-book must always have ly and repulsive look, for he knows how the old services of the h have been mutilated and hashed up in its composition, and ceives with pain and indignation how much has been omitted of he has been accustomed to make the food of his daily devotion. Blessed Lady has been almost banished from the services and rs: it is almost a matter of wonder that her name has been left in reed. But the piously disposed Anglican knows nothing of the n of devotion which his teachers have pulled to pieces: he knows ng of that hatred of Catholic truth which guided them in their ions, and he enjoys thankfully and profitably what they have not able to take from him. We have spoken up to this point of the r-book in general: but it is necessary to say that there is one of it, and that the most important part, which is far worse than st. In using this language, we are only echoing the words and ssing the feelings of the most "advanced" Anglicans themselves. may forgive their "Reformers" for the manner in which they pulled the Breviary to pieces and shut our Blessed Lady and all ints out of the Litany. But the Communion Office pinches them . There, in what they would fain believe is the "Liturgy" itself. ancient and Catholic sense of the word, in the very heart and f their system of worship, in that solemn act which they wish to ate with the Sacramental Presence of their Saviour and His able Sacrifice, they find themselves no longer presented merely clumsy mutilations and irreverent omissions—the ancient forms not only been turned, as it were, inside out and upside down, e most serious alterations in order, matter, and form, have been ced in such a manner as to suggest, if not to impose, the divergence from the doctrine of the ante-Reformation Church.

In the rest of the Prayer-book, the Breviary is simply lopped and cut down: in the Communion Office there are certain things which may remind the reader of the Missal, but they are like the marble fragments of an old Grecian temple imbedded at intervals in a wall of the commonest brick. Few people, probably, have ever thought of inserting negative propositions and direct denials of doctrine into forms of prayer, and thus it is that the Anglican Communion Office, associated as it is with the most solemn and devotional act of Christian life, is not quite so much of a bondage to the "Catholic-minded" Anglican as the Thirty-nine Articles themselves: but to those who know what a really Catholic liturgy is, and who can take account of the doctrinal intention which has presided over the formation of this part of the Common Prayer-book as it now stands, *it is*, perhaps, little less obnoxious.

It is certainly a very strange phenomenon, that so many intelligent and earnest-minded persons should be able to persuade themselves that the precept of Catholic Unity is to be interpreted in their own case as an injunction to remain in exile from the Church, and that the law of orthodoxy binds them to pledge themselves in the most solemn manner to formulas from which every orthodox instinct within them shrinks with alarm if not with abhorrence. Setting aside other and higher considerations, we must look for a solution of the problem mainly to the force of custom and of religious tradition, which makes it always natural for well disposed minds to look to the better part and hide from their eyes the deformities of the system in which they have been trained, in happy ignorance of its historical character. We must remember also that the onward progress of opinion among Anglicans has not reached the point at which the orthodoxy of the Communion Office is given up. We have heard some bold speaking lately about the Thirty-nine Articles: and, we must confess that the candour of those who acknowledge that they wish they were "well rid of them"—to use an expression said to have been uttered by a late "Bishop" of the Establishment concerning the Athanasian Creed—seems to us much more English and straightforward than the attempts recently made in so many influential quarters to put a Tridentine gloss on the Articles, and even to make them and the Communion Office square with the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. But we have seen so many strange things in our time that perhaps we may even yet have some day to witness the abandonment of the defence of the Communion Office by Anglican clergymen, who may take refuge in a revival of the First Prayer-book of Edward VI., or of the "Sarum Rite" itself. But to the majority of the party of whom we speak, the orthodoxy of the present Office seems still to be worth fighting for. They set aside the positive declarations of the Articles, the significant omissions of the Catechism, and the outrageously offensive language of what is called the Black Rubric against Adoration, which stares them in the face at the close of the form

of service which they are taught to use when they intend to receive the Holy Communion and worship our Lord in His Sacramental Presence. Some of them, as our readers are aware, have recently gone so far in devotion to this particular badge of their own slavery as to take its words and dress them out into a formal doctrinal declaration on the subject of the Real Presence! We read in ancient times of Christian states having been forced by the predominant power of Mahometan neighbours to pay them a yearly tribute in the degrading form of a certain number of youths and maidens: but who ever heard of their parading the fact and making a boast of it? We are happy to think that many of the more Catholic-minded members of the High Church party abstained from joining in this ingenious attempt to set forth what was thought to be Catholic doctrine in language which no Protestant could object to, because it was the language of the Anglican formularies: nor is this the only evidence in which we have lately had to rejoice, of the tendency manifested among some members of this party to emancipate themselves from the trammels fastened on them in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Let us hope that an independent study of Catholic doctrine and a fearless criticism of Anglican formularies by means of orthodox standards may soon show them what is the only true opinion that can be formed of the doctrinal character of the Prayer-book.

Canon Estcourt's lately published pamphlet* is certainly well calculated to assist its readers to pronounce a true judgment upon some at least of the questions involved in this inquiry. It seems to have been written in answer to a challenge to its author made by the writer of an article in the *Christian Remembrancer* nearly two years ago. In that article Canon Estcourt was attacked for having stated that there are various points in the Prayer-book in which that compilation is at variance with the Council of Trent. It is somewhat startling to find the organ of not the most advanced section among Anglican High Churchmen seeming to think it worth while to maintain the possibility of a reconciliation between the Tridentine Decrees and the Prayer-book: but it would appear that no great amount of theological learning is necessary in order to vindicate the accuracy of Canon Estcourt's assertions. His method may be illustrated by a comparatively short letter, republished as an Appendix to the pamphlet before us, in which he meets the complaints of the *Christian Remembrancer* as to certain charges which he had made against expressions in the Prayer-book. Thus, the Reformers, after striking out Confirmation from the catalogue of the Sacraments, altered the old Catholic prayer used in the administration of that sacred rite, omitting all mention of the gifts

* *The Dogmatic Teaching of the Book of Common Prayer on the Holy Eucharist.* By E. E. Estcourt, M.A., Canon of St Chad's, Birmingham. Longmans, 1868.

of the Holy Ghost, and of His "coming to take up His abode in those who are confirmed," and of their being "made the temples of His glory." Instead of these petitions they inserted a prayer that "they may be certified by this sign of Thy favour and gracious goodness towards them." This change could not have been made but for the prevalent heresy of the day, by which the doctrine of inherent grace was denied, and grace itself declared to mean only the favour of God: a heresy the influence of which accounts for the change of the words of the Angelic Salutation in St. Luke from "Hail full of grace!" to "hail thou who art highly favoured," and which was expressly condemned by the Council of Trent. Of course, in themselves, the words "certify them by this sign of Thy favour and goodness towards them," may bear a sense which is not heretical,—and the same may be said of a great number of formulas condemned by the Church or rejected by her orthodox children in times when some particular heresy was prevalent, by the promoters of which those formulas were put forward as the expression of their opinions. The words in question are heretical in the sense in which they were put forward by the maintainers of the particular heresy just mentioned by us, and in which they were substituted for others, expressing the Catholic doctrine which those heretics intended to remove from the Prayer-book in that particular place. Canon Estcourt justifies in the same manner similar statements made by him as to the forms of "absolution" in the Daily Service and the Communion Office in the Prayer-book. Judged by the standard of the Church's doctrine, and considered in the light of the intention of the framers of the Prayer-book, they cannot be disconnected from the heretical denial of the Catholic truth, in consequence of which they were introduced.

Applying these principles to the Anglican Communion Office, and generally to the teaching of the Prayer-book with respect to the Holy Eucharist—which is the main subject of his pamphlet—Canon Estcourt leaves no doubt on the mind of his readers as to the import of that teaching. He traces the present Anglican formulary through the various changes which it has undergone since the first "Book of King Edward," in which the name "Mass" was still retained, as well as what may be called the framework of the ancient Liturgy of the Sarum Missal. Even in this form, in which,—if degrees of comparison can be admitted in such a matter—the Prayer Book may be said to have been ten times more nearly orthodox than in its present Communion Office—every word that implies a true and real Sacrifice was omitted, and the part of the Liturgy the most mutilated of all was just the most solemn and the most venerable, that is, the Canon itself. Surely, the Anglican readers of Canon Estcourt's pages, who will probably be among those who would cry out against any change in their present "Canon"—so to call it—almost as against a sacrilege—must be ready to admit that nothing but the necessity for a thorough and tremendous change in

doctrine could by any possibility justify the mutilation here
of. Nor can there be the slightest doubt of the heretical ch
of the change. It was intended, and the intention was p
carried out, to sweep away all vestige of the doctrine of the Sa
On the other hand, some ambiguity was allowed to remain as
doctrine of the Real Presence; and this ambiguity, among
things, roused the Protestant indignation of the apostate
Martin Bucer, in conformity with whose remonstrances the f
was still further altered in what is called the Second Book o
Edward, which is in all material points and with but a few
alterations the present Anglican Office. "The Sign of the
the Introit, and Kyrie Eleison were omitted: the Gloria in E
was transposed to the end instead of the beginning; of the
answering to the Canon great part was omitted, and the rem
was divided into three portions and placed in different parts of th
the Commemoration of the Saints and of the faithful departed o
entirely; the Prayer before Consecration altered; in place
ancient words of giving Communion a Zuinglian form was insti
and the whole arrangement was so changed as no longer to p
any resemblance to the Mass." We must refer our readers to
Estcourt's pages for a particular comparison between the d
statements implied in the two several Books of King Ed
but we think that no fair reader, after taking into considerati
changes made in the prayers, and the heretical opinions of
who made them and of their contemporaries, can refuse his
to the conclusion which leaves no doubt as to the doctrine
Common Prayer-book. That book "teaches and professes l
plication that the Body and Blood of Christ are given and re
in the Communion only in a spiritual manner, and by faith
our Lord is not present in the consecrated species, but only
soul of the receiver: that He is received only by the faithfu
not by the unfaithful and impenitent: and thus that He is not
or received, or eaten in the Holy Eucharist sacramentally and
in the sense which the Catholic Church believes and teaches."

It is only putting this in other words, to say that the doctrine
Prayer-book is that which has been condemned by the C
Church as heretical. The writers against whom Canon Estc
arguing do not, in the present controversy, claim to make ar
tinction between the Catholic Church and the Council of
Their assertion is, that the Prayer-book and the Council do not
different or at least irreconcileable doctrines. We cannot in
how this can be any longer maintained in the face of the facts ad
in this pamphlet. Our readers are aware of the shifts and trick
language to which some Anglicans have lately had recourse* in
to gain the liberty of using the terms of the Prayer Book in a
foreign to that of its framers, and, we will venture to say, qui

* See *A Commentary on a Late Manifesto.* THE MONTH, vol vii. p.

suspected by nine-tenths of those who use it. Some Anglicans have betaken themselves to St. Thomas, and other Catholic theologians who have followed him or commented upon him, and, by the use of certain technical distinctions, they have persuaded themselves, not that the Prayer-book teaches Catholic doctrine, but that when it seems to deny Catholic doctrine it teaches nothing at all. Now surely the words of the Prayer-book must either be taken in the ordinary sense of the English language of the present day, or in the theological language of the men who compiled them. If there is to be any learning brought in to explain them or to comment upon them, it must be just that learning which Canon Estcourt has brought to bear upon them. Anglicans cannot escape by declaring that they have nothing to do with Bucer or Luther or Cranmer or Latimer or Jewell or Parker or Grindall, and at the same time take refuge in the refinements of the schools. We quite believe that in their hearts they abominate Bucer and Cranmer nearly as much as Catholics abominate them: but their ecclesiastical position, their doctrine, their formularies, their most solemn acts of worship, come to them as an inheritance from these men, and can never be freed from the stain of their parentage.

For our own part, we should be quite ready to accept the other alternative hinted at above, and allow the character of the doctrine of the Prayer-book and its language to be tested by the common understanding of Englishmen. We have heard a good deal lately about the honesty of our countrymen and their dislike of illusion, and we must confess to a certain feeling of repugnance or at least of suspicion when such considerations are dragged into theological discussions. But we think that Englishmen are at all events capable of understanding tolerably well the words of their own language. Yet what would be the effect upon the most "advanced" Anglican congregation, if a law were passed—not to forbid vestments, or candles, or incense, or prostrations, or elevation, or any other of the novelties lately introduced—but simply to oblige those who may choose to introduce them to balance them by the solemn reading in the midst of their "High Celebration," of the dogmatic statements of the Prayer-book and Articles on the subject of the Holy Eucharist? How long would the congregation of St. Alban's or St. Mary Magdalene's hold together, if the vested "Priest" were to turn round to them after their communion, and tell them in the words of the Prayer-book, and no others, what they were to think of it? "Brethren," they might say, you have been kneeling at the rails of what we call the 'Altar,' and what the Church of England calls a 'table' only. We have invited you, whether communicants or not, to be present at the 'Adorable Sacrifice,' and the Prayer-book has carefully expunged from its pages all mention of any sacrifice but that of 'praise and thanksgiving.' You have knelt, whether to receive the Communion, or during the Sacrifice, and you gladly remember that our Church tells you that 'no adoration is intended, or ought to be done, either unto the sacramental bread

and wine there bodily received, or unto any corporal presence Christ's natural Flesh and Blood.' The books we have put into y hands, and the discourses we have addressed to you from the pu must have suggested to you the idea that Christ our Lord is re present, and that the bread and wine which we administer to you v so much reverence are not what they were before the so-called c secration, but the Body and Blood of Christ. Remember moreo brethren, that 'the Sacramental Bread and Wine remain still in tl very natural substances, and therefore may not be adored—for t were idolatry,—and that 'the natural Body and Blood of our Savi Christ are in heaven and not here.' We have taught you to s Roman Catholic hymns, and to use ancient forms of devotion ba on the belief that Christ is present on every altar throughout Church at the time of the Holy Sacrifice, and of course you h understood us just to mean, what 'our Church' tells us, that it is agai the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more pla than one." We venture to think that the labours of the Ritua Commission would be very much simplified, if a full and sole recital before the congregation of the simple dogmatic statements the Prayer-book were made the condition, *toties quoties*, of a H Celebration, and the use of vestments. We are far from saying t it is impossible for the subtle and resolute ingenuity of certain An can students to persuade themselves, or to seem to persuade the selves, that the words of their Prayer-book can be strained so as quite to deny Catholic truth, nor have we any slur to throw the conscientiousness or sincerity of particular persons. We ou say that as the light of day dissipates many a phantom of t twilight, so the presence and silent witness of an attentive a interested congregation of educated men is a sound test by whi many of the illusions of the closet may sometimes be dispelle History tells us of the judgment at once passed by the faithful the cathedral of Constantinople on the Nestorian heresy when fir broached by its author. There is no Catholic congregation in tl world which would not receive "the Black Rubric" with indignation an disgust. The Ritualists profess that they have educated their con gregations in orthodox doctrine as regards the Holy Eucharis and that the Prayer-book teaches the same doctrine. What ca be fairer than that they should test the language of their own fo mularies by the instincts of their own disciples?

Letters on Classical Education.

III.

Continued from page 229.

WHILE attempting to put on paper a few thoughts on Verse-composition in Classical Schools, I am sensible, dear Mr. Editor, under what disadvantages my sober and simple defence must lie with those of your readers who have seen any of Mr. Farrar's brilliant attacks. There cannot be two opinions as to his eloquence and the power of his language. Indeed any of those whom he calls the "initiated" would easily conclude from his very style, what he himself tells us, that he was a successful Verse-composer in his school and college career. His copious command of words, his poetical use of epithets, the musical flow and cadence of his sentences, all point to a training in Verse-composition which has certainly not been useless to him. On the shaft he has launched against the eagle we see the eagle's own feather. His attack is only as powerful as it is from the influence of that very training which he attacks. Having said thus much by way of deprecation, I address myself to my task: and it seems most natural to state first what has always appeared to me to be the true ground on which the claim of Verse-composition, to form an essential element in a classical education, rests; and then to consider the reasons brought by adversaries against its continuance.

The real reason, then, of its claim, is that which must surely have been the real reason for its first introduction, namely, the acknowledged existence of a poetical literature as coordinate with a prose literature. Certainly no nation that has a literature at all has ever ignored the claims of both kinds of composition. It is not necessary to dwell on

the fact of a nation's poetry invariably beginning before its prose; nor on the well-known truth that a moderate excellence in verse is more easily attained by those who try than a moderate excellence in prose, while the highest regions of both are attained with about equal difficulty. It is sufficient for my purpose to insist on the equal rights to existence of both species of literature; for it is precisely on this equality of rights that I should base the claim of Verse-composition to a place in school training. I consider that there is at least as much *primâ facie* reason for verse training as for prose training; and I do not see that further consideration at all weakens this *primâ facie* view of the case. A Classical education is a literary education if it is anything: and a literary education in which prose alone was practised as a mode of composition would be essentially one-sided. I cannot doubt for a moment that here lies the real reason for the first introduction of verse-practice for boys at school: and I feel equally sure that here lies the real reason for its actual continuance.

I have stated broadly what I take to be the true ground of defence: but it will be necessary to develope the argument a little, in order to shew its full bearing. I suppose not even Mr. Farrar would deny that poetry has some claims upon education; for instance, that it has at least a claim to form part of a school boy's *reading*, though according to him it has none to form a part of his *writing*. Now it is precisely on this point that I would join issue with him most uncompromisingly. I consider that a school boy ought to be practised to write in the style of the literature he reads; and that, unless this is done, the literary effect of what he reads is almost null. It is doubtless a conviction of this truth that lies at the bottom of the reluctance which the authorities of Classical schools shew to abandon the practice of Verse-composition for their boys. They feel that they might as well give up reading the Latin poets altogether as give up the practice of Latin verse writing, however slight the proficiency that the majority of their pupils attain. Even the little they do attain helps them to understand their poets better, and to appreciate them more: while the few who become pro-

ficients are thereby able to relish and criticise their authors in a way which is simply unattainable by those who know nothing of verse-practice. Not long ago I met with an instance that showed how boys themselves appreciate this fact. I was talking with a boy of between thirteen and fourteen, who went to a Classical school and took an interest in his work. He spoke of some of his school fellows:—"Now, there's so-and-so; he talks against verses, and says, 'What's the use of them?' But I think we should not understand Ovid and Virgil half so well, if we did not know how to write Latin verses." I pledge you my word, dear Mr. Editor, for the truth of this little anecdote; and I will add that I am convinced the idea was spontaneous with my young friend,—certainly I did not suggest it.

It seems to me then that the same reasons hold for verse composition as for prose. The principal end of our higher education, as I take it, is the power of using language accurately and forcibly, as the great instrument of influence among our fellows; or, at least, to be able to enjoy and relish literature, to distinguish its true worth from its false glitter, and to take our share in the great intercommunication of ideas by means of language. It is not my business now to show that this end is admirably attained by the early study of the Classical languages; that I here take for granted. But I maintain that to read these languages without practising also to write them, and to write them in imitation of the style we read, will be very insufficient in producing the desired result. The poetical style, therefore, must be practised as well as the prose style; and that for two reasons, first for its own sake, and secondly for its power of improving prose. For its own sake, because a certain amount of poetry practice may be almost said to be essential to enable us to relish and appreciate well any poetical literature, not only Classical poetry, but that of our own nation also. For its own sake, again, because poetical literature ought not only to be appreciated, but to be continued. And though this reason applies only to a small minority, yet this minority cannot be picked out from the mass while they are boys, and

cultivated exclusively with this view. I may add that for every one of our poets who may have been without any higher literary training when young, at least a dozen others may be named who would never have written poetry at all except for their early literary education.

Not only, however, for its own sake is poetical composition to be practised, but also for its power of improving prose. "A poet's prose," is proverbial for beauty and force. The poetical instinct, which is to a certain extent in every man, when educated and developed ever so little, will prompt him to look at things from a higher stand-point; it will suggest to him new illustrations, and even new combinations of phrases when writing or speaking, which will add immensely to the brightness of his style: it will give a colour and enthusiasm to his oratory that will tend at least to redeem it from a charge of dulness. All this, of course, *in its degree*, for in writing on a subject of this kind, everything that is said is necessarily subject to qualification. Not only do boys' talents vary, and that on a very wide scale, but the successful bringing out of these talents varies with different masters, and in different schools. It is enough, however, for me to shew that Verse-composition is not in itself useless, but helps the mind on in the direction I have indicated.

The reasons I have adduced are not deep reasons: they seem to me to lie on the surface for any to find that look for them. Yet Mr. Farrar, in his Essay against verse-writing, does not touch them; but gives us such high-handed condemnation as the following:—"One feels amazed that there are learned and able men who still cling to a system of verse-teaching which bears to so many minds the stamp of demonstrable absurdity." After thirty or forty pages of such lofty censure have been hurled at his head, a man may be excused for feeling a little sore: but recovering shortly from the bewildering effects of these buffets, he finds after all that there are no bones broken, and that the sentence just quoted would sound almost as well if it had been written on the other side, with just a couple of words altered. Let me write "abuse" instead of "cling to," and "utility" instead of "absurdity"

and I may make Mr. Farrar a present of his sentence back again.

What then are the reasons which Mr. Farrar does notice? I make bold to say that they are only such as could have been adduced in confirmation of stronger and more fundamental reasons which he ignores. The reason he puts forward as "the strongest" argument in favour of verses is, that the schools must teach them because the Universities require them: evidently no reason at all, but only an apology used by some opponent of verses who yet felt obliged by the authority of others to continue them. The second argument he triumphs over is that "verse-writing is a good way of learning Greek and Latin." Who does not see that one who treats his opponents in this way lays himself fairly open to the charge of setting up a man of straw in order that he may knock him down? I suppose this argument is a sort of travesty of that which I have tried to represent in the former part of this letter: but, if so, how differently it ought to be stated! It is one thing to say that a complete Classical education implies an ability to appreciate the poetry of the ancients as well as their prose, and that for this verse-writing is an essential; and it is a very different thing to say that "verse-writing is a good way to learn Latin and Greek." And how does Mr. Farrar knock down his straw man? First, he says, no one ever thinks of learning other languages by writing verses in those languages. To this it is obvious to reply that when some practical knowledge of verses and poetical composition has been got in the Classical tongues, this knowledge is at least fundamentally applicable to the poetical literature of other languages, and consequently there is no longer the same reason for the practice. As for those who learn modern languages without any Classical training, it is quite clear that they learn them, not for literary purposes, but simply for commercial and conversational convenience, and they care nothing for the poetical literature of these languages. I will add, however, that if a person really wishes not only to enjoy the literature of (let us say) the French language, but to relish fully the rhythm and cadence of its poetry, almost the only sure

way will be to practise a little verse writing under the direction and correction of one who knows it already. The reason why we seldom meet with an Englishman who understands anything of French poetical rhythm, though he may otherwise be well acquainted with the language, is to be found precisely in the fact that French verse-writing forms no part of our ordinary mode of learning French. Mr. Farrar's second knock-down blow to his straw opponent, is the assertion that no other nation practises Latin verse-writing in its higher education but the English. Now in this Mr. Farrar must have been misinformed. In Germany perhaps it is not carried nearly far as with us; but in Italy it certainly is, unless the Revolution has changed things in this respect; and in France, Latin verse is extensively practised in Classical schools.

Another argument which Mr. Farrar seriously adduces as urged in favour of verses, and which he as seriously frowns down, is that verse-writing teaches the quantities of words. Well, it does, no doubt—and that more thoroughly than any other plan: but this is only a bye result, and not a primary object of the system. And does our essayist deny the fact? Not at all; but he equivalently denies the importance of quantity: and sings *meâ culpâ* for thinking less on some former occasion of a dissenting minister who said "gravămen" instead of "gravāmen." It is no doubt true that a man may speak eloquently and yet be a bad speller. But, nevertheless, bad spelling will always be looked on as an indication of deficient education; and so, I will add, will false quantities in Latin and Greek.

I will not tire you with considering the other arguments which Mr. Farrar puts forward to hoot at, because I really never heard them adduced, nor can I fancy any sensible man adducing them in earnest. There are, however, two further charges brought by our adversaries which require a brief notice; and these are "cruelty" (!) and "waste of time." Mr. Farrar's pages are studded with such pretty phrases as "dreadful and miserable drudgery," "hopeless desperation," "cruel sweat of the brain," "the moiling evolution of one or two wintry and wooden elegiacs," and so on. Now

it seems to me that the question of cruelty depends a good deal upon the way the system is carried out. To say that it is in itself a cruel thing to make boys learn to write Latin verses is simply ridiculous: and if the system is a cruel one at present, it must have altered a good deal since I was at school. If Mr. Farrar chooses to suppose the master "a stupid man who can teach nothing else," he may doubtless by the same right suppose the system a cruel one, and cry it down as such. I never thought I was treated cruelly about my verses, though I went through the ordinary course some thirty years ago: nor do I remember to have heard from any of my school-fellows a single expression that indicated persecution. We took it all for granted: some did not choose to exert themselves, others never got beyond "wintry and wooden elegiacs," but the notion of cruelty certainly never entered our heads. Let me recall the steps of the system as I remember it, and see where cruelty could be supposed to begin: and if there should be any opening for it, let us see if we cannot preclude its entrance.

The first step was nonsense verses, to teach us the mechanical structure of the metre. We had to take the words from our day's lesson of Ovid, without using more than one word for each line of our own from any one verse of Ovid's. This is decidedly a better exercise than putting together dislocated lines, because the boy has constantly before his eyes the verses of Ovid whereon to model the structure of his own, and so unconsciously imbibes the true cadence and rhythm of the metre: whereas in the other plan he has before him a *rudis indigestaque moles*, a chaotic heap, out of which he is to bring order, without a proper model of the order required. Either plan no doubt partakes somewhat of the nature of a "Chinese puzzle," as our opponents are never tired of repeating. But, after all, there is nothing cruel in a Chinese puzzle, nor is it useless if it is a necessary step to something higher. I know I enjoyed my nonsense verses immensely; and I have generally found since that boys *do* enjoy them, if they are helped a little and put in the way of them at first. My next step was "Bland," a name familiar enough to all

public school boys; that is, a book of exercises in which is given the exact English of Latin words which are to form verses. Now if a boy has had a sufficient grounding in nonsense verses (and there are none but the veriest dunces that cannot get this if they choose), there is no more difficulty in doing the verse exercises in "Bland" than there is in doing the prose sentences in the *Exempla minora* or *majora*. All but the veriest dunces, I say again, will be able to make some progress in these exercises, and will benefit by them to the extent of better understanding their poet authors. There is, no doubt, a reproach well merited by these verse exercise books: the English given is often frightfully bald and absurd. The object of course is to give the most literal translation of the Latin, with the view of making the retranslation easier for the beginner; but the result is often so ridiculous as to perplex a boy more than it helps him. But this is a defect on the surface, and might easily be remedied. In fact, it *ought* to be remedied; and I cannot sufficiently wonder that these books remain still in their old state in this respect.

The next step was original composition in Latin verse. Whatever previous preparation there may have been, this will always be a terrible change for a boy: it is an ordeal which some will survive, but in which others will hopelessly fail. Yet all ought to be tried in it, and long enough to give them every chance of succeeding if they can and if they choose. I suppose that it is especially in this part of the system that the cruelty lies. I remember well my first original verse theme. The subject given was the distress of a bird that had lost her young, stolen by a cruel school boy: and we were to make six elegiac verses "out of our own heads" on this pathetic subject. I think four were obligatory, but we might do six if we could. Well, I hammered out my six verses at last, and so did most of my fellows. It was a long business, no doubt, and there was a good deal of Gradus work; but beginnings are always hard, and they who grudge time or labour at the beginning will of course never excel in anything. Often and often have I been hard put to it

to make up my "tale of bricks:" many, no doubt, were the tears shed over failures from time to time: but notwithstanding this, the idea of cruelty as connected with verse-writing seems to me ridiculous, as it would certainly have seemed ridiculous to me then had any one suggested it. The last four years at school I was at original composition: and towards the end of that time we were expected to bring up each week about forty hexameter verses on a given subject, perhaps seven or eight alcaic stanzas on another subject, while a third verse theme was left to our own voluntary choice, as far as subject and style went. Greek Iambics we did at rarer intervals, and then they took the place of one of the Latin verse themes.

Now, unless it be cruel to make boys use their minds at all, unless it be cruel to make them try to do anything but what they they can do with ease at once, in a word, unless it be essentially cruel to make them attempt anything they do not like, I cannot see that it is cruel to make them take their turn at Latin verses. A certain number will soon like the work: it is impossible to say who will, unless all are made to try. I suppose boys may be divided into three classes for our present purpose: those who succeed, those who do not choose to try, and those who try but fail. The second class is probably larger of late years, from the philanthropic efforts of Mr. Farrar and his compeers to excite public sympathy for the persecuted school boy. However this may be, I quite think some little abatement might be made for the two latter classes, to this extent, that after a year's trial at original composition, if it should seem either that the boys are incapable of doing anything respectable, or determined not to try, some substitute for verses should be found them. But the preliminary exercises of nonsense verses, retranslations, and one year's trial at original composition, I for one should be extremely sorry to forego. This much at least would no more involve loss of time than Latin prose composition, which has not yet been attacked; though if the verse crusade were to succeed, I have no doubt that a prose crusade would follow. Perhaps I should add to the sketch of my Latin verse days that at the public

school where I was educated there was nothing whatever in the shape of private tutorship, nor any help except what the boys got from one another. The principal assistance given by the master was with the end of the cane; the boys educated themselves and each other with the simple help of praise or punishment from the masters. Of course I do not advocate this, which was simply an abuse, and which has no doubt been altered since: but I am quite sure that boys can often get much more real help from their school-fellows than from their master, however good and earnest he may be. Thus, to return to the verses, I and my fellows learnt to improve chiefly from reading the compositions of others a little more advanced than ourselves. After trying our best at the subject set, nothing could have been more useful than to read what others had done better; and it seems to me that no instructions or corrections from a master could have done so much for us as we did for ourselves in this way.

In conclusion, if Mr. Farrar and the friends he quotes "bitterly regret" the time they spent in writing verses, I suppose it cannot be helped: but at any rate the expression of their regret may easily be balanced by the expression of an entirely opposite feeling on the part of others: an expression to which there would be no lack of signatures, were the matter once canvassed among "the initiated."

i.

The Papal Zouaves.

THE gallant bearing of the little Pontifical army in the battle of Mentana, as well as in the various operations to which that engagement may be said to have put the crown, has not only attracted the public attention of Europe to the defenders of Pius IX. and raised still higher the enthusiasm of Catholics for his cause, but has materially changed the tone of general opinion, both as to the soldiers in question and the principle which has banded them together. We shall probably hear little more of the insolent language about foreign mercenaries and cut-throats, first set in circulation by the late Count Cavour, echoed by his admirers in the English press, and finally repeated on the eve of his own defeat by Garibaldi—a man no doubt pre-eminently qualified to speak on the subject of brigandage, violence, and ruffianism of every kind. The cause for which Catholics from all countries have gathered round the flag of the Church cannot be expected to command the sympathies of those who either are her avowed enemies or, at the best, ignore her claims and deny her rights. But most men can understand and admire gallantry, endurance, and personal bravery. When, then, it is obvious that all these qualities are displayed, not, as is the case in all European armies but our own and that of the Pope, by conscripts who have no choice but to become soldiers, but by men who have no motive whatever for submitting to hardship, drudgery, and danger but their devotion to a principle, it is natural that people should begin to think it possible that the cause which can secure to itself so much disinterested devotion must have more life and power in it than they have hitherto given it credit for. We conceive that the moral support given to the Church by the manly zeal embodied in what may be called the Zouave movement, is of even greater moment

and higher usefulness at the present time than the material services rendered by these soldiers in the field.

No one who has become acquainted with the conditions under which Catholics of various nations have enlisted themselves in the Pontifical troops, or again with the detailed accounts of the lives led by individuals engaged in these corps, can doubt that the military service of the Zouave is a reality. There are plenty of prosaic hardships in the form of poor food, slight pay, constant exposure, harrassing, and even irritating, calls of duty at a moment's notice, and very little opportunity for distinction and *éclat* on any important scale. The very difficulties under which these troops labour, and which are to a certain extent inevitable under the circumstances, prove at all events the genuine and solid character of the resolution which can submit to them. The service is in itself exceptional, and liable to all the inconveniencies and drawbacks which are natural to it as such. Again, men of all ages and of all conditions of life have enlisted themselves side by side, and it is hardly possible but that the routine of military discipline must be extremely irksome to those hitherto accustomed to a very different kind of existence. Moreover, it is hardly possible but that that inevitable spirit of national jealousy which manifested itself even in the Apostolical Church so soon after the day of Pentecost, when 'there arose a murmuring of the Greeks against the Hebrews,' should sooner or later exercise some paralyzing influence, openly or covertly, upon the efficiency of a body of Catholic soldiers collected from out of so many different races and countries. Not every nation has yet sent Zouaves enough to be formed into a separate organisation, and even if such were the case, the most delicate management would surely be required to maintain perfect agreement and harmony between different corps. All these things taken into account, we think that it must be confessed that the success which has hitherto attended this organisation is astonishing in a very high degree.

We shall proceed, without further preface, to lay before our readers documents of two different kinds relating to the

Pontifical Zouaves. The first is an account of a voyage to Civita Vecchia in the company of volunteers for the service, soon after the battle of Mentana. The writer, who is a London law-student, stayed some little time at Rome, and is an admirable witnesss as to the condition of the sick, wounded, and prisoners, with whom the hospitals and prisons were at that time crowded. We shall hereafter add some details as to individuals who have lost their lives in the service of the Church, taken from the most authentic sources. The first narrative begins as follows:

So many conflicting accounts of the Zouaves and other soldiers composing the little army of Pius IX. have been written, and so much interest attaches to them as the defenders of the Pope and his small possessions against the aggressions of the revolutionary spirit of a neighbouring kingdom, that an unprejudiced account of a trip made with some of the volunteers to Rome, and of a few weeks spent in constant intercourse with the main body during the late troubles, may prove acceptable.

Marseilles is the great "rendezvous" for the recruits. Here the volunteers from Belgium, Holland, France, and all parts assemble. In the town is an agent from whom all necessary information is obtained in connection with the passage to Rome, and from this point a serjeant of the Papal Zouaves takes charge of each batch until their arrival at the depôt. From this officer I learnt that a transport steamer would start the next morning with some four hundred volunteers, and with his assistance I obtained a first-class ticket. The transport, we were informed, was lying at some distance from the quay: so, as we were to make an early start, I left my comfortable quarters at the hotel and drove to the quay, where I secured a boat and desired the boatman to row me to "*La Duchesse.*" The wind was blowing half-a-gale, and dead in the teeth of our course, and there was every appearance of what is nautically termed "dirty weather." Arrived alongside, up went my luggage, and, after the usual squabble with the waterman as to whether he was to be paid ten francs or five francs, eventually compromised by seven, up I went too.

The transport turned out to be a miserable screw steamer, adapted for the conveyance of merchandise only: she was somewhat larger than the penny steamers on the Thames, and not so large as those on the London and Margate line. The crew consisted of some wretched looking Italians costumed like banditti. The deck was covered with merchandise, cases of ammuni-

tion, ambulance waggons, and some two dozen barrels filled with mud containing leeches for the French army. On either side of the funnel, on deck, was stacked the coal in large heaps, from which clouds of dust came with every gust of wind. The cabin was a curiosity. This commodious apartment was, as far as the floor extended, about sixteen feet long by twelve feet wide; round this ran a couch, divided by arms into six compartments, which the steward facetiously called beds. Above these, running out to the end of the ship, was what looked like a large, very deep, very low cupboard with the doors off. On this ledge had been placed numerous miniature mattresses, in all about 15. Having selected one of these, I went on deck to watch the embarkation of the volunteers.

The first batch consisted of some 50 Frenchmen, of the well-to-do peasant class principally. They were of all ages—there was even one, who, from his venerable appearance, was addressed by the others as *grand-père*. Succeeding these came two hundred Belgians and Dutch, who had more the air of Austrians, and who were much more quiet and reserved than the French: yet they all came singing some national or popular air. Shortly afterwards came numbers more—they seemed to be of almost every country—amongst whom were my fellow first-class passengers. These latter numbered thirty or forty, principally members of the oldest and noblest houses in France. Among them were the young Count de Maillé, the Marquis de Quatrebarbes, the Barons de la Bourdonnaie, de Surigny, de Riancy, &c. There were also two Irish gentlemen, and two Americans—one a captain in the Southern army, the other General Carrol Tevis, who had served during the Crimean war, and afterwards in the Northern army during the late American war. All these without exception were, like their humble companions, going out to serve as privates in the Pontifical army.

When all the volunteers had arrived on board, a blanket was given to each one, except those of the first class, and they disposed themselves on deck for the night as best they could. In our "cabin" we were all the best friends in a short time—indeed a pleasant or more agreeable set of companions no one could desire. Finding the atmosphere of the cabin gradually approaching boiling heat, we—the Irishmen, and Americans, and I—determined to sleep on deck: so, fortified with a stiff glass of brandy and water, and just one more pipe, we laid down, and were soon dosing off.

We were awakened about day-break—every one was rising,

and though still very sleepy I rose too—for it is always, especially while travelling, more pleasant to go with the current than against it. All went to the forward part of the ship, so I followed. There was no second class cabin of any sort, but all were descending by means of a ricketty ladder into the hold of the ship, which was quite empty. There was no light except what came from two worn out flickering oil lamps and the small square opening through which we came down. At one end was a rudely constructed altar—a plank supported on two barrels. There in snowy white robes and rich vestment a priest who accompanied the volunteers was about to commence Mass—surrounded by this body of devotees. It was a strange sight, the rough dirty damp sides of the ship, the mildew hanging from the roof, the kneeling crowd, the dim light intensifying the brightness of the celebrant's vestment—it gave me an idea of the early Christians in the catacombs.

This service over, all went on deck again just as we were weighing anchor. As the ship left the port the old man alluded to as *grand-père* mounted on a chest, and at a sign every head was uncovered, and following him, all joined in singing one of the Latin Canticles of praise of the Catholic Church. The few sailors on watch in the surrounding vessels stared at us in a dreamy way as we steamed slowly by. The sun was just rising, making the sea look like a huge fairy lake, tinting everything with gold: and the stillness of the early morning itself giving back the echo of the manly voices of the chanters.

Immediately upon getting clear of the port, the rolling of the ship told on many. Towards evening the wind rose considerably, and by night time all except the two Americans, the two Irish gentlemen, and myself, were as ill as ill could be. The diet on board was of the meanest kind, and it was only by threats, occasionally seasoned with promises of reward, that we induced the restaurateur to cook us a stake. This we used to divide into five equal portions, one of which, together with a lump of bread we seized in one hand, while we held fast to the rigging with the other. As we were satisfying the cravings of our appetite in this manner one day, a young Frenchman—M. de la Bourdonnaie—in the last agonies of sea-sickness, looked up piteously, and said with a groan, "*Ah, ces Anglais! qu'ils sont forts, ils mangent toujours, même au moment de mourir.*" At night there was little chance of rest—indeed lying on the deck of a rolling ship, washed from stem to stern by about every third wave is not provocative of sleep. A

number of the casks filled with mud, in which were the leeches, burst from their lashing and rolled about one night in a most unpleasant manner, at one time nearly killing in their fall some who had carelessly lain down beside them. One night too, while passing off Corsica, we found the man at the wheel had left his post, and was holding on to windward, sick as the merest novice. In this manner we passed three days and nights—eating when and how we could—never going below, in the day time holding on tight, and at night stretched on the wet dirty deck. At last at six a.m. on the morning of the fourth day we steamed into the port of Cività Vecchia—and never was haven more welcome.

The port was all life and bustle; French transports disembarking soldiers and material; French soldiers rowing boats to and fro, French soldiers washing clothes at the water's edge, French soldiers lounging about, and French sentinels at every point. It was like a huge hive with soldiers for bees. This was owing to the concentration of the Papal troops in Rome previous to the battle of Mentana, when a rising of the revolutionists appeared imminent. Upon arriving at our moorings we were beset by a fleet of small boats, one of which contained a serjeant of the Papal Zouaves aud two or three Custom House authorities; then arose a babel of questions—*ou sont les Garibaldiens? ou sont-ils?*"—then inquiries for sons, brothers, relations, and friends—and there were many whose inquiries received reassuring answers, many who turned away while an unforbidden tear stole down their face. Amongst the latter was the aged Marquis de Quatrebarbes, whose son had been severely wounded, and has since died. There is one great charm in the character of the French, which is that they are never ashamed of their grief; the bravest and hardiest soldiers among them will shed tears at the loss of a comrade, and yet none can say that they are less brave or hardy than any race in the world.

Having obtained the permission of the Commandant, which at that time was necessary, we started in the afternoon by train for Rome, a journey of some four hours. At the point where the railway passes the walls of Rome we found a guard of some dozen soldiers. A ditch of about ten feet wide had been cut, over which the train passed on a temporary bridge, constructed with beams capable of being quickly taken down. On either side of the line had been thrown up earthworks pierced by cannon. Upon the arrival of the train a guard of Papal Zouaves turned out to examine us, but the authorisation of the Commandant

being shewn, we were at once permitted to pass through. With the exception of the first-class passengers before mentioned, all were immediately marched to the depôt, we others starting for the Minerva Hotel. The great majority of those who came out on this journey had enrolled themselves in Paris for a term of two years, and had been transported to Rome at the expense of the Papal Government. The others paid all the expenses of their own journey, and also a sum of two pounds for uniform and arms. These were permitted to take service for six months or two years as they pleased.

We arrived just after the battle of Mentana. It is unnecessary to speak of this and the smaller engagements, all of which have been so fully described. About a week after Mentana nearly all the troops who had taken part in this engagement made a sort of triumphal entry into Rome. The greater number of these were Papal Zouaves. They looked haggard and feeble. They had marched some twenty English miles under a hot sun, along dusty roads, each one carrying a heavy knapsack, blanket, and tent, cooking utensil, and a large brown loaf—part of the day's rations—which in most cases appeared untouched. For twenty-seven days these men had not undressed. Hurrying from point to point as the Garibaldian bands appeared—to day defending one town, and to-morrow running to the assistance of another,—they were literally worn out, and, had not help arrived, must have succumbed from physical debility.

For several days the wounded of both sides streamed into Rome. Every possible kind of vehicle was used for their conveyance. It was a mournful procession—Garibaldini and Papalini stretched side by side—some slightly wounded, others beyond hope of recovery;—bandages covered with blood to which the dust had stuck forming a gory incrustation. The wounded Zouaves seemed more than anything else to excite the enthusiasm and sympathy of the people; they walked by the carriages forming a dense crowd on all sides, praying for and consoling them. An affecting scene took place at the entrance of the Santo Spirito hospital. As one of the seriously wounded was being lifted from a carriage he was met by the Pope, who at once, aged as he is, with the assistance of a Zouave carried him to the ward, and there himself undressed him, placed him in his bed, and remained with him till his wounds had been dressed. The young Zouave however lived but a few minutes, and died supported in the arms of the Pope, who blessed him and wept over him like a father over his child.

At first the hospitals were greatly crowded, but by degrees several large houses were turned into extempore hospitals, and the wounded, such as could be, were moved into them. Many of the nobility also volunteered to take some into their own palaces, so that in a short time over crowding was remedied. Many too volunteered their services as doctors, watchers, and assistants. Among the first Mr. Clayron with some fellow-students from Paris organised a hospital and staff. Eventually most of the Garibaldians were placed in a separate hospital. This like all the others was placed under the charge of some order of Sisters of Charity—and lay attendants. The beds were placed all round the ward at a distance of about thirty inches from each other—down the centre was a long deal table covered with ointment and liniments, and attached to each ward was an operation room. In this hospital were two Englishmen—one had gone out, he stated, with Garibaldi as correspondent of a newspaper; he was very badly wounded, and his whole nervous system seemed broken. He stated that having approached too near, a stray bullet had struck him—that he had lost all his papers, and feared he could not identify himself. He has since died, and it has transpired that he was one of Garibaldi's officers. General Kanzler, the Papal Commander-in-chief and pro-minister of war, who was visiting the wounded at the time, approached him, spoke to him kindly in English, reassuring him, and gave him permission to send any letters he liked to his family by a gentleman who was about sailing for England. The other Englishman was named Scoley (?)—his arm had been amputated, and he was quietly smoking his pipe in bed. He seemed very grateful for the kindness shown to him, and said that when he was released he would speak of it everywhere. Poor fellow, he also has since died. The climate of Rome is very much against recovery in such cases: so much so that the French sent at once all their wounded, even those who had to be conveyed on their beds, back to France. Of the wounded great numbers have died entirely from inflammation induced by the climate—indeed it is only the very strong and robust who can expect to recover where the case is at all serious. In all the hospitals without distinction some of the Zouaves act as assistants. Between these and the Garibaldians who were wounded or prisoners there was no outward show of ill feeling—but with the secret society men, whose programme is burning barracks and nightly assassination, there is war to the knife. No Papal soldier is safe if

alone in the street after dark except in the most frequented places—numbers have been assassinated in this manner. In the case of the barracks which had been mined and blown up, a fortunate occurrence prevented the list of killed from being some two hundred or more. They had been suddenly called out on a most unexpected service, to seize a manufactory of Orsini bombs—and it was during their absence the explosion took place. As it was about thirty were buried in the ruins.

The Orsini bombs at present used by the revolutionary secret societies are of far better manufacture than those originally made. They are constructed of steel about twice the size of a cricket ball, filled with explosive matter and pieces of iron, and the outside closely studded with percussion caps. These when thrown against any hard surface immediately explode, scattering the pieces of iron all round with deadly effect. In one case a bomb of this kind was thrown from a window at some Papal Zouaves passing by. The bomb struck one of them on the chest, which was too soft to explode it; before it had time to fall to the ground he caught it in his hand, and by his presence of mind saved the lives of himself and his comrades.

Our visit to the prisoners was very interesting. They numbered at this time over 3000, many of whom were confined in the Castle of Sant Angelo. The guard of the Castle was served by the French and Papal troops. At the gates were double sentinels, one French and the other Papal, and over the gate waved the Papal and French flags, side by side. The prisoners were divided, the officers being together in the upper story of the Castle. The chambers in which they were confined averaged in size about eighteen feet square, and in each there were about a dozen officers—in all about a hundred. Facing the cells was a large open courtyard. Their appearances were very varied—some still wearing the uniforms of the Italian infantry regiments, some with the red shirt and blue trousers, one in the dress of an Italian naval cadet, and the remainder in ordinary walking costume. One wore a frock coat, light trousers, with a dust over-coat, patent leather boots, and tall hat. He had the appearance of one who had come to grief on his return from the Derby, and looked a most comical soldier. Some looked fine military men, and had evidently been soldiers by profession, and some had the air of café loungers—inveterate idlers in fact. Amongst the former was a Count Vallentini—he wore the red shirt, blue military trousers,

and red cap. He looked a soldier all over, and seemed but little pleased with his companions. This man, according to the accounts of the Papal officers, had shown the greatest courage. At the battle of Mentana he did all he could to rally his men. Seven times he came outside the walls, and amidst a shower of bullets called upon his men to follow him saying, "You see they cannot hit me." Nor indeed was he touched. They all spoke of Garibaldi, wondering that he and his two sons left them at Mentana; but it was against Victor Emmanuel they spoke most bitterly—they called him traitor, and coward, and without an exception declared that upon being released they would march against him. All declared for the republic. When they joined Garibaldi they did so under the impression that they were to be but the vanguard of the royal troops—and in speaking of themselves they said, "We have been sacrificed." Numbers of them had their leave of absence duly signed from their regiments to serve in the Garibaldian bands.

It has since transpired that the promised remuneration for their services was to have been the pillage of Rome for three days; but it is very doubtful whether the Italian Government, in the event of their taking Rome, would have given up so much riches, especially in its present bankrupt state. On the whole, these prisoners presented but a very poor appearance. As a body they had a "vagabond" look, no doubt made more prominent by their unfortunate position; yet one could not help remarking that, with the exception of some half dozen, there were no gentlemen among them. The prisoners seemed well satisfied with their treatment, which indeed was very liberal, their rations being exactly the same as those of the Papal Zouaves. When brought into Rome, they were, with one exception, conducted through the streets to their prison at night time: the exception was on the removal of some to Cività Vecchia, when to reach the railway train they were taken out at day time, and had to be protected from some of the citizens, who yelled at and hooted them. They all expected to be released in a month or two, on giving a promise never again to take up arms against the Papal Government. Those among them, however, who were Roman subjects, numbering only about a dozen, would of course be dealt with more severely.

Our last visit was to the Zouave barracks. Of these there was a large number, owing to the distribution of the troops over so many points, and the number of French troops to be housed.

In many instances the barracks were of the most makeshift character—generally some old palace. There were no beds, but at night the stone floor was strewn with straw, on which the soldiers slept. As to the conveniences of the toilette there was no such thing, the nearest fountain being the general lavatory. The food was of the plainest character: coffee and dry bread in the morning, a basin of a kind of Irish stew at midday, and coffee and bread again in the evening. The duties and discipline are the same as those in the French army, and are imposed on all alike. Many however added to this somewhat primitive fare the luxury of a dinner at one of the hotels or restaurants. The pay given by the Government is three sous per day, and this is in many cases never taken. The uniform is excessively picturesque and military. It is of a very bluish grey, cut in the same manner as that of the French Zouaves: the facings are, for the privates, of red worsted cord, and for the officers, gold braid. The arms were of a very poor sort; now however, it is said they are buying large quantities of Remington and Spencer rifles.

There is a very good feeling between the French and Papal troops, so much so that after the success of the Papal forces at Mentana, the French officers gave what they call "*un punch*" to the Papal officers, and this was followed by other complimentary *fêtes*. The Roman nobles also entertained on their return the three hundred Papal troops made prisoners at Monte Rotondo, the nobles waiting on them at table.

Looking at this body of volunteer soldiers, consisting of men of every class and every country, even negroes and Chinese; considering the hardships and sufferings they must undergo, and the fact that there is no remuneration, that on the contrary lucrative positions had to be abandoned by the greater number before taking service, who can say that anything but a strong religious feeling can draw such numbers to the defence of the Holy Father and his possessions? To call these men "mercenaries" and "cut-throats" is but the fanatical raving of dishonest opponents. It must surely be admitted that their quiet and voluntary devotion constitutes one of the strongest possible demonstrations in favour of the Papacy.

B. C. M.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE, AND A WORLDLING'S GRATITUDE.

In the wildest ravings of delirium, tormented in body, and bewildered in mind, Eutropius lay in the little room which had been assigned to him. All his limbs were convulsed, and the breath came from his throat in agonised gasps, like those of a dying man. His face was darkly flushed, and his eyes starting. An apoplectic attack was feared, and the watchers beside him were anxious to send for a surgeon to open a vein. But he refused vehemently. "I will not have one," he cried, in a choked voice, "he will poison me, or let me bleed to death, or give me up to my enemies." It was impossible to pacify him, he only cried out more excitedly that he was surrounded by enemies, and wished to be alone. When his wish was complied with, he called out for help—to be defended from the assailants whom he saw in his fevered fancies. The watchers were in despair, and sent for one of the deaconesses. In the early Church, as is well known, the care of the sick was an essential duty of the deacons; and for the same work of mercy, deaconesses, too, were appointed—pious widows, who took a vow of continence to the bishop, thus raising an impassable barrier between themselves and the world, and enabling them to devote themselves wholly to their Lord, in these His suffering members. They had to attend to the poor and sick, widows and orphans, female catechumens and converts, in their different wants; a wide field of labour, and one requiring great patience, prudence, and charity. Into their homes, which in many instances were palaces, they generally received widows and orphan girls, besides many to whom the service of Christian charity seemed sweeter than that of the world. Pentadia had, since her husband's death, formed one of this holy band; and now for more than a year she had devoted herself and her large fortune exclusively to her vocation. Every one thought of her first whenever help was needed. When

she heard who wanted her, her lips quivered for a moment; then, with a companion, she took her way to Sta. Sophia. In those days churches were not isolated buildings, standing alone in a square; they were always built with a large porch, surrounded by a colonnade, sometimes by two, into which the houses of the clergy opened, to which adjoined the *hospice*—as we should now say—for pilgrims and travellers, sometimes a hospital for the sick, and at rather a later date, schools. The whole of this block of buildings was included under the title of Sta. Sophia, or whatever name the church happened to bear. The right of sanctuary made a room for the fugitive necessary, and to the one inhabited by the disgraced consul Pentadia now bent her steps. As she entered it, he raised himself into a sitting posture, and gazed at her fixedly. Then grasping the arm of the youth who was watching beside him, he gasped out, "Now I am lost! she is come to give me up to my enemies."

"You are ill in body and mind, Eutropius," said Pentadia, gently, "otherwise you could not fear a deaconess who is come to offer you her services."

"Are you not the noble Pentadia?"

"That is my name; but the question is not anything about me, but that you should take proper means for your recovery. You are perfectly safe; no one dreams of giving you up: so leave off crying out and agitating yourself—that will be in itself a good step in the right way."

"I *cannot* trust you," answered Eutropius, "for you must hate me, and you speak gently to quiet my suspicions, and then, when I am asleep, you will deliver me to the Prætorians. I know what human nature is, and what to expect from it."

Pentadia looked at him silently and compassionately, as she thought how impossible it was for one who had no trust in God to trust his fellow creatures.

"You cannot deny it you see!" cried Eutropius.

"I will not dispute with you," she answered, "it would only excite you and do you harm."

Her companion now offered him a draught which she had been preparing, but he eyed her distrustfully, saying, "Perhaps it is poison!" Her answer was to taste it. "Oh, that is nothing," he cried, "the poison may be at the bottom of the cup, and you have only just touched it with your lips."

"Miserable man!" exclaimed the young girl, "do you really think we want to murder you?"

"Do you not know," he answered, "that I sent Timasius into

exile; that his only son followed him voluntarily, and that they both died there miserably? Do you not know that I persecuted Pentadia, because I feared she would go to Timasius and take her fortune with her?"

"I know it all; but do not *you* know that Pentadia is a Christian?"

"Oh, we are all Christians; but that makes no difference," he answered carelessly. "We have all our inclinations, which we follow much in the same way—Catholics, Arians, and Pagans. I became consul and patrician by following mine; Eudoxia and Gaïnas follow theirs in ruining me: why should not revenge drive Pentadia to poison me!"

By a slight gesture, Pentadia imposed silence on the indignant girl, saying herself to Eutropius, "You seem to be quieter now, for you speak connectedly; now you know that it is important for you to keep calm and rational, and as I do not see of what use we can be to you, we will leave you for the present."

After they were gone, Eutropius said to his attendant, "You saw how offended she was when I suspected her of revengeful feelings?"

"No," he answered, "I only wondered at her patience under your insults. Fancy imagining Pentadia a poisoner!"

"If you were in my place, with your brain bewildered by such a flight, such a peril, such a glimpse of the face of death, you would understand that no thoughts are too wild to enter the mind."

"And have you thought at all of God, and your poor soul?"

"My soul, indeed!" sneered Eutropius. "I have enough to do with thinking how to save my life—my soul must take its chance."

After a while he expressed a wish to be left alone, which was complied with; and in silence and solitude all sorts of thoughts and fears and fancies chased each other through his mind. True, he thought, he was safe for the time in the Church's shelter, but he did not feel safe enough, and longed to be far away in a quiet island, or the crowded solitude of some great city. "Here," he said to himself, "I am in prison, and the best prospect before me is banishment—whither? And who knows that it may not be a mere pretext, and that when I am taken out of the way, they will torture me to death? What if I left this place secretly? No one would ever suspect a hunted man of quitting sanctuary—ten to one my flight would be quietly accomplished. I cannot endure this silence, this loneliness; as little can I endure the people

around me, with their high-flown superstitious talk. This wretched room, too, with its mean furniture! Shall I lose all my wealth, and languish away my days in poverty? Never! I will go—but whither? First to Osius, he will provide a boat, and I can cross the Bosphorus by night to Chalcedon. I can rely on him: yes, I will go. And here lies a respectable dark-coloured garment which they have left for me. Capital! I shall be taken for a monk. How oppressive this silence is! Treachery may lurk here: and why should this Patriarch defend me against the Emperor? Only to curry favour with the people by maintaining the right of sanctuary, and to cow Arcadius by a display of priestly authority. After a while he will give me up to please him, and to pacify Eudoxia and Gaïnas. That is it—oh, I can see through him: I know what the magnanimity of men is worth! But suppose Osius betrays me—no, he will not do that! He cannot be accused of magnanimity, certainly; but he owes everything to me, and will be faithful. I will venture."

He put on the dress which had been brought instead of his disguise, took some food, to the great satisfaction of his good-natured attendant, whom he actually thanked for his kindness, and saying he felt better, and hoped to sleep well, he dismissed him. But the nearer night approached, the more restless and anxious Eutropius became. Now he determined on flight: but then, "Had he not better wait quietly, as Pentadia had done, to see what fate had in store for him? No!—she had powerful friends pleading her cause at court; and he had only bitter enemies. And women have more patience and submission. But I——. This inaction will be the death of me—I must do something; I will brave the danger, and go."

So the night came; and without trust in God, without one good resolution, without one feeling higher than the instinct which teaches the fox to fly from the hounds, the wretched Eutropius slunk away. The great square was nearly empty, one or two stragglers were crossing it—that was all. It would not do to hurry too much, so he calmed his wild impatience, and walked at a leisurely pace towards the house of Osius. Then he thought that if the porter should not recognise him, he would inquire his business. But it would not do to reflect; he must run the risk now. He reached Osius's house safely; the porter inquired who he was, but Eutropius glided dexterously past him, leaving the man looking in surprise after the intruder, who knew his way so well that he never asked which way he should go to find the master of the house. All seemed strangely quiet; evidently

Osius was not entertaining guests. So far, well; the servants were doubtless in bed. Undisturbed, and only hindered by having to grope in the dark, Eutropius reached, and entered, his friend's room.

"What do you want here?" he cried, in a hoarse whisper; "I cannot protect you—hence! away!"

"Yes," said the unhappy Eutropius, "that is what I wish to do; but you must help me."

"I cannot; I have to fly myself, otherwise I shall be robbed of my property: and all because I have been your follower. Away with you, then! I have no time to waste. I have sent away all my servants, because I will not have prying eyes upon me," cried Osius. "I embark this very night; I cannot be plagued with other people's concerns!"

"Oh, take me with you! let me be your servant—only save me! All that you possess, you owe to me; will you not save my life—only my life—in return?"

"Impossible! you would be recognised, and we should both be ruined then. Go back to sanctuary; you are safe there."

"I cannot stay there!" replied the despairing wretch; "treachery lurks there—death stares me in the face. Oh, take me with you; let me pass for your servant—let me *be* your servant—only be merciful, and take me with you!"

"I tell you again, I cannot: the master of the vessel will not let you go; you cannot pay for your voyage to Thessalonica, much less to Hispalis! It is a Spanish vessel; I am going to my own country."

"In the name of heaven, pay for me!" moaned Eutropius. "In Spain, where no one knows me, in a large place like Hispalis, I should be safe; and I will serve you as your slave all my life—only take me."

"That might be all very well, if you were twenty years old; as it is, the idea is absurd."

"Then do, for once, a work of pure mercy, and grant my prayer." And he fell down before Osius, and embraced his knees.

"Away with you—back to your sanctuary! You are robbing me of precious moments—go!"

"What footsteps are those?" cried Eutropius, starting to his feet.

"Those of the men come to take my things on board. You see, time presses—leave me!"

The porter entered, and said to Osius, pointing to Eutropius,

"Your flight and your ruin are owing to this man. I recognised him, and have summoned the guard; here is the centurion."

With a stifled cry of despair, Eutropius sank senseless on the floor. The centurion entered with the soldiers. "Drag him out!" he said: then turning to Osius, "and you will go with him. All the creatures of this miserable man who have amassed fortunes by illegal means are deprived of them, and banished like him." Two Prætorians came forward, and each took an arm of Osius. The rest filled the trunks with everything they could find of value, searched all the rooms for more, and finally left the house with their prisoners and their booty.

CHAPTER XIII.

COURT LADIES.

We must pass over four years—a wide gap in this short life of ours. In these four years all had advanced on their own way towards their own ends. Clearly and sharply defined, and separated from each other, lay the kingdom of the world and the kingdom of God. Eudoxia, Augusta, and Empress of the East, was queen of the one; Olympias, the deaconess, of the other. There was the same marked division in the priesthood. Constantinople, with its brilliant court, its pride and luxury, its cabals and intrigues for obtaining favour, influence, office, and all the thousand and one aims of worldly ambition; this great, splendid, degraded city, was a soil in which low passions and vicious tendencies took root and throve abundantly. Very few, comparatively, were uninfected by the moral leprosy which spread so fast and so far. The Patriarch Chrysostom knew that the only way was to keep steadily out of the sphere of these influences. Unless summoned to the palace, or when his office, or some business, obliged him to do so, he never came to court, preferring to be called harsh and unsociable to entering the enervating atmosphere of sybaritic luxury. A portion of the clergy were faithfully devoted to him, and followed his example; another portion walked in other ways, and regarded him with ill-concealed hostility. There were several bishops also, who were in Constantinople on their private business, or that of the Church, who came as friends to see him. They were dazzled, too, by the splendour of the position of Patriarch in the imperial

city—the very thing for which Chrysostom cared nothing; and more than one of them entertained hopes of filling it one day, by the help of powerful friends and advocates at court. It was in their favour, too, that Eudoxia had little affection for the Patriarch. Her pride and love of rule had developed rapidly in these four years, and his humility and self-denial were a living rebuke to her. She feared him, too: partly because he was strong in the boundless attachment of the people, partly because he did not hesitate, on fitting occasions, to speak plainly to the rich and great, even to the Augusta herself; and because she feared him, she treated him with much external respect. Now and then, too, she had fits of piety; but, capricious and self-willed, she passed, under the influence of the moment, from one extreme to another, and there were times when no one dared so much as to mention the Patriarch's name before her.

Just now she was especially indignant with him; and not she only, but all the fashionable ladies of Constantinople. Some of them, with whom she was on terms of great intimacy, were with her, and the pretty Thaïs, who was a great favourite with the Empress, principally because she outdid the rest in luxury and extravagance, had just said, "If I were Augusta, I would impose perpetual silence on the Golden-Mouth; it would be a salutary penance."

"One cannot always do as one would wish," answered Eudoxia.

"So indelicate—meddling with womens' dress!" said Eugraphia, contemptuously; "it is not within the province of a Patriarch. If he were really as holy as he appears, he would know no more than a blind man about the fashion of our clothes."

"It is degrading the cathedral," put in the haughty Marsa, "to preach on such subjects within its walls, where only lofty and grand topics should be discussed, such as the mysteries of our holy religion, or the errors of sects and heresies. *Then* he is worth hearing: I give him his due. And he can preach splendidly—I grant that. But let him keep to doctrine, and leave our daily life to us; splendour and expense are necessities in our position."

"And just consider," added Eudoxia, "what would be the result of these austere views: simply, the ruin of trade and art. We are their supporters, we help thousands by thus employing them. Is that waste of money? It is just a wise and proper application of it. There are many different ways of spending

it so as to do good to as many persons as possible; one builds palaces, another churches, one gives large alms, another takes care that tradesmen and jewel-merchants may find purchasers for their rich stuffs and diamonds. I can do all these things; but you cannot, and so the best way is to choose what is easiest, and what is most naturally interesting to a woman."

"If I am not mistaken," said a quiet voice, "what the Patriarch principally blamed was the impropriety of the present style of dress, and the vanity which makes of the body an idol to deck with gewgaws."

"Ah, Gunilda," cried the Empress, "did you hear the Patriarch's sermon?"

"Yes," she answered; "I go to Sta. Sophia sometimes, by your wish; and I feel just the reverse of what Marsa says. His doctrinal discourses do not interest me; but when he takes practical subjects, I admire him."

"Gunilda has, of course, different ideas from ours, in consequence of her Gothic birth," said Thaïs, compassionately.

Marsa took her up sharply: "She has a different faith, for she is not yet baptised."

"You are both right," answered Gunilda: "but neither of these facts prevents me from admiring a man who has the courage to lay his finger on the wounds of the age, even when they are found in high places. He pointed out the connection of all these vanities with that thirst for gold, pleasure, and luxury, which is the aim of the world."

"Then he was very unjust," cried Marsa, "for we have many very serious pursuits."

"I should think so!" said Eudoxia, whose eyes began to flash angrily; "I know *I* require rest and relaxation after hundreds of serious and difficult occupations. That, I suppose, is making pleasure one's aim."

"Noble Augusta," returned Gunilda, calmly, "the Patriarch merely pointed out a tendency; he alluded to no individuals; and I only repeat what he said."

"I daresay he would like to turn us all into ascetics, and shut us up in a cell in some desert or other," said Thaïs, in an outraged tone of voice.

"He might, perhaps, venture to try such an experiment on you," remarked Eugraphia, who had a very mean opinion of the beauty's understanding.

"The Patriarch does good to no one, and a great deal of harm to himself, by this way of preaching," said the Empress.

"A man in his position ought to attract and win people, even if they are not so perfect as he in his pious zeal may desire; this unbending severity repels people."

"What a difference," added Marsa, "between his way of preaching and Severian's!"

"Ah, Severian!" exclaimed the ladies, in chorus.

"If the Bishop of Gabala could only have got rid of his Syrian accent," remarked Thaïs, solemnly, "he would have been the first preacher of all past and future centuries. But there is nothing perfect in this world."

"At all events," said Eudoxia, "Severian was a man one could understand, whose advice one could ask; one was not always coming into collision with principles which may be suitable for a few isolated individuals, but which are impracticable in important and complicated affairs."

"Chrysostom has a high standard, certainly," said Gunilda.

"He has exaggerated ideas, and monstrous pretensions," cried Marsa; "look at his treatment of the younger clergy!"

"In that particular," Eudoxia interrupted her, "I approve of his conduct. There are strict rules, and whoever transgresses them is justly punished. Sinful, and even careless priests, are the occasion of untold mischief; they cause the mass of the people to lose reverence for religion and the Church. *That* is his province—to watch over and rule his clergy with firm discipline; but let him leave our toilettes alone."

"It is all of a piece in him," answered Marsa; "love of power is his ruling passion. If he cannot govern kingdoms, he will govern souls, from Cæsar Augustus to the poorest monk in his cell. Of course it is well to hinder breaches of discipline; but if such occur, he should be indulgent."

"I quite differ from you there," cried Eudoxia.

"A priest is but a man," said Eugraphia, as pathetically as if she were enunciating a truth that had hitherto been undiscovered.

"The very reason why he should be punished like other men. It shows great wisdom in the Patriarch to undertake the chastisement of the offender whom the secular arm cannot reach. I deeply regret that your nephew, Eugraphia, and your *protégé*, Marsa, affords a case in point; but I cannot help saying that the Patriarch is right."

"I should have thought that such a talented young man as Eugenius would have been an ornament to the Church," said Eugraphia, in a tone of pique.

"Doubtless, if he had been willing to amend his ways; but he was not. He defied the Patriarch, and then slandered him. No, my good Eugraphia, the less we say of your unhappy nephew the better. He is a disciple of the Patriarch Nectarius, who had more of the Roman senator than the bishop about him."

"And does the generous Augusta see no excuse for Eugenius in that circumstance?"

"Certainly—an excuse; but neither a justification nor a proof of his vocation. The Patriarch has done his duty towards him."

"And now he asserts that he has a duty to discharge towards us," said Marsa. "You heard him, Gunilda; you can bear witness to the fact. He wants to set us rules, as well as his clergy, only on a different subject."

"He said," answered Gunilda, "that he should have to answer to God for the souls of men and women, young and old, rich and poor, gentle and simple, and that this responsibility compels him to hold up a mirror before every offender, by admonition, reproof, or denunciation, that he may see his errors, and amend them."

"Such ideas are outrageous!" cried Marsa. "It is quite another thing preaching against the failings of the poor and obscure, for their numbers prevent any one from fixing on individuals as aimed at; but people of high rank are comparatively few—their affairs, their tastes, their occupations, are generally known, and if *they* are made the subjects of animadversion in a sermon, individuals are soon fixed upon to whom such a remark seems applicable. I am certain that at this moment all Constantinople is saying, 'At last the Augusta and the ladies of her court have heard the truth about their dress and their extravagance.'"

"Oh, most noble Augusta," cried Thaïs, "you will not endure this?—you will avenge your dignity, and let this audacious Patriarch be sharply reprimanded?"

"My dear Thaïs," said the Empress, rather impatiently, "you ought to know better than to suppose that the Patriarch of Constantinople can be treated like an ordinary offender. Besides —what would be the use? He would only talk of his conscience and his duty, and go on preaching just the same."

"Do you mean to put up with it all quietly, then?" asked the wondering Thaïs.

"We must go to work differently," answered Eudoxia. "Now, let us change the subject."

Before many minutes had passed, the Emperor was announced, and Eudoxia dismissed her ladies. The Empress knew in a

moment, by the mingling of vexation and embarrassment which his face expressed, that the cause of his annoyance, whatever it might be, concerned her.

"You look troubled, my dear lord," she said, gently; "how good of you to come and share your grief with me!"

"My trouble related to you, Eudoxia," he answered.

"To me!" she cried, gaily. "Come, it is all right then; for, whatever it may be, I will alter anything that displeases you."

"Nothing in you displeases me, dearest," said Arcadius; "you are the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart: but I have had letters from Rome, from my brother. He has had a grand triumphal entry there, to please the people, who dislike the court being moved from Milan to Ravenna."

"Well, what does that matter? I do not grudge the Emperor of the West these sham triumphs, because I rejoice in your having real ones."

"He is less generous to you—he *does* grudge you your honours."

"In what way?" she asked, and her proud, beautiful face flushed quickly.

"You know that it has never been usual to send the statues of the Empresses into the provinces with the same solemnity as those of the Emperors. Of course, more than one city has had the statue of an Empress erected—my mother's was at Antioch; but I speak of their being sent as a present, and solemnly received by the principal persons of the place, and of the shows and public rejoicings on the occasion: all this has hitherto been the Emperor's privilege. I have made an exception in your case, for your mind and character are lofty enough to merit imperial honours, and it is, besides, my delight to share everything with you. My brother disapproves of this. He says it is unwise to allow any woman to overstep the gulf which divides a Cæsar Augustus from the rest of the world; that people would look upon it as a humiliation to the Empire; that ambitious women would presume on it, and as a privilege cannot be granted to one Empress and refused to others, he says that all future Empresses of both East and West would claim your case as a precedent. You can guess how this vexes me."

"Allow me to say, my dear lord, that you are wrong there," said Eudoxia, smiling.

"To wound you, is to strike me," answered Arcadius.

"That depends on the hand that gives the blow," she returned.

"Honorius wrote the words, but they were dictated by Stilicho—or Serena."

"Do you think so?" said Arcadius, quite ready to adopt her view of the question.

"I am certain of it! Every one, unfortunately, knows that Stilicho governs the Emperor of the West; everyone knows, too, that Serena, the niece of the great Theodosius, cannot forget that she has not managed somehow to attain the dignity of Augusta—that she is only the wife of Stilicho the Vandal—and that her ambition is as great as her influence. So do not distress yourself about Honorius: he is only a tool—a name; and he is quite too weak to trouble himself about anything which reaches so far into the future—the present is quite enough for him! That letter is Stilicho's composition, take my word for it. There would be some cause for vexation if your brother blamed you, but you cannot stoop to notice what that Vandal thinks. Forget it all, and come with me. It is a lovely evening—let us take the children on the water; that will cheer you, will it not?"

She clasped her hands round his arm, looked at him with her own winning smile, and led him out.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WATER PARTY.

The palace of Constantine was built on a promontory jutting out into the Propontis just where the Bosphorus empties itself into its bosom. Blooming gardens surrounded it, enclosed by thick laurel hedges; and stately planes and sycamores dipped their branches into the blue glittering sea, while, high above them, pines and cedars stretched their stiff dark boughs, contrasting vividly with the fresh soft green of the other trees. Here and there the lines of laurel were broken by flights of marble steps, ornamented with statues, and leading down to the water's edge. Hither Eudoxia had led the Emperor, and they were taking their places in a fairy-like skiff which awaited them. It was provided with carpets and cushions of bright soft colours, and a broad canopy of white silk, supported on gilded poles, was stretched over the raised seats at the stern. The Emperor and Empress sat there: she had her youngest child, Marina, on her lap, and the four others sat at her feet. She looked wonderfully lovely—

her face was radiant with beauty and happiness. So Arcadius thought; and he forgot all his cares and difficulties as he sat beside her, and the white-robed rowers made the light vessel fly like some great snowy-winged water-bird over the waves with the strong regular strokes of their oars. The ladies and gentlemen of the court followed in other boats, Amantius among the number. He had risen higher and higher in Eudoxia's favour, and now held the post of Chief, or, as we should say, Lord Chamberlain. She had a very great esteem for him, and, perhaps, she admired his disinterestedness, his straightforward simplicity, his perfect sincerity all the more, because she was quick-sighted enough to perceive that these were the qualities in which most of those around her were deficient. They had, however, one quality which was entirely wanting in him, and which she prized very highly—the power of flattering. Eudoxia revelled in the incense which was offered to her so plentifully; she so thirsted for it, that when anyone failed to bring it, she was offended. Amantius was the only exception; indeed, if she was in a very good humour, she would hear remarks from him that no one else—except, perhaps, Gunilda—dared venture upon.

Eudoxia not only liked and esteemed the Gothic maiden, but she was a little in awe of her character—unbending, even obstinate as it was, but thoroughly true and genuine. Her life seemed to the Empress like a firm straight line among all the crooked turnings and twistings of her own, and that of the rest, and she looked at it with a curious mixture of wonder and respect. Then to strengthen her feeling for Gunilda, came her strong wish for her conversion from Arianism, and her kind sympathy with the girl in her sad position. And it was a very sad one now: Gaïnas had not been contented with the disgrace and banishment of Eutropius; he pressed for his death, and forced Arcadius to consent to it by his importunate audacity. But it was out of his power to succeed his fallen enemy in the post of favourite—*that* was occupied by Eudoxia. Then his ambition took a higher flight: the imperial purple seemed its only worthy object. He revolted with the army, of which he was general-in-chief, in Bithynia; but the rebellion was put down, Gaïnas fled into Mæsia, fell into the hands of the Huns, and was slain by them. His head was sent to Constantinople, and received by the people with shouts of rejoicing: they remembered that he and his Goths had once sacked their city. Poor Gunilda suffered agonies—her father had been her idol. To be a Goth, and to be honourable, were identical in her ideas. This feeling made her cling passion-

ately to her people and their faith; Arianism must be true, for it was the religion of the Goths. So she longed inexpressibly for the scenes of her childhood, the wooded banks of the rushing Danube, to find there, among her countrymen, the realisation of all the visions which floated vaguely before her yearning soul.

Her father's rebellion was a rude awakening from her dreams of Gothic perfection. She had so often answered, when Greeks and Romans spoke slightingly of "barbarians," "It was a barbarian who secured the throne of the East to the son of Theodosius, when Rufinus aimed at it; and who freed the Emperor and the empire from the unworthy Eutropius." But now that her father had proved a traitor, his humiliated daughter lamented his crime more than his death. She was forced to own now, that a Goth could yield to the same temptations as a Greek, and that neither the Arian faith nor Gothic blood could save him from a terrible fall; and in silent despair, she asked herself, "What can I love—what can I reverence now?" Poor child, she no longer wished to return to her country; on the contrary, all she desired was to remain with the Empress, and to make up by her devoted service for the treachery of her father. But she was very lonely at the court; she had nothing in common with those around her, and she found nothing to hold by and cling to as a support for her soul, so she lived in an isolation which weighed on her young heart sometimes heavily enough. Eudoxia often told Gunilda that Arianism was a false doctrine, which could never satisfy her soul. Formerly, the Gothic girl had answered boldly that it was the only true one: she did not say that now, she only said that Arianism and Catholicism were both good if their followers led good lives. Her dislike to the Patriarch was an additional barrier between herself and the Church. Her father had once asked leave of Arcadius for the Arians to have a church within the walls of Constantinople, and the Emperor would have yielded but for Chrysostom, who boldly told him that, by a law of Theodosius, all sects had been forbidden to hold meetings in the towns, and that he could not make an exception in favour of the Arians. Gunilda had tried to persuade herself that her father's rebellion was in consequence of this refusal, but she was too true to succeed in believing a false excuse. Still, her prejudice against the Patriarch remained, though she never joined in the attacks upon him which were too often made in presence of the Empress.

She was, on this occasion, in the same boat with Amantius, who pitied the desolate young creature intensely, though he rarely

had an opportunity of conversing with her. He asked her now, "Noble Gunilda, are you going to make this pilgrimage with us?

"Not unless the Augusta commands my presence," she replied, "and I hope she will not, as there will, doubtless, be plenty who are anxious to go. But I have something to ask you: do you know the teaching of the Academic philosophy, that there is no doctrine which it is impossible to disprove?"

"I cannot deny it," he answered, with a smile.

"And does it not commend itself to you?" she went on to ask.

"I believe it is true as regards philosophical problems and sophistical axioms; but as I do not concern myself with such questions, I have not considered the pros and cons of the matter."

"I thought that the knowledge of the truth was *the* thing in your opinion."

"Yes," said Amantius, "but absolute truth is in another sphere, and doubts can only have to do with it in the way of proving its infallibility."

"Then the Academic doctrine does not commend itself to you?"

"Nor to you, I should think, noble Gunilda. The soul craves for certainty. It may be in a state of doubt, as a traveller may find himself on a bridge which crosses a precipice—but it will not remain in such a state."

"Better so, than to find at any step that one has been trusting to illusions!" she answered.

"Is not that cowardly? Life is a succession of such discoveries."

"Oh, that is so sad and terrible!" cried Gunilda, covering her face with both hands to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Not if we look at it rightly," said Amantius. "Illusions are fetters to our feet and bandages over our eyes, which prevent our seeing and following the truth. How can it be sad, when they are broken?"

"You speak as if you had never seen the fall of a cherished ideal," cried Gunilda.

"If our ideals are in accordance with eternal truth," returned Amantius, "they do not fall. If they do, then they were illusions —dreams——"

"Which one has loved!" she interrupted, with a ring of pain in her voice.

"We love all sorts of things," he said, "when we do not know what we ought to love."

"And no one appears to know that—judging by the kind of things on which people set their hearts," she answered, impatiently.

"That is quite true," said Amantius, quietly.

It was a glorious evening. All nature was pervaded by the breath and light of the sweet eastern spring. The shores of the Propontis rose bright and glowing from the blue mirror of the waters. The stately city lay before them, like the splendid sultana of some eastern tale, bathing her white feet in the sea, and the snowy peak of Olympus gleamed with an unearthly beauty against the tender rose-colour of the evening sky. But no one seemed to feel the pathetic loveliness of the scene; light laughter—empty talk—went on incessantly.

"You are the only silent one," said a young maid of honour, turning round to lay her hand on Gunilda's shoulder. "Now, tell us what you are thinking about."

"I was thinking," answered Gunilda, "that I should like to know what one ought to love."

"What one ought to love! oh, so many things!—beauty, and goodness, and one's friends; one's enemies too, the gospel says." So a dozen voices exclaimed at once; and at last Aglaë said, "Will all that, or any of it, do for you?"

Gunilda shook her head.

"She is very difficult to please," said the laughing girl; "and I cannot see the use of making it a matter of serious reflection what one ought to love, when it is human nature to love everything lovely." And the ladies chattered away as before.

The signal to return had been given from the imperial skiff. As they were nearing the shore, Amantius, who had been as silent as Gunilda, turned to her, saying, "Will you allow me to answer your question?"

"Why do you ask me?" she replied.

"Because sometimes I am unfortunate enough to vex you by what I say."

She coloured, and said, "Pray tell me what you were going to say."

"You ask, lady, what one ought to love. My answer is—the eternal charity."

"How sweet that sounds," she murmured, dreamily—"the eternal charity! But what is our security that such a love is not among the illusions of which you spoke?"

"The eternal truth!"

"Amantius, when one disbelieves in such a truth, one demands another security."

"There is no other: but I can put it differently, and say that this security is given by Christ, the Son of God, who *is* the eternal charity and the eternal truth."

"If I believed that," she answered coldly, "I should be a Catholic, and I am, as you know, an Arian."

"Still, noble Gunilda, I do not see why that should prevent my giving you a plain and simple answer."

"If your faith teaches you more of this eternal charity than ours, why do you not love it more than we do?" asked Gunilda. "We see the whole world absorbed in the admiration and love of what is visible and external: how is it possible to believe that it is illuminated by the light of truth, and penetrated by the fire of charity?"

"We cannot: but all the same, truth and charity are in the world, though they can only influence those who do not close their hearts against them. Look at that house—the one before which the broad terrace juts out into the sea—a woman lives there who has been able to put the world under her feet, and to possess its goods without enjoying them—for love of the eternal charity."

"And her name?" asked Gunilda, eagerly.

"Olympias."

They had reached the landing-place now; and as Eudoxia went to the palace by the side of the Emperor, she called Amantius to her, saying, "Go to the Patriarch, and ask him whether he will not soon arrange about the pilgrimage."

The History of Galileo.

VI.

Concluded from page 258.

After the examination mentioned in our last article on his history, Galileo allowed himself to indulge the hope that his explanations and disavowal would secure him a favourable sentence, and some of his friends supported him in this expectation. He even formed the project of retiring to Siena, until the cessation of the plague which raged in Florence, and he was pressed to do so by the Archbishop Piccolomini, who offered him the use of his litter for the journey. Galileo was allowed in the meanwhile the enjoyment of the unusual privileges which had been accorded him; he was permitted to make the excursion to Castel Gandolfo, and to ride, in a half-closed carriage, in the suburbs of Rome. The Pope, however, was desirous that the process should be pressed on, in order that it might be terminated before the great heats. On the 16th of June he ordered that Galileo should be interrogated regarding his intention in his *Dialogue*, and after having been threatened with torture, and made to pronounce a full and entire abjuration before the Congregation of the Holy Office, condemned to imprisonment at the discretion of the Sacred Congregation. He was to be enjoined, moreover, never more to treat, either in writing or by word of mouth, of the movement of the earth or the immobility of the sun, under pain of being dealt with as "relapsed." His work—the *Dialogue*—was to be prohibited, and, that all might know this, copies of the sentence were to be transmitted to all the Apostolic Nuncios and Inquisitors, especially the Inquisitor of Florence, who was to publish it in presence of all the Professors of mathematics.*

The condemnation of Galileo seemed now to be imminent. Yet the Pope, two days after giving this order, expressed himself in a far milder tone in conversation with Niccolini: "It will

* *MS.* of the Process, fol. 451.

be impossible to avoid prohibiting the opinion, contrary as i is to Holy Scripture, and it will be necessary for Galileo t remain in confinement for some time for having contravene the orders which were given him in 1616; but," he adde "I will see how far this condemnation can be mitigated." Th Pope appears to have contemplated Galileo's temporary seclusio in the monastery of Santa Croce, in Florence.* On the 21st c June Galileo was interrogated according to the order of th Pope.† He was asked at what period he had first professe that the sun and not the earth was the centre of the univers He replied that for some time before the decree of 1616 he ha considered the two opinions as equally tenable, but that, sinc that decree, convinced of the prudence of his superiors, he ha banished all uncertainty from his mind, and had adopted ther as he held now, as most true and indubitable, the opinion c Ptolemy on the immobility of the earth, and the motion of th sun. He was told that, to judge from his book, he had embrace the contrary opinion; he must therefore freely avow the truth and declare whether or no he had maintained the system c Copernicus. He replied that in his *Dialogue* he had explaine the physical and astronomical reasons in favour of both opinion without drawing a conclusion in favour of either; "so that he repeated, "since the decree of 1616, I have not held and d not hold in my own mind the opinion which has been cor demned." Certain passages from his own book were again ob jected to him, and he was told that if he did not make up hi mind to avow the truth, it would be necessary to have recourse t such measures as the law provided and as might be deeme advisable. Galileo replied for the third time: "I do not hol and have not held the opinion of Copernicus since the orde to abandon it was intimated to me; as regards all else, I an in your hands, do as you please with me." And as he wa again ordered to declare the truth, or that otherwise he woul be put to the torture; "I am here," he said "to obey, an I have not maintained this opinion since the decree." Nothin more could be obtained from him. He was then called upon t sign the deposition he had made and was dismissed to hi residence. This is the true account of that celebrated examinatio of Galileo, of which so much has been made by anti-Catholic writer Galileo simply persisted in denying that, since 1616, he had eve held the opinion of Copernicus; and, we are obliged to adc

* *Opere di Galileo*, v. ix. p. 444.

† *MS.* of the Process, fol. 452.

it is probable that no one who heard him could have believed in the sincerity of his disavowal. Indeed, it is difficult to doubt that he was equivocating.

On the following day, Wednesday the 22nd of June, Galileo was conducted to Sta. Maria *sopra* Minerva, the Dominican monastery, before the Cardinals and Prelates of the Congregation, to hear his sentence and pronounce his abjuration. After a statement of the facts of the case, the grounds of the accusation brought against him were specified. He was accused of having openly violated the order not to maintain the opinion of Copernicus, of having used artifice to extort the permission to print (in as much as he had abstained from showing the prohibition laid upon him in 1616 against maintaining the opinion), and of having maintained the condemned opinion, although he pretended that he had left it undecided and merely probable: though even this was of itself a grave error, since an opinion already declared contrary to Holy Scripture could not in any sense be regarded as probable. After the announcement of these heads of complaint, the judges continued in the following terms: "And since it appears to us that you did not say the whole truth, we thought it necessary to proceed to a rigorous examination, to which you replied as a Catholic ought." Finally, they concluded as follows: "We declare that you have rendered yourself strongly suspected of heresy in believing and maintaining a false doctrine, and one contrary to the holy and divine Scriptures, namely, that the sun is the centre of the terrestrial globe, and that it does not move from east to west, and that the earth moves, and is not the centre of the universe; in believing, besides, that any opinion whatever can be maintained and defended as probable after it has been declared and defined to be contrary to Holy Scripture. In consequence, we declare that you have incurred all the censures and pains enacted by the Sacred Canons and other general and particular Constitutions against such as are thus faulty; from which censures we are pleased to absolve you provided that previously with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith you abjure before us, anathematize and detest, according to the formula which we shall present to you, the said errors and heresies, and every other error and heresy contrary to the Catholic Apostolic Roman Church.. Then, in order that this grave and pernicious error and disobedience may not rest unpunished, and in order that for the future you may be more reserved, and that you may serve as an example to others, that so they may avoid these faults, we declare that

by public edict the book of the *Dialogues* of Galileo is prohibited, we condemn you to the ordinary prison of the Holy Office, for a period to be limited at our pleasure, and, as a salutary penance, we order you to recite during three years, once a week, the seven penitential psalms, reserving to ourselves the power of moderating, changing, and remitting all or part of the aforesaid pains and penances." Galileo accordingly pronounced an abjuration of his "errors and heresies."

Such are the facts. The stories commonly received, which represent Galileo as making his abjuration "in a sheet," and uttering, as he stamped upon the ground, the well-known "*e pur si muove*," are mere inventions, not a trace of which is to be found in any contemporary author. The case is much the same as regards the torture which Galileo is alleged to have undergone in the course of the process. Had anything of the sort really taken place, his friends must have known of it, and would have spoken of it, and Galileo himself, who is so strong in the expression of his complaints, would not have been silent on the subject in his letters to his intimate friends. No trace, however, of the story is to be found until the end of the eighteenth century. It has since been repeated again and again by a certain class of writers, till it has become familiar to the popular mind. Holstein, it is true, in May 1633, writing to Peirese, uses the rhetorical expression, "Galileo is now in chains:" "*Galileus nunc in vinculis detinetur.*" We have seen what these chains were: Galileo was at the time living in the palace of the Ambassador of Florence, surrounded by every attention. Nor does the letter say a word about torture, any more than the celebrated letter of Galileo to Father Renieri.* This same letter, moreover, has been now proved to be a forgery. A certain Duke Caetani played upon the credulity of Tiraboschi by forwarding to him the letter, the original of which he told him he possessed in his archives. The letter was published as authentic, and has been used as an authority by succeeding writers. Pietro Giordani was the first to raise a question regarding its authenticity on the ground that the style was not that of Galileo. He went further, and examined the archives of Duke Caetani, and in place of the original letter of Galileo found a memorandum *stating the imposture* which had been so successfully practised. The terms indeed made use of in the course of the process do so far fall in with the fiction as to the use of torture, that they contain undoubtedly a *menace* of its application under certain

* *Opere di Galileo*, v. vii. p. 40.

possible circumstances, but no mention whatever is made of its actual use. On the contrary, there is evidence that it was not employed. "It being impossible," it is said, "to obtain anything further, Galileo was dismissed to his residence." The argument built upon the expression that Galileo was subjected to a "rigorous examination," proceeds from the ignorance of the formal distinction which exists between such an examination and the use of torture, which might in certain cases be applied if the "rigorous examination" proved unsatisfactory. Moreover, in important cases torture was never applied to the accused till after the Inquisitor had made the proposition to the assembly of the Consultors, and these had laid their opinion before the tribunal of the Inquisition. In the case of Galileo nothing of the sort took place. Hence there can be no doubt that the story of the torture of Galileo, already refuted by many able writers, is founded only on the inventive imagination of the writers of the last century.

The Pope immediately commuted the imprisonment, to which Galileo had been condemned, to seclusion in the palace of the Ambassador of the Grand Duke of Tuscany on Monte Pincio. Thither Galileo was conducted by Niccolini on the 24th of June. The ambassador procured also the presentation of a request to the effect that Galileo might be allowed to retire to Siena, to the residence of the Archbishop Piccolomini, or to some convent in the city, with the permission to return to Florence when the plague should have abated, there to occupy his own villa as his prison. This request was presented on the 28th of June to the Congregation of the Sacred Office, and Niccolini was told that it would be better to speak to the Pope himself upon the subject. Urban VIII., though he remarked that it was rather soon to make such an alleviation of the penalty, consented, at the request of the ambassador, and to gratify the Grand Duke, to allow Galileo to retire to a convent in Siena. Niccolini proposed the palace of the Archbishop, and this was allowed; but Urban VIII. declared that there must be no talk as yet of Galileo's return to Florence. "Things must be done," he said, "little by little, so as to restore him by degrees." He suggested that perhaps he might be allowed to reside for a time at the Certosa in Florence. On the 30th of June the Pope issued an order for Galileo to repair to Siena by the shortest road, and to present himself on his arrival to the Archbishop to execute the injunctions which should be given him. He was not to leave the town without the permission of the Congregation.* On the

* *MS.* of the process, fol. 453.

2nd of July this order was notified to Galileo, who, accordingly, four days afterwards started early in the morning for Siena. He made four miles of the journey on foot, as he wrote to Niccolini. Had there been any truth in the story of his having been secretly put to the torture, Galileo could hardly at his advanced age of seventy have taken this exercise by choice. He spent six months at Siena, loaded with every mark of courtesy and kindness by his illustrious friend the Archbishop. During his retirement in this city the sentence of his condemnation and the form of his abjuration were widely published. The ceremony was carried out at Florence on the 12th of July, with extraordinary display, and in the presence of more than fifty persons. Galileo's thoughts, in the mean time, were constantly centred on his return to his favourite city of Florence, and on the 13th of November his friend Niccolini, transmitted his request to the Pope. Urban VIII. replied that he would see what could be done when he should meet the Congregation. His health prevented his doing this until the 1st of December. Galileo then received an authorisation to retire to his country house at Arcetri, on condition of living there alone, and not inviting or receiviug any one. In charging Niccolini to communicate this decision to Galileo, Urban VIII. modified its apparently hard terms by saying that the visits of friends and relatives were not forbidden provided they were not calculated to give offence.* If it be true that Milton, as he attests himself, was enabled at this time to visit Galileo, it would seem that practically this prohibition was not very rigidly carried out. On receiving this intimation, Galileo at once quitted Siena. He had met with the greatest attention during his stay, and his departure was a source of great grief to the Archbishop, who, indeed, was on this account denounced in Rome, and accused as encouraging Galileo in the maintenance of the opinions which had been condemned. We find the words of the denunciation in the *MS.* of the Process, fol. 547. Galileo is said to have disseminated in Siena "opinions not very Catholic,"—"encouraged by the Archbishop, his host, who has told many that Galileo has been unjustly oppressed by the Holy Congregation: that he neither could, nor ought to, reprobate the philosophical opinions which he had maintained by invincible, mathematical, and true arguments; that he is the first man in the world, and that he will always live in his writings, notwithstanding their prohibition; and that all the best writers and men of the present day are his followers." This was quite

* *Opere di Galileo*, v. ix. p. 407.

enough, when coupled with the recollection of Galileo's very unsatisfactory conduct in denying that he had maintained the opinions in question, to make him afresh the subject of strong suspicion.

Such was the effect of this new denunciation, whether it rested on true or false grounds, that for the time the condescension and consideration hitherto shown to Galileo underwent a marked change. The residence at his villa, which was, indeed, according to his own description, most beautifully situated, and enjoyed a fine air, was extended to four years more, a period beyond what might have been at all expected from the express words of the Pope. A proof of the unfavourable effect produced at Rome by the reports from Siena was given when the Ambassador Niccolini, who was ignorant of the denunciation made on the 1st of February 1634, requested permission in the following month for Galileo to go to Florence, to be attended by the physicians. The permission was refused; and the Inquisitor at Florence received orders to signify to Galileo that he was to avoid for the future making any such requests, lest the Congregation should be obliged to confine him in prison. This circumstance, as was natural, was deeply felt by Galileo. Other attempts were made to obtain greater liberty for him. The Count de Noailles, the French Ambassador, interposed in his behalf, and spoke to the Pope himself on the 8th of December 1634. The attempt, however, though supported from many quarters, proved ineffectual. Galileo himself made several requests, in 1636 and 1637, to be allowed to avail himself of medical aid in Florence. A medical certificate was demanded, and the Inquisitor was required to notify his state of health. "I have found him," he wrote on the 13th of February 1638, "wholly blind: the physician is of opinion that he cannot cure him. He cannot sleep, and he is labouring under a serious hernia. He is more like a corpse than a living person. The villa is at a distance from the town, and inconveniently situated; it is difficult for him to obtain medical advice." The recommendation of the Inquisitor was to the effect that he should be allowed to go to Florence*. This letter opened the eyes of the Pope and Cardinals to the true situation of Galileo; the desired permission was immediately granted, with the sole restriction that Galileo should not speak of his condemned opinion and admit no one whose character could be suspected. This restriction, however, was softened by the declaration made to Fr. Castelli by the assessor of the

* *Opere di Galileo*, x. 281.

Inquisitor, that the order in respect of visits was not to be understood rigorously, but that what was meant was only to forbid the treatment of the question of the movement of the earth.

Galileo continued to reside at Florence from this period to the end of his life, occupying himself with scientific works. He was in communication with the States of Holland on the employment of the longitude for the purposes of navigation. With the permission of the Congregation he received a visit several times from Fr. Castelli, as also from his friends Bocchineri, Buonamici, Torricelli, and others, and corresponded with them in their absence. He published at Leyden, in 1638, his "Dialoghi delle nuove Scienze," which he dedicated to the Count de Noailles. On the 8th of January 1642, eight years and a half after his condemnation, Galileo expired, towards the close of his seventy-seventh year. Immediately after his death a desire was expressed to raise by subscription a monument in his honour in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence. The report of this reached Rome; and Urban VIII spoke of of it to Niccolini. "It was not a good example," he told him, "for the Grand Duke to raise a monument to a man who had been condemned by the Holy Office for a false and erroneous opinion, which had given great scandal to the Christian world." In accordance with the recommendation of the ambassador, the consideration of the matter was deferred, and nothing indeed was done in the matter until a century later. On the 8th of June 1734, on the Cavaliere Neroni asking at Rome whether there did not exist an order of the Congregation forbidding the erection of a monument to Galileo in the Church of Santa Croce, the Consultors agreed to place no obstacle in the way of the erection of such a monument, and only demanded to see any inscription which it might be intended to place upon it.

Such, then, are the facts relating to Galileo; and it is from the true history of these facts that we are to draw the most conclusive answer to the charges which have been so confidently urged in connexion with the name of Galileo against the Church. The opinion of Galileo in favour of the Copernican system of the universe was condemned as erroneous, and, supported as it was by an interpretation of Scripture at supposed variance with the teaching of the Fathers, as suspected of heresy. Does this condemnation militate against the infallibility of the Church? "The dogmatic decrees emanating from the Congregation of the Holy Office or of the Index," says the Abbé

Bouix, "are of three sorts: first, those which the Pope publishes in his own name by brief, encyclical, or any other form of Pontifical document, either reciting the decree as emanating from the Congregation of Cardinals and declaring that he himself decrees and defines in the same manner, or only mentioning the Cardinals as having been his counsellors; secondly, those which are published in the name of the Congregation, but with the clause that the Pope having taken cognizance of them has confirmed and ordered them to be published; thirdly, those which the Congregation of Cardinals publishes in its own name, without attesting that the Pope has confirmed them and ordered their publication. The decrees of the first class are to be attributed to the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*, and are consequently infallible. With regard to those of the second class there is a controversy; but the dogmatic decrees of the third class are not to be attributed to the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*, and represent only the fallible judgment of the Cardinals, though they are obligatory in their application as to matters of simple discipline."* The decree of 1616, and the condemnation of 1633 clearly belong to the last class. They were never officially ratified by any Pope. The documents do not contain this special clause which would make them obligatory, and persons living at the time and who were most interested in the question were never acquainted with the existence of any such clause. Six months after the condemnation, on the 10th of January 1634. Descartes wrote to Fr. Mersenne; "Not having seen as yet that this censure has been authorized by the Pope." . . . And in another place, "I have not as yet seen that either the Pope or the Council have ratified this prohibition."† Caramuel, a learned theologian, living in the middle of the 17th century, also says positively; "The tribunal of Cardinals alone has spoken and defined the question." Fr. Olivieri writing in 1825 uses a singular expression; "They omitted to get the decree approved by the Pope." If the tribunal of the Index, then, made a mistake, it is but a fallible tribunal, and how does this affect the infallibility of the Pope?

Even in a scientific point of view, the question, at the period of the degree of 1616, and even of the final sentence in 1633, was still so imperfectly settled to the satisfaction of scientific men, that the measures taken against Galileo cannot bear the construction of a protest against the advance of science. The arguments

* *M. l'Abbé Bouix.* La condamnation de Galilée, pp. 36. 37.

† *Œuvres de Descartes.* Ed. du Panthéon litteraire. t. ii., pp. 545. 546.

presented by Copernicus were rather to be regarded as probabilities than strict proofs. The mathematical laws established by Kepler were not published in 1616. Even after their publication Delambre has remarked with regard to them that "they were not understood or appreciated until Newton had demonstrated them and shown their truth, importance, and intimate inter-connection." Galileo did but little to add to the scientific proof of the new opinions. Fr. Fabri, writing in 1665 to an advocate of the new system, was able to say; "The question has often been asked of your masters whether they could adduce any demonstration of the movement of the earth, and they have never dared to say that they could. There is no reason then why the Church should not interpret the passages (of Holy Scripture) in the literal sense, since no demonstration can be produced to prove the contrary. Should any one of you chance to find such a demonstration, the Church will in that case declare without a doubt that the passages should be interpreted in a figurative and unliteral sense."‡ In 1686 Newton gave to the world his great principle of the mutual attraction of the heavenly bodies, and explained their movements by mathematical deductions from the laws of Kepler. All the consequences deduced from this principle were found to agree with the observations actually made, and hence Newton is generally regarded as having set the question at rest for ever. In 1757 the Congregation of the Index published a decree which is thus spoken of by Fr. Olivieri, Commissary General of the Inquisition.—"The Congregation in its assembly of the 16th of August 1820, allowed the doctrine of the movement of the earth to be taught affirmatively. The matter was examined anew and decided in the assembly of the 17th of September 1822, and then appeared a decree approved by Pope Pius VII, by which the Inquisitors General *confining themselves expressly to the decree of the Congregation of the Index of* 1757 and the decree of 1820, declared that the printing and the publication of works treating of the movement of the earth and the stability of the sun according to the common opinion of modern astronomers was permitted at Rome."

What are we then to conclude with regard to Galileo? As he appeared before the world as the supporter of the Copernican system, he can be regarded, according to the judgment of modern science, but in one light. The opposition which he met with, on the ground of astronomy, arose from the partisans

‡ *Memoirs of the Royal Academy of London* 1665, quoted by Abbé Bouix.

of the old Aristotelian philosophy which had long reigned supreme in the schools. Galileo came forward as the advocate of a system which overthrew from its foundations the received doctrines of astronomy and mechanics. So far the question was purely scientific. But the animosity of his opponents, by introducing against him the charge of contradicting Holy Scripture, soon removed it to the ground of religious controversy, and made it a theological question. In this point of view it assumed the aspect of one of the most grave questions which at the time could occupy the minds of men; and as such it was treated by the ecclesiastical tribunal, to which Galileo, by treating the scientific question upon theological grounds, had rendered himself amenable. The uncertain truth of his scientific opinion could afford him no ground or justification for demanding an alteration, on his own authority, of the received interpretation of Holy Scripture: there was a prevalent opinion as to that interpretation, coinciding with the opinion prevalent in the world of science as to the point in debate, and the latter had to be overthrown on scientific grounds before men were prepared to reconsider the former. We have seen that the decree of 1616 and the sentence of 1633 dealt with Galileo on the ground, not of science, but of religion. The scientific question held but a secondary and subordinate place. The judgment which was passed was, as it has also been shown, the judgment of a fallible tribunal; should there have been then any error in the judgment, it in no way affects the infallibility of the Church. As regards science the history of Galileo presents a picture of a struggle not between science and Catholicism, but between modern science and the tenets of the old Peripatetic school. A plain narrative of the facts of the life of Galileo, stripped of that fiction which the animosity of anti-Catholic writers and popular imagination has thrown around them, presents the most convincing proof that no argument can be drawn from them either against the infallible authority of the Church, or in support of the charge of her antagonism to the true advance of science.

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Folk Lore.

FEW of us, perhaps, are quite aware of the number of the superstitions and legends which yet linger, as in old days the paganism with which they are remotely connected lingered, among our country people. The clatter of the mills and the hurry of modern life has well nigh scared away ghosts and goblins from the towns, and their fantastic figures are fading away in the light, such as it is, of the 19th century. Old legends are dying out for another reason also. Some years ago, "the old folk at home," were the childrens' grand and almost only story-tellers. Now that an extensive juvenile literature has sprung up, the ancient sources are neglected and run dry. The impending dissolution of the great body of folk lore is making collectors and antiquaries busy, after the fashion of burying beetles, in gathering what spoil they may, and they now note down with interest what a few generations ago would have excited only contempt or fear. Whoever collects old stories and superstitions renders good service, even to history: for national affinities and the march of kindred peoples from their common abode in remote antiquity can often be traced most curiously by the help of "comparative mythology." Thus to preserve some of these old traditions is often like preserving an obsolete root in some language, which is more easily connected with others in consequence of the relic thus saved from destruction. There is, however, some danger of collectors being deceived into accepting as a genuine local legend, what is in truth a mere variation of a story derived from books, which has permeated in course of time to the illiterate classes. In such cases of course resemblance to French or German legends in our own popular stories might well strike us, without the existence of any historical connection.

Many of these old stories are capital as such, and possess an amount of life and brilliancy which our modern tales often want sadly. To be sure they display no deep study of character—but they are full of poetic fire, and it has been a matter of regret to us that the legends of our country, and the subject matter of our old ballads, should now scarcely be found in any verses but such as are written in obsolete language. The success of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" might, we think, be a guarantee of the success which would attend ballads written in flowing metre, modern words, and on national subjects that would come home to our own hearts. We want, in fact, somebody to do for our legends what some German writers, in prose and verse, have done for those of their country.

Spells and charms can claim the interest which always attaches to "broken fortunes." At one time, a knowledge of witchcraft made men regard the possessor with terrified awe; there was hardly a sickness to which our nature is subject that witches could not cause. The terrible Black Death which swept away a quarter of the population of Europe—nearly depopulating many great cities—was but one manifestation of their terrible power: the lightning and the storm were theirs to wield. One of the laws of the Decemvirs visited the crime of magic with death; a sorceress was killed in the time of Demosthenes, and, from that time at least, a vast array of enactments in all civilised countries provided for the punishment of magicians. But about the fourteenth century, the storm that had been gradually gathering burst with all its fury upon them. Every nation in Europe gave unmistakeable proofs of the wild terror which then seized it, by inflicting on vast multitudes of poor creatures—whose worst crime was, in many instances at least, that they were old and ugly, and mad and helpless—tortures almost beyond conception, and a horrid death to which no agony was wanting, and which was brightened by no hope. In our days the state of mind indicated by all these things has vanished, and few now believe in a concrete living witch. Still the "shadow of a mighty name" will ever excite interest amongst men, and the traces of the old witchcraft which, though faint

and broken, may yet be found in our days, are worthy of careful observation.

Mr. Henderson's book* gives an interesting account of the stories and charms yet current amongst the peasants of the "North country." It neither is nor pretends to be an exhaustive account. It is a readable book, though there are some instances of loose English and awkward repetition. It provokes the remark, that the picture of the life of the poor Northern peasant here presented to us is strange indeed. A society overrun by superstitions much resembles a Guiana swamp teeming with insects, which are a curious study for the scientific man, but an unmitigated plague for the unhappy beings whose existence must be passed amongst them. What innumerable torments there are to vex the spirit of the unhappy rustic! He dares not cut his nails on a Friday; he must not watch a departing friend, under penalty of never again seeing him; when he himself has set out on a journey he dares not turn back. It is common among the colliers in Lancashire to give up their work on a Friday, if the first thing they see on setting out from home be a cat! The ploughman wandering o'er the lea at sunset may possibly whistle in the Southern counties, but certainly the fear of summoning evil spirits would prevent him from thus indulging his love of music in the North. It is unlucky to let a sandy-haired man into one's house on New-year's Day. We were lately told by a person whose hair is of this very objectionable colour that when he expressed his intention of entering a neighbour's house on New-year's Day, the inhabitants threatened to "make the door in his face;" and that if he thrust in his head through the window they "would use the poker on his nob." You must not lend a knife to a friend, lest it sever your love; you must not turn a loaf, and should you spill the salt, woes untold and terrible await you. How strange is the perversity of men, who finding the "reasonable service" of God and His "pleasant yoke" a burden intolerable, must needs impose on themselves far more galling obligations.

* *Notes on the Folk Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders.* By William Henderson. London, 1866.

Man schafft so gern sich Sorg' und Müh',
Sucht Dornen auf und findet sie.

It must however be acknowledged to the credit of superstition that it is not wholly occupied in teasing its victims. Many charms are devoted to curing the bodily ailments of true believers. And indeed, like so many quack systems, charms can display numerous trophies. The argument *post hoc ergo propter hoc* finds equally ready acceptance in every case, and therefore there is no difficulty in producing a long and imposing list of cures, because the infinitely longer list of failures is kept out of sight. But for these accidents the law of supply and demand would have asserted itself victoriously long ago. The following story we are told is "vouched for by witnesses of the most unexceptionable kind:"

A young lady in Cornwall had been applied to, to procure a charm ring for a friend who was making a collection of curiosities. A young man, son of a blacksmith, in the same town of I——, had worn one for many years on the third finger of his left hand. Miss H—— therefore sent her servant to him, to request him to dispose of it, which he did. The reason of his wearing the ring was the following:—When quite a boy he had been afflicted with an extraordinary sort of nightmare or sleep-walking. Almost every night after the first hour or two of sleep, he would get up, awake a younger brother who slept in the same room with him, and, with threats of severe punishment, make him do whatever he was bid. The boy's violence was such that he was always obeyed; night after night he kept the whole family in the greatest alarm. Every thing that he did was accompanied with cries and shrieks of so alarming a kind as to rouse the neighbours in the same street. There was no doubt that he was unconscious of what he was doing at those times.....medical skill could do nothing for him..... every thing else, therefore, having failed, he tried a charm ring, and was perfectly well. All this happened about 1840. Ten years afterwards he was asked to part with the ring, and as he made no doubt he was cured, he readily gave it up, and it became the property of the collector of curiosities. In about a week it became known that the nightly torment of his boyhood had returned to the young man. He was in such a state that his father told Miss H——'s servant there was no living at home for John's violence, that his shrieks were heard up and down the street, and that his condition was so far worse than it had been years before, as it was the agony of a man and no longer of a boy. He begged therefore that the ring might be returned to him. Miss H——

could not recover it, but she offered silver to make another. It was accepted; the ring was made and worn, and the young man has been well ever since.*

Many charms make, we fear, at least indirect appeal to the spirits of evil. Besides the persons who "sup kail wie the de'il wie a lang spune," there are others who cherish a closer intimacy. Wizards and witches in a mitigated form have come down to our own times; but their ancient power is broken, and their operations are confined to spiriting away their neighbour's milk—changing themselves or their enemies into hares, cats and horses, and now and then, assisting in the recovery of stolen property.

The farmer's wife of Deloraine once engaged a tailor with his workmen and apprentices for the day, begging them to come in good time in the morning. They did so, and partook of the family breakfast of porridge and milk. During the meal one of the apprentices observed that the milk-jug was almost empty, on which the mistress slipt out of the back door with a basin in her hand to get a fresh supply. The lad's curiosity was aroused, for he had heard there was no more milk in the house; so he crept after her, hid himself behind the door, and saw her turn a pin in the wall, on which a stream of pure milk flowed into the basin. She twirled the pin, and the milk stopped. Coming back she presented the tailors with a bowl of milk, and they gladly washed down the rest of their porridge with it. About noon, while our tailors were busily engaged with the gudeman's wardrobe, one of them complained of thirst and wished for a bowl of milk like the morning's. "Is that a'?" said the apprentice; "ye'se get that." The mistress was out of the way, so he left his work, found his way to the spot he had marked in the morning, twirled the pin, and quickly filled the basin. But alas he could not then stay the stream. Twist the pin as he would the milk still continued to flow. He called the other lads and implored them to come and help him; but they could only bring such tubs and buckets as they found in the kitchen, and these were soon filled. When the confusion was at its height, the mistress appeared amongst them, looking as black as thunder; while she called out in a mocking voice, "A'ye loons! ye hae drawn a' the milk fra every coo between the head of Yarrow an' the foot o' it. This day ne'er a coo will give her maister a drop o' milk though he war gawing to starve!" The tailors slunk away abashed, and from that day forward the wives of Deloraine have fed their tailors on nothing but chappit 'taties and kale.†

* *Footsteps of Spirits*, pp. 126, 127.

† Henderson, pp. 160, 161.

The "wise people" (as reputed witches and wizards are called by people who unconsciously act as the ancients did when they spoke of the dread Eumenides and Parcæ) are sometimes employed to remove the supposed effects of witchcraft, and their ceremonies then border on the terrible.

A substantial Yorkshire farmer, not many years ago, on account of continuous losses amongst his stock, consulted a certain William Dawson, who pretended to have inherited some of the gifts of the celebrated Doctor of Stokesley. Dawson instructed the farmer how to find out whether witchcraft was really the cause of the mischief. The farmer was to take six knots of elder tree, and, placing them in orderly arrangement beneath a new ashen bowl or platter, was so to leave them. If on looking at them some little time afterwards they were found in confusion, there could be no doubt the beasts were perishing from the effects of witchcraft. This was done, and on inspection the knots were found in utter confusion. So the farmer was directed to take the heart of one of the dead beasts, nine new nails, nine new pins, and as many new needles. The heart thus prepared was to be burnt on a fire made and fed with witchwood, a little before midnight, at which hour a certain verse of the Bible was to be read over the flames, and the spell would be broken. All was made ready, and the doors of the farm-house secured with bolt and bar, to say nothing of table and chairs heaped against them for additional security. The heart lay on the mystic fire; as midnight approached, the operator touched it with the poker and it burst into many pieces. Gathering them together upon the hot embers that they might be thoroughly consumed, he read the appointed verse, and at the same moment a rushing and clattering was heard down the paved causeway which led from the house-door to the turnpike (the high-road ran in front), as if a carriage and four were driven down it furiously. Next began a terrible knocking and hammering, first at the front door, then at the back; but as the embers of the heart wasted in the fire, the sounds without grew weaker and fainter, till, as the last spark disappeared, the noise ceased; and from that night no further harm befel the stock.*

Belief in fairies is, in England at least, rarer than belief in witches. The race of beings—

> That on the sand with pathless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
> When he comes back; the demi-puppets that
> By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
> Whereof the ewe not bites; and those whose pastime
> Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
> To hear the solemn curfew,

* Henderson. pp. 181—183.

are fading away from the moon-lit shores and hill-sides, and their old haunts will soon know them no more.

This belief in fairies, or beings corresponding to them, was once universal, and every legend now told of them finds a representative in some ancient story. "In former times they were adored with much superstition," says Burton, "with sweeping of their houses, and setting of a pail of clean water, good victuals, and the like; and then they should not be pinched, but find money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises. These are they that dance on heaths and greens as old writers think with Trithemius, and, as Olaus Magnus adds, leave that green circle which we commonly find in plain fields. . . . They are sometimes seen by old women and children. . . . Paracelsus reckons up many places in Germany where they do usually walk in little coats some two foot long. A bigger kind there is of them called with us hobgoblins, and Robin Goodfellows, that would in those superstitious times grind corn for a mess of milk, cut wood, or do any kind of drudgery work. They would mend old irons in those Æolian Isles of Lipara in former ages, and have often been seen and heard. . . Dithmarus Bleskenius in his description of Island (Iceland) reports for a certainty that almost in every family they have yet some such familiar spirits." It is curious to observe how accurately all these traits have been preserved in the British stories of the "good people."

The English and Irish stories of the fairies do not materially differ, but the latter are richer in detail. The Irish tales are tinged by the strong religious faith of the people. These spirits are commonly believed to be angels whose guilt at the "great rebellion" was not of so deep a dye as the guilt of those who were subsequently condemned to the lower hell; fairies in fact are much the same as those unfortunate spirits whom Dante meets in the vestibule of hell:—

> ———quel cattivò coro
> Degli angeli, che non furon ribelli,
> Nè fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se foro.
> Cacciarli i ciel, per non esser men belli:
> Nè lo profondo inferno gli riceve
> Ch' alcuna gloria i rei avrebber d'elli.

They yet await, as the following story shews, in awful suspense, the final decision of the great day.

A very lonesome road connects the village of Ballindaggin, in the Duffrey, with the townland of Mangan, on the Bantry side of the brawling Urrin, and outside these intermediate stations it leads to Kaim and Castleboro on one side, and the high road from Duncloddy to Ross on the other. From the river to Ballindaggin you hardly meet a house, and fallow fields extend on each side.

Father Stafford was asked rather late in the day to make a sick call at a cabin that stood among these fields, at a considerable distance from this road—a cabin from which no lane led either to by-road or public road. He was delayed longer than he expected, and when he was leaving the cabin it was nearly dark. This did not disturb him much. There was a path that led to the road, and he knew he had only to keep a north-easterly direction to come out on it, not far from the village already named. So he went on fearlessly for some time, but complete obscurity soon surrounded him, and he would have been sorely perplexed, had it not been that the path lay for the most part beside the fences.

At last instead of passing in a line near the fence, it struck across the field; and, open his eyes wide as he might, he could hardly distinguish it from the dry russet-coloured grass at each side. Well, he kept his eyes steadily fixed in the due direction, and advanced till he was about the middle of the field, which happened to be a large one. There some case of conscience or other crossed his mind, and he stopped and fidgetted about, walking restlessly this way and that for a few steps, totally forgetting his present circumstances. Coming at last to some solution of his difficulty, full recollection returned, and he was sensible of being thoroughly ignorant of the direction in which his proper road lay. If he could but get a glimpse of Mount Leinster it would be all well; but beyond a few perches, all was in the deepest darkness on every side. He then set off in a straight line, which he knew would bring him to some fence, and perhaps he might find stile or gap for his guidance. He went twice round the field, but in the confusion of his faculties he could find no trace of path or pass. He at last half resolved to cross the fence and go straight on, but the dykes were for the most part encumbered with briars, and furze bushes crowned the tops of the steep clay mounds.

While he stood perplexed, he heard the rustle of wings or bodies passing swiftly through the air, and a musical voice was heard: "You will suffer much if you do not find your way. Give us a favourable answer to a question, and you shall be on your road in a few minutes." The good priest was somewhat awed at the rustle and the voice, but he answered without delay, "Who are you—and what's your question?" The same voice replied, We are the Chlann Sighe, and wish you to declare that at the last day our lot may not be with Satan. Say that the Saviour died

for us as well as for you." "I will give you a favourable ans if you can make me a hopeful one. Do you adore and love Son of God?"* He received no answer but weak and shrill c and the rushing of wings, and at once it seemed as if he shaken off some oppression. The dark clouds had separate weak light was shed round where he stood, and he distingui the path, and an opening in the bushes on the fence. He cro into the next field, and following the path he was soon on road. In fifteen minutes he was seated at his comfortable and his little round table covered with books was at his side.†

The fairies often carry away children, and even grc up people, and many stories are told of the skill bravery with which those who had been spirited a were recovered. A beautiful story of this kind is t found in Mr. Kennedy's very interesting volume.

* Some of the Fathers, if we are not mistaken, assert that the cri which the angels fell was that, in their pride, they refused to acknowled Incarnate God.

† Kennedy's Fictions of the Irish Celts, pp. 97-99. London, 1866.

Z.

The Great Earthquake at St. Thomas.

[We have hitherto seen no very good account of the great earthquake at St. Thomas, which followed the hurricane of October 29, 1867, at a short interval of time. The following pages, written by a gentleman who was on board the *La Plata* at the time, have been sent us from New Zealand, to which place the writer was then on his way.]

The West India R. M. Steamer *La Plata* left Southampton on Saturday, November 2nd, 1867. No summer's day could possibly have been finer or more favourable for a departure from England, and the weather continued perfectly calm and delightful until our arrival at St. Thomas, on the 16th. The voyage across the Atlantic was singularly uneventful; many amongst us would have been glad of some break in the monotony, though not to such an extent as we afterwards experienced. On Sunday morning, the 17th, we anchored off the southern point of Water Island, one of the boundaries of the harbour of St. Thomas; the ship lying about two miles and a half from the town. The harbour is formed by a long narrow island, stretching almost across a deep bay in the mainland. A second—Water Island—nearly at right angles to the first, and parallel to the continuation of the shore, forms as it were a smaller harbour outside. The general aspect of the port is nearly S.; Water Island pointing about S.W. The town is picturesquely situated on the top of three hills, and in the intervening gullies along the N. side. Before the two convulsions which have now almost entirely destroyed it, St. Thomas was always considered a safe and commodious harbour.

The first news which greeted us was that of the awful hurricane of Oct. 29—one of the most terrible disasters that has ever occurred. All the ships in port, large and small, were seized, and torn, and shifted about like paper boats; some were sunk completely, some thrown high and dry amongst the trees on the beach, some hurled one on the other pellmell in frightful confusion. In the town and country there was hardly a house uninjured; and besides the loss of life attendant on the ship-

wrecks, numbers of people were killed either by the falling ruins, or by the masses of different objects which were being wildly driven about by the wind. At the lowest computation, 600 lives were lost.

We arrived at St. Thomas soon enough after the hurricane to be eye-witnesses of the devastation which it had caused. The scene in the harbour was frightful. In every direction masts of vessels appeared above water, standing up, one might almost say, like blades of grass in a field. Pieces of wreck, boats, spars, cases of cargo, and *débris* in every shape, covered the water in a manner that defies description. Ships of all kinds and sizes were scattered about in all imaginable positions, sometimes in most incongruous situations: one, a large brig, appropriately named the *Wild Pigeon*, had taken up its station amongst the remains of a grove of trees far above high-water mark. In another part of the harbour, alongside the eastern end of the floating dock (sunk in a gale some four or five months ago), were four ships piled literally one on the other. One, a French brig of some 150 tons, was seen to go down against the dock, and was lying entirely under water, no part of her showing; on her lay a Dutch or Prussian barque of 400 tons, with part of one topmast above water; on her again, the Liverpool and Aspinwall Company's steamer *Columbian*, of 2,000 tons; and on top of all, and resting on the last named, though herself half under water, was the huge *British Empire*, of 3,000 tons—the old *Demerara* of Bristol fame, and well known in Canterbury—come to lay her bones here at last! Every one of these ships is a total wreck, and the *British Empire* was sold by auction for 65 dollars, or £13 sterling.

Strange stories are told of the force of the wind; the two following are perfectly authentic. A diving-bell, used in the repair of the floating dock, and weighing nine tons, was lifted up and carried through the air for a quarter of a mile, fortunately doing no damage; and a large rock, a well-known landmark, and weighing fifteen or sixteen tons, was moved bodily from its position, and now lies with a ship's mainsail spread under it like a tablecloth.

But it is time to come to matters with which we ourselves had more to do. On Sunday, the 17th, an hour or two after anchoring, the *Eider* and *Danube*, two of the branch steamers, came out to trans-ship passengers and cargo for the West Indies. All day the transfer went on; and on Monday morning, at nine o'clock, they had both left us. Immediately afterwards, three coal hulks came alongside, for in consequence of the loss of so many of the

Company's steamers the *La Plata* was to take us on to Jamaica. At ten, about a dozen of the passengers left for the shore; those of us who had seen the place before preferred remaining on board. The morning was lovely; bright sunshine, with just sufficient breeze every now and then to fan us lightly, and temper the scorching heat. The coal came in more or less briskly in the hands of thirty or forty blacks, who made the harbour ring with the most hideous and uncouth ditties and choruses, three or four of them doing about as much work as one white man. Had we been alongside the wharf, the women would have done the coaling, as at Jamaica; but at anchor in the bay we had only two of the softer (?) sex to assist us. These women, by the way, work twice as well as the men, whose principle appears to be a quarter of an hour's work, and very little of that, to half an hour's spell.

The morning went on without incident; luncheon-time, an important hour on such a day, came and passed; and two o'clock found the niggers again commencing work after their dinner with renewed vigour—at least, if one could judge from the strength of their lungs. At a quarter past two nothing could have been more natural—and, in one sense, peaceful—than the whole scene. Five minutes afterwards what a change was there! Several of us were leaning over the side, watching the antics of one gigantic black fellow, who took the lead in all the songs and choruses, and who seemed to consider that quite sufficient work, for he rarely touched a coal basket, when, without the slightest warning, sudden as a flash of lightning, came such a shaking of the timbers of the ship as perhaps no vessel has ever yet experienced. It was not a quivering, but a downright shaking, which threatened to leave not one bolt in its place, nor two planks together in the ship.

It is difficult to describe the scene on board during this frightful shock. Many fancied that something had gone wrong with the machinery, and ran, though this was not easy, to look at the engine-room. The firemen and engineers swarmed up from below, the crew were on deck in a moment, the negroes made a simultaneous rush from the hulks to the ship; the passengers crowded the quarter-deck, consternation on every face, and not a word was spoken till the ship was again quiet, when a murmur went round—"An earthquake! thank God it's past."

And so it was: the heaviest shock that has been felt in the West Indies in the memory of man. Persons who had lived in the different islands for years—men who were in Antigua when

the town was entirely destroyed, one who had been present when the city of Mendoza was levelled to the ground two or three years ago with such terrible loss of life, some who had experienced the earthquake, in 1858, at Wellington—all declared that such a shock surpassed anything of the kind that they had ever felt or heard of. Various accounts of its duration were given, but it seems certain that it was not less than two and a half minutes. It was not a continuous shock; for some four or five seconds in the middle there was an appreciable lull; then it came again, if anything, with redoubled force. Its action, differing from that of the great shocks just mentioned, appeared to be horizontal, not vertical. Had it been otherwise, it is probable that not one stone would have been left on another in St. Thomas, and that few of us on board the *La Plata* would now have been alive to tell the tale. The captain, who ran on deck from his cabin at the first shock, said that the first things that met his eye were stones shot out from the rocks at Water Island like balls from a cannon. It was some minutes before we all recovered our composure so as to be able to look around us. When we did so, the first glance thrown seaward showed us, if not the cause, at least one principal accessory to the shock. Little Sabre Island, a rock of perhaps a mile in length, and a few hundred yards wide, lying about four and a half miles to the south-west of our position, was in active eruption. A cloud of dark smoke hung over it; and, by the way, people on shore afterwards told us that they saw a column of bright flame in our direction (in a line with Little Sabre), and thought the *La Plata* was on fire. A strong smell of sulphur also pervaded the atmosphere.

Yet nothing else seemed changed; the sky was as bright as ever, the slight breeze still rippled the waters of the bay, and the high hills surrounding the harbour stood out as majestically as ever.

In a minute or two there was a little more composure amongst the white persons on board, but the blacks had become almost mad with fright. The hurricane, a fortnight before, had probably terrified them nearly out of their senses; and now, when they were just beginning to forget the impression, this new calamity, coming in its startling suddenness, quite overpowered them. Some fell on their knees and broke out into frantic prayers, some raved about the deck in still more frantic blasphemies, some tore their wool and clothes to pieces in the intensity of their fear. One woman alone, who had been selling fruit in the morning, preserved anything like the semblance of sense at all. As soon

as possible, all precautions were taken against the recurrence of such a shock. The awnings were rolled up, the boats' crews mustered, and the boats got ready for lowering, and everything put, as far as might be, in readiness for any emergency. The ship still trembled—a slight quivering, with every now and then a stronger shake. But another peril was even yet before us, and still greater reason had we to be thankful when that too had passed and we were alive.

A quarter of an hour passed away, during which time we felt nothing more than the slight trembling. Many thought that the danger was over; those who had read the accounts of the great earthquakes knew better, and anxious looks were thrown by some of us to seaward. At thirty-five minutes past two a second cloud of smoke appeared over Little Sabre. This time it was white, like steam; and then we saw, looming behind the island, like a gigantic wall, the tremendous earthquake wave rushing towards us. A small steamer happened to be passing outside, bound to some of the islands; she turned her head to sea, and rode over it, probably because she was in deep water. A moment more, and the wave reached the island, and in an instant the rock was one mass of foam a hundred feet high. The confusion on board at that sight was perfectly indescribable; not that the noise was greater, but that no one seemed to know in the least what to do or where to go. After a few moments this settled down, at least among the whites, to a sort of unnatural calm; we all seemed to make up our minds that our last hour had come, and to resign ourselves to our fate. Few words were spoken amongst the passengers; the ladies clung to those nearest them almost in silence; a few of us got them life-belts, or made them take hold of hencoops, or seats. Some of them climbed into the rigging, so as, if possible, to float clear of the ship, some went forward to the bows, or went on the paddle-boxes with the same intention. But the blacks, half wild with terror before, became perfectly unmanageable now. About twenty of them, blind with fear, rushed headlong into one of the lifeboats, and their example induced two or three ladies and children to follow them. One instant before the wave struck us, the forward tackle of the boat broke, and it fell down nearly perpendicular. In the meantime, the terrible mountain of water rolled swiftly upon us. We had five minutes to prepare for the shock, and it may well be imagined, though it is impossible to describe, how those five minutes went by. Down on the devoted ship came the roaring sea, literally piled up like a wall, rolling upon us at the rate of fifty miles an hour, with a perpendicular

face (as was afterwards ascertained, by actual measurement at one of the beacons) of fully forty feet. Less than this might well appal the stoutest heart.

Most fortunately for us, about half a mile outside of our position, Water Island ended in a low point. This, exposed to the full force of the wave, met it like a wedge; and it was observed that the moment the sea reached this point it broke, and dropped, so that when it struck the ship, it was perhaps not more than ten feet higher than the taffrail. We had been lying all the morning head to sea; but the water receding from the shore like a mill race to meet the wave, turned the ship round, so that it took us on the stern. When the first rush of water came it slewed her a little more, and the main force of the wave itself fell full on the starboard quarter. Three waves in one it came, with a roar as of a hundred Niagaras; and contrary to all expectation the *La Plata* rose over it like a duck, and was saved!

The sea smashed the quarter boat to ribbons, twisting the davits like pinwire, breaking in pieces all the upper works on that side, and flooding all the saloons and after cabins. The coal hulks had fortunately been cast loose; two drifted straight away, and in one minute were high and dry on the rocks a mile away; the third sank in its place like a stone. The lifeboat, with so many blacks in it, had, as I said, fallen just before the sea struck us; it is a perfect mystery how the ladies and children hung on to it in safely; almost all the negroes were thrown instantaneously out, and three or four alone were afterwards recovered. Probably ten or eleven were drowned, amongst them one woman. Had it not been for the point of Water Island which broke the full force of the wave, it is likely that the steamer must have gone, and the chances of saving life in that sea would have been almost none. It was impossible at the time of the shock to catch a word. The low rumble heard on the first appearance of the wave had increased to such an extent that no human voice could have been audible, and as it passed away and beat in awful fury on the shore, the sound as it lessened mingled with its echoes from the hills, and seemed for some moments as loud as ever. A second shock of earthquake, which preceded the wave by a few seconds, though a pretty severe one, was hardly felt, so occupied were all on board in watching the advance of the devouring sea.

The chief danger had passed, but the great fear that had fallen upon all on board, restrained as it had been during the crisis by the very extent of the emergency itself, now claimed undisputed sway. Had the blacks been away it might have been different;

but the effect of their uncontrolled terror on the ladies was very great; tall hulking fellows were howling and crying, and stamping about the deck, like so many children. By degrees, however, a little order appeared through the chaos. A boat lowered immediately after the wave passed to pick up the negroes in the water, on its return carried away all the rest to Water Island; they made piteous but unavailing entreaties to be sent to St. Thomas, for there was no shelter on Water Island. Then the confusion on board somewhat subsided. But in a few minutes there came a rumour that the ship's cable had in the shock of the water wrenched her stern, and, in view of the consequences of another such convulsion, the captain considered it advisable to send all the passengers on shore. This was done as quickly and as quietly as possible, though, unfortunately, no time was allowed for collecting necessaries for the night. It was nearly 5.30 when we landed; the great wave had so flooded and overturned everything near the beach, that no one reached the shore dry, many of the ladies, in fact, wet through; and then we had a mile and a half of mud and mire to trudge across before gaining the town. The usual roads and paths were entirely washed away, or covered with every imaginable kind of wreck and *débris;* the terror-struck population, wandering listlessly about, could hardly direct us; and darkness was fast closing in when we traversed, wet, weary, and entirely ignorant of our future movements, the Market Square of St. Thomas.

At the hotel we found our fellow passengers who had gone on shore in the morning, and several minutes passed in mutual questioning and congratulation. From what we then heard, it is probable that the loss of life, though of course it cannot be known with any certainty, must have been great, as numbers of the terrified inhabitants, after the shock, put off in boats, to escape they knew not whither. The wave destroyed most of these frail craft, and the great majority of their occupants must have been drowned. An American barque driven ashore lost five seamen, and in many of the other ships similar accidents occurred, so that we cannot put the loss of life on that day at less than 100. But then came the momentous question—how was the night to be passed? We were tired, wet, and hungry, hardly daring to remain in the hotel—a stone building—lest at any moment a fresh shock might crumble it over our heads: for during all this time the earth trembled sensibly, and often a stronger shake would send us all into the street. Unable to procure either information or accommodation, for the inhabitants seemed too

utterly prostrated even to answer when spoken to, it was with feelings of sincere gratitude that we heard the offer of the Danish Governor, a fellow passenger of ours, to provide dry clothing for the ladies, and food and lodging for as many of us as would avail ourselves of it. Many of the merchants also threw open to us their houses—such as the hurricane had left to them; and we cannot sufficiently praise the unbounded hospitality of those who, in the midst of danger and almost certain ruin to themselves, laid themselves out without stint to shelter perfect strangers who had no means of returning their favours. Some dozen or fifteen of us, including two ladies, were sheltered at the Government House: a large new brick building standing at the head of a broad flight of steps in an open square. During the night the ladies, with the Governor's family, took possession of a deserted wooden building, where they were safer than in a brick one; the rest of us attempted to snatch some moments of sleep on mattresses in the verandah and hall of the Government House.

But sleep refused to visit our eyes. During the whole of that night the earthquake continued without one moment's intermission. We were not exactly in positive terror of our lives, for on the square in front of the house, unless the earth opened and swallowed us up, we were tolerably safe. By the way, it did open in one place in the main street. Not for one single instant did the subterraneous rumbling cease; not once was the trembling earth still. At intervals, sometimes of two or three minutes, sometimes of half an hour, a louder roll announced a heavier shock, and the whole place vibrated beneath our feet, making all rush simultaneously into the open air, while the place resounded with the cries of the terrified negroes, and the crash of falling walls. From six in the evening, when we reached the town, to eight o'clock in the following morning, it is calculated that we felt no less than seventy distinct shocks, without counting the lesser vibrations. In point of fact, it was simply one continuous shock all night long. But we felt nothing equal to that terrible shake which commenced the convulsion; though our utter ignorance of what was to come next, or whether a still severer shock would not level the whole town to the ground the next moment, formed not the least portion of our miseries. At ten and eleven p.m., and four, six, and eight o'clock, a.m., the heaviest of these shocks occurred; those at ten and four being the severest. Long, indeed, and terrible, was that night; deep and sincere our gratitude to God when it had all passed, leaving nothing but its terrible memories behind.

Added to all, was a complete uncertainty as to the state of the *La Plata*, which we had left leaky, and perhaps in great danger: what would be our fate if doomed to remain a fortnight in such a place? The heat fierce, stagnant, pitiless; the harbour full of *débris*; the shore covered for miles with a mass of sweltering filth, exhaling under that scorching sun all the most horrible incentives to fever and disease—and no means of escape from prison till the arrival of the next steamer from England. It may well, therefore, be imagined how anxiously we watched the slow approach of morning, and with what feelings of gratitude to that merciful Providence that had preserved us so far, we hailed the first glance of the steamer riding still at anchor, apparently as safe and sound as ever. Yet all anxiety was not at an end, for we knew that the ship had been aground when we left her, and with a leak in her forefoot there was no knowing what would be the result. Mr. Cameron, agent to the Royal Mail Company, who had been amongst the most hospitable in placing his almost ruined house at our service, sent off at day break a messenger to ascertain the state of the steamer. Pending his return, we on shore whiled away as we best could the weary hours, wandering about the streets, and unearthing each other from our various places of shelter for the night. The population was all astir. The blacks crowded the squares and open spaces, bereft of all but the mere instinct of self-preservation. Every few minutes, as a fresh shock made the whole town tremble, a general howl would arise on all sides; women in hysterics, and men in even more frantic terror raving round them, increased the horror of the time. These negroes, than whom, by the account of residents in the island and of their own pastors, no more evil or ungodly race exists, now crowded the churches, pouring forth wild, incoherent, almost blasphemous prayers, against a danger which in a few days they would entirely forget, whilst returning to their old courses.

The main street of St. Thomas, running parallel to the beach, presented an extraordinary sight. Though fully thirty feet above the water's edge, and two or three hundred yards away, the whole space had been flooded several feet deep by the wave; and the agglomeration of wreck in it was astounding. Mixed up with the ruins of houses and stores were, in one place, cases of cargo, perhaps washed out of some stranded ship in the harbour; in another, masts and rigging of other unfortunate vessels; here, a lighter, or a fishing boat, or a small schooner, looking strangely out of place amongst the shops and dwelling-houses; there, thrown

under the verandah of the hotel, a huge red buoy alongside a mass of wreck, in which boats, and spars, and cargoes were heaped in almost inextricable confusion, The sun rose glaring and fierce across the sky; not a cloud in the air, nothing visible to attest that the fearful convulsion was still continuing beneath our feet.

With full daylight, however, the force of the earthquake appeared to abate. After about seven, a.m., the rumblings came only now and then, and the shocks, occurring at intervals of about an hour, seemed not so severe; still it was plain that all was not yet over. Wearily we waited all that morning for news from the steamer, congregated mostly in the streets near the deserted hotel (the landlord had fled to the hills, with all his family); wearily passed away the hours amid the confusion and the din. At length came welcome news that the *La Plata* was all right; the leak turned out to be slight, and she was coming round to the coal wharf, whence she was to start as soon as possible for Jamaica. This at least assisted to allay our impatience, and at last, after some hours' more delay, we saw her steaming round the point. Right glad were we to hear, about noon, that we could go on board; glad to escape from that foul den, those ruined streets, and their accumulated filth, those miserable blacks, and their abominable ravings.

About one p.m., the first boat load of passengers reached the ship. On our way across the harbour, it was sometimes difficult to steer through the complicated masses of wreck that strewed it in all directions; and at every moment, as we rowed along, some fresh proof of the horrors of those two awful visitations met the eye. Here it was the steamer *Conway*, rent and torn in all her frame; there the *Derwent*, sunk by the tornado, and raised again afloat by the earthquake wave; then a small forest of masts and spars of sunken vessels, and that strange conglomeration of wreck at the floating dock, with the *British Empire* crowning the heap. And we looked round in vain for the massive American screw-pile jetty that had seemed so firm and strong the day before, and of which not a vestige remained.

The steamer was strongly moored alongside the remains of the company's coal-wharf, in a somewhat sheltered position, as a jutting point of land partially protected her from the run of the sea. Yet the great wave had done its work even here. The destruction of the wharf and stores, unfinished by the hurricane, had been completed by the sea, and even in that sheltered corner the storekeeper said that the water had rushed over everything

sixteen feet deep and more. Still there remained untouched a great mountain of coal, and we were glad to hear that only a few hours' work would be required to take us on to Jamaica. We looked forward with delight to leaving that fetid den during the evening, but again were doomed to disappointment. The negroes on shore, though offered the most exorbitant wages, absolutely refused to work on any pretence. No amount of persuasion would induce them to exert themselves, and all energy seemed to have deserted them; as a resident of St. Thomas said, they had not left even the pluck to steal.

Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to be patient till the cooler evening allowed our sailors to get in the coal themselves. So all the afternoon we waited, whilst the shocks, sometimes severe, came almost at regular intervals of about an hour. Night came on slowly, but brought with it no coolness in the atmosphere, which, since the morning, had settled into a close, heavy, oppressive heat, unlike that of the preceding day, and weighing like a leaden pall over everything. As darkness closed in, the oppression seemed to increase; not the slightest breath of air tempered the overpowering heat. Shut in in that small corner, surrounded by black, stagnant, almost putrid water, charged with all kinds of festering abominations, with a huge mass of coal sweltering—one might, perhaps, say fermenting—within a few yards of us, encompassed on all sides by ten thousand horrible odours, enough to generate the most fearful epidemics, uncertain how long this horrible state of things would continue, and with our nerves strung to the utmost to catch the slightest sign of any further convulsion, what wonder if, through that long night in St. Thomas' harbour, hours seemed like days; what wonder if, as each successive shock came and passed, we thanked God from our hearts that we were yet safe and sound?

Still the earthquake continued: night seemed to have renewed its strength; for from dark to daylight the same unceasing trembling continued as during the night before. At intervals came the shocks, and as each rolled like thunder beneath us, its terrors were supplemented by the shrieks of the wretched blacks on shore, reaching our ears across the harbour like the howlings of demons in agony. Yet, with the steady fortitude of British seamen in an emergency, throughout the night our sailors and firemen in silence laboured at the coaling; though sometimes, as a stronger shock made the whole ship vibrate, it required all their courage to continue the work. But they persevered, and by six o'clock the next morning they had taken in sufficient coal. It

was a great relief when we stepped on deck about that time, to find the preparations for starting already begun. Every man worked eagerly and with a will to get the ship ready for sea, and for the first time for fifty hours a sense of security came over us as we saw the last hawser cast off, and heard the order given, "Turn her ahead." But all was done quietly; it seemed as if the experience of the last two days had been too great for noisy demonstrations of joy: not a cheer broke the stillness of the morning, and in silence we slipped past an American corvette that was lying a few cables length from us. She too had suffered severely in the earthquake. The wave had sent her headlong on the rocks, and with great difficulty she had been kept afloat, though with three ugly holes in her; it was doubtful when we left whether they would not have to run her ashore and abandon her. Her consort, a large frigate, had sustained no damage, and had left during the night for Santa Cruz, another Danish island, fifty miles away: for news had arrived thence that an American man-of-war had been cast by the great wave, high and dry, into the market-place of the town.

And then we slowly steamed out of the harbour, still passing for a long way relics of the tornado and earthquake, sounding carefully as we went, lest a new reef might have been thrown up by the convulsion; and casting, as may well be thought, no lingering looks behind us, at a place so fraught with terrible remembrances. Slowly we felt our way out of the heads, even then experiencing at intervals evidences that the disturbances beneath us were not over; and right glad we were at last to see the open water dancing in the sunlight, and to feel the ship spring forward on her voyage like a bird set free. Passing in an hour Little Sabre Island, we discovered and picked up one of our boats, swamped and full of water, yet still afloat. She had been torn away by the waves and dashed on shore, and in her were pieces of rock that must have fallen on her from above. Little Sabre itself shewed fearful signs of the terrible earthquake. Rent and torn in all directions, its bold precipices were almost shattered in pieces, and huge mounds of fallen rocks were at their feet; in one place a large crater gaped in the midst, with a flood of grey lava pouring down from it to the sea. The whole shape of the island, as we were told by those who had known it well, was changed. It is probable that had not this small rock acted as a safety-valve for us, and provided an escape for the imprisoned elements, the shock at St. Thomas would have been far more severe; and whereas now there were many houses standing,

though all injured and cracked, not one stone would have been left on another in the whole town. Even as we lay off Little Sabre, waiting whilst they picked up the boat, one more shock came, as it were a parting salute, severe enough to make the rocks roll furiously down the cliffs, and a fresh rush of lava pour over the crater.

And now for us the great drama was over. Slowly, under easy steam, we passed away from that fated island. How long after our departure from St. Thomas the earthquake continued we know not; but at that time there was no sign of an abatement, and if further severe shocks came afterwards it is impossible to imagine that the town can have escaped total destruction. For ourselves, we had only to look forward. Behind us lay the scene of so much horror and misery; before us bright seas, peace, and safety. The rest of our voyage passed by without danger: and it is no marvel if our spirits soon recovered their wonted elasticity; no marvel if, for all time, we shall lift up our hearts in gratitude to Heaven, and thank God that, by His merciful Providence, we were safely delivered from the great earthquake at St. Thomas.

W. M. M.

Canterbury, New Zealand,
Jan. 4, 1868.

Memorials of "HB."

So many years have passed since the cessation of th series of *Political Sketches*, published with the famou initials HB. in the corner, that the death of the genia and fine-minded artist, whose works enjoyed so larg and deserved a popularity, has hardly made any nois sufficient to attract general attention. Mr. Doyle passe quietly away a few weeks ago, and it is certainly a mar of the readiness of the public to forget its old favourite in the enjoyment of new excitements that so little notic should have been taken of the event. The reason fo this is to be found partly in the fact, already mentione by us, that for many years before his death Mr. Doyl had abandoned the line of art in which he so long reigne absolutely without a rival. We must also remember tha the young men of the time of the Repeal of the Cor Laws are now men of middle age, and that the generatio which has grown up after them has never known th keen sensation of curiosity which used to gather a crow round the shopwindow in the Haymarket on the appearanc of a fresh batch of "HB's." But a good deal of the quie of the public mind at the exit of one who was once a great a favourite with the higher classes of the com munity as Dickens, or Tennyson, with all classes, mus be set down to the character of the man himself, i which strength of mind and breadth of view were com bined with a gentle and unobtrusive disposition, and a entire absence of self-assertion, which made it far mo natural for him to seek retirement than to attempt to faste upon a prominent position in the eyes of the public, t whose delight he had contributed so continually and so suc cessfully. It is the object of the few following page to deal chiefly with Mr. Doyle's personal history, as fa

as this can be done without entering on ground which can be trod only by those who had the advantage of knowing him intimately in private life.

John Doyle was an Irishman—one of the many men of talent and distinction whom the social depression remaining after long centuries of penal laws and proscriptions have forced to seek a career elsewhere, rather than in their own native land. He was born in Dublin, in the year before the abortive rising in "'98," and, consequently, but a few years before the Act of Union. His parents were Catholics of a respectable family, which, we believe, had suffered much from the disabilities pressing at that time on all who belonged to the Church of the people. The Doyles lived in Dublin. They had four children: of whom John alone remained, as it is called, "in the world." His brother James was sent to Maynooth, and ordained priest. He was afterwards appointed to SS. Michael and John's Church, in Dublin, and died, while yet young, of a fever caught from an old woman whom he had been attending. Catherine Doyle, the elder of two sisters, became a nun in the Presentation Convent at Killarney. Anna Maria, the youngest sister, was the first lady who joined the celebrated Catherine McAuley in the good works which were gradually matured into the foundation of the great Order of the Sisters of Mercy. Miss Doyle was one of the two who shared the noviciate passed by Mother McAuley in the Presentation Convent in Dublin, and made her religious profession at the same time with the Foundress. She was employed by the latter in many important works, and made Superioress of the first convent founded by her after that of Dublin—the Convent at Tullamore. She died at Derry, in September, 1866.

John Doyle was sent, at an early age, together with his brother James, to a school in Dublin, kept by a Mr. Samuel Whyte. It was the best school in the city, and its master had a reputation of fifty years standing. He had already had under his tuition Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Thomas Moore. Whyte was an elderly man when the Doyles went to his school, and a good deal of the work was done by his son, the father still,

however, taking an active part. Moore tells us that he was not ashamed to acknowledge that he had pronounced Sheridan to be an "incorrigible dunce:" but Moore himself was more fortunate, for Doyle often heard Mr. Whyte descant on his brilliant qualities.*

John Doyle showed an early inclination and aptitude for the career of an artist, in which he was to excel in so peculiar a manner. He was placed at once under the instruction of Gabrielli, an Italian painter, then living in Dublin, who enjoyed a high reputation.† Doyle always spoke of Gabrielli as having been a very careful and competent master. Later on, he studied miniature painting under the guidance of his friend Comerford, a master of great excellence in that branch of art. He began, as so many others have begun, with a great fondness for drawing animals. The excellence, indeed, of his horses was always remarkable. Any one who looks through the series of *Equestrian Sketches*, published at the time when his fame was at its height, will be struck by the individuality of the horses, as well as of their riders. He was himself a keen sportsman, and he made, in the hunting field, in these early days, the acquaintance of many of the first men of the time in Ireland, some of whom—notably the second Marquis of Sligo—became firm friends to the artist. Thus, while still in his teens, he received many commissions for portraits of horses, which were

* This Mr. Whyte is the person on whose authority a story rests of Dr. Johnson and the stone posts round what was then the open unoccupied area in the centre of the Piazza of Covent Garden. He was in the coffee-room of one of the hotels, and a waiter said to him, "Sir, there is Dr. Johnson!" He hastened to the window, and saw the Doctor coming along, grasping a stout walking-stick, with which he was striking, in succession, the posts which then bordered the market. But having missed one, the sage turned back and repeated his blow, with the desired effect. Mr. Whyte was evidently delighted at having seen Dr. Johnson do anything, and often related the anecdote.

† Mr. J. D. Herbert, in his *Irish Varieties*, 1836, mentions Doyle as one of his fellow-students at the Art School of the Dublin Society. It is certain that he was averse to the modern system of collecting pupils in the Academy Schools, and preferred that of the older painters, who had each their own little following of pupils, who took a part in their works and received their closest attention. He objected also to the moral dangers which beset the system now in possession.

usually very successful. He showed thus early in his career, with regard to animals, that remarkable power of seizing and retaining in his *memory*—without any sketch to help him—the characteristics of individual form and gait, which afterwards made him so singularly happy in his delineation of persons whom he had only seen for a few minutes some time before he made his drawing. There is an anecdote of his seeing a horse at Hampton, when he was advanced in life, and declaring that it exactly resembled another which he had seen on a race course in Ireland forty years before. He found out afterwards, much to his own surprise, that the Irish horse was the lineal ancestor of the other.

At the age of 23, John Doyle married, and his union was perfectly happy until it was broken off in 1840, by the death of his wife. Marriage settled him seriously down to work in his profession as a painter of portraits and animals. But Dublin, in those days, hardly afforded opportunities enough for such a career, and Doyle resolved to try his fortunes in England. He came to London, well furnished with letters of introduction from a number of kind and influential friends in Ireland; among whom was the Lord-Lieutenant of the day. He was well received by the persons to whom he was recommended. George the Fourth himself gave him two commissions. But he soon made up his mind not to depend upon patrons, but to seek his support chiefly from the general public. Times are changed since those days, and the present profusion of wood-cuts, photographs, illustrated papers, and periodicals, was a thing quite unknown. Pictorial art was a matter as much beyond the reach of the generality as music was before the days of popular concerts and singing classes. Mr. Doyle was one of the earliest artists to aim at popular favour. Lithography had just then been invented, and he studied and mastered the new art with wonderful rapidity. In the intervals of leisure which he stole between the execution of the different pictures for which he obtained commissions, he put forth a series of delicate, yet spirited sketches, which, in his career as an artist, are the preparation and preludes for his most famous achievements as

"HB." These sketches are chiefly portraits, from memory, of distinguished characters of the day. His first work, however, in this style, consisted of a set of six plates, called the "Life of the Race Horse," published in 1822. We believe that they were the fruit of a sojourn of some weeks at Newmarket. We are unable to say whether the training of race horses has undergone as many changes since that date as the education of the human animal, but these plates are the work of a real artist, and as such, must, we imagine, be as valuable to the lover of the turf as any more modern productions can possibly be. He went on publishing sketches of the same class, or of well-known military characters—such as the Duke of Wellington, and the Marquis of Anglesea—during the few following years. His first great success, as far as popularity makes success, was a portrait of man and animal combined—a figure of the Duke of York on his cob at Newmarket, in 1827, which had a very large sale, to which the Duke's death, happening so soon after, may have contributed somewhat by rousing the attention of the public.

Mr. Doyle was now gradually stealing into the position which he afterwards occupied as the great political and personal sketcher of his day. The drawing of the Duke of York was soon followed by others of distinguished personages: to this date belong some very successful sketches of Canning, Huskisson, and Peel, and some heads, on a larger scale, of Lord Eldon and O'Connell. Often as Mr. Doyle afterwards drew the Liberator, he seldom surpassed the raciness or the delicacy of this earlier portrait. The sketch of Canning, which represents him as addressing the House of Commons, was an admirable likeness: that of Huskisson is highly characteristic. Peel's was probably very like; but there is an air of juvenility, and almost of elegance, about it, which seems strange to those who are more familiar with later sketches in which he is represented. It was dedicated to the University of Oxford—just at the time of Catholic Emancipation—and was consequently not received with very great favour by that learned body. To the same time belongs a drawing of George the Fourth driving his phaeton near Virginia Water. In April, 1829, Mr. Doyle published one of the

earliest portraits of the present Queen, as the Princess Victoria, sitting in a pony-carriage in Kensington Gardens. Some slight trace of likeness can be perceived, even at the present time, in this little sketch, which is one of the few which was drawn from life, and not from memory alone; but the costume of the Princess, especially her immense bonnet or hat, with huge bows on the inside, would certainly astonish the little ladies of ten or eleven years of age who now disport themselves on the spot where the scene of the drawing is laid.

Up to this time, we have seen little of the humorous side of Mr. Doyle's talent. A certain amount of humour, and even of a quiet and forcible satire, required to be blended in one who, without being, strictly speaking, a caricaturist himself, was to take the position of the popular caricaturist of a quarter of a century of busy English political life. The wonderful power of taking accurate likenesses from memory, with which modern artists can afford to dispense in consequence of the multitude and goodness of our photographs, was an essential element for the success of Mr. Doyle's future career. This he displayed quite as fully in the earlier sketches of which we have spoken as at any later time. A satirist he never was: there is nothing savage, bitter, or fierce in the whole catalogue of his works: it would be more easy to reproach them with want of earnestness than with want of gentleness or consideration for opponents. Such a criticism would, however, be unmerited. He maintains a consistent tone of political principle throughout these famous sketches. His playfulness and lightness of touch* were required by the nature of his work, they

* We use the expression "lightness of touch" morally, but it is true in application to Mr. Doyle's sketches in an artistic sense also. It was a maxim of his that a work of humour ought never to appear elaborate—that it ought to seem to have been thrown off without trouble or expenditure of time. And though he was himself extremely rapid in such work, both in conception and execution, the *sketches* seldom came up to his own ideal in this respect, partly in consequence of the necessity of employing labels with text within the drawings. Hence he generally preferred his slight original sketches to the drawings on stone, easy and spirited though these were, yet so little did he value even the original sketches, that he destroyed them by hundreds.

were not the result of indifference or frivolity. His
ner of commenting, as it may be called, on the pol
events of the eighteen or nineteen years during w
his series continued, takes, as a matter of course,
humorous and amusing side of the person and facts b
him, but a strong love both of progress and of
breathes through the whole, and he is sometimes se
though, we think, never unjust. He was, in fact, a
of much thought and reflection, of large and bold v
having deeply at heart the cause of good in every sh
His humour is thoroughly genial, and very delicate, an
has probably exercised no small influence for goo
producing the general freedom from savage and inord
personality which may be said to characterise the lit
and artistic departments of the political warfare of
times. We find indications of this quiet and ki
humour in some sketches of the comedian Liston a
the same date with those of which we have already spo

It would seem as if circumstances naturally cons
to bring out Mr. Doyle in the *rôle* for which he wa
eminently fitted. We can imagine a state of civil
political quiescence in which a talent like his might
found no further opportunity for the exercise of its p
than the simple portraiture of conspicuous public
racters. Even this, however, would have made him fa
in his day. A generation like our own, accustome
photography, can hardly enter into the delight which
fathers used to receive from lithographs and prints r
senting faithfully celebrated men and scenes. But
powers possessed by Mr. Doyle certainly required
their full display, not only a country like Englanc
which everyone takes an interest in, and even exer
some influence upon, public affairs—but also a se

* We have now before us the rough notes of a paper drawn up b
Doyle at the time of the famine in Ireland. He felt most deeply fo
miseries of his country, and saw the inadequacy of the means that
adopted for its relief. The paper, as far as can be judged from the
is quite *statesman-like*. Mr. Doyle argues strongly for the cultivati
the waste lands in Ireland in preference to emigration. It is clear tl
foresaw many of the difficulties which at present beset the Irish quest
consequence of the mistakes made at the time of the famine.

of excitement and conflict, full of changes and constitutional dangers, the fall of ministries, the eager strife of parties, and the agitation produced by proposals and measures which affected vitally the peace and prosperity of the empire.

Such a season certainly began with the accession of Canning to power, his speedy prostration under the harassing opposition which constituted the last grand stand made by English bigotry against the emancipation of Catholics, and the sudden conversion to his views of the very men who had been his rivals for office, and who succeeded to his measures as well as to his power. The excitement caused by the passing of the Emancipation Bill was the prelude to that which arose on the accession of William IV., on the fresh revolutionary outbreak which sent the elder branch of the Bourbons of France into exile, and the fierce struggle in the English Parliament on the question of reform. After reform had been finally granted, there ensued many years of great political activity with reference to measures that were all more or less the natural consequences of the increase of popular power and the triumph of "liberal" principles. Conspicuous then, as now, was that question of the Irish Establishment, which it is the greatest scandal of our time and country to have left hitherto unsettled. But that most hideous anomaly was made the rallying cry of all who professed to defend monarchy and aristocracy against the advancing tide which the triumph of reform had seemed to let loose upon the institutions of the country; and when, after the short interregnum of Sir Robert Peel's first administration, the reform party again returned to position, it was to throw aside the question upon which the decisive battle had been fought. Then followed the days of Melbourne at home, and Louis Philippe "over the water;" the quiet days when we had hardly a fleet or an army capable of going into action, the days when Dickens first began to write, and Thackeray had not yet achieved public notoriety; the days when the Great Western crossing the Atlantic was as great a wonder as the successful laying of the Atlantic cable; when a young girl mounted the throne

of Great Britain, and became the idol of a people which has never ceased to love her since. A year or two passed, and a young prince was seen by her side. Meanwhile, the party in power, though strengthened by the cordial adhesion of the young sovereign—who on one occasion actually brought them back to office, and maintained them there after Parliament had ceased to support them—were fast losing their ground in the esteem and confidence of the country. Our history presents few periods of more regular parliamentary campaigning than that which ensued between the first organisation of the Conservative party under Sir Robert Peel, and the final accession of that party to power, under their skilful leader, in 1841. At that time were heard, louder and louder, the incipient growlings of another great political storm on the Corn Law Question: a storm whose full violence was averted only by the surrender of the same statesman who, after having opposed Catholic Emancipation so long, at last proposed and carried it himself. The political history of England since that time has been shaped and guided by that act of Sir Robert Peel. The financial legislation of the country has taken its character from it; and, notwithstanding the very unusual number of comparatively early deaths among the statesmen who were then rising into fame, and which has created our present dearth of eminent political leaders, the first seats, both on the Ministerial and on the Opposition side of the House of Commons, are now occupied by men who, before the Corn Law schism, might both have been considered as equally staunch supporters of the Conservative policy.

It is hardly too much to say that an intelligent examination of the *Political Sketches* of "HB." will tell as much of the history of this long period as any book that has yet been written; and, certainly, no future historian of the time will be able to dispense with the study of these apparently fugitive pieces of art. He was, as we have seen, rising to the consciousness of his possession of the talent of portraiture from memory, just about the time of the break-up of the Liverpool administration, which was the prelude to the final conflict on the subject of Catholic

Emancipation. He began his sketches with no settled purpose, but simply to indulge the whim of the moment; but their wonderful success fixed him to the unique career with which his name, or rather his monogram, will always be connected. The initials "HB.," we may say, were as much a bit of chance as other things about him. In trying various signatures on a piece of paper, he observed that his initials I.D., doubled and joined, made the monogram in question, and he then adopted it. The popularity which he at once acquired, never waned. It has, we think, been said that he gave up the series at last because it no longer pleased the public. In truth, he was never more of a general favourite than when the *Sketches* came to a close. In 1840, the death of his beloved wife forced him to stop for a time, and, though the series was afterwards resumed, other family bereavements soon came to make him lay down his pencil again. The *Sketches* were continued till 1848, but Mr. Doyle felt growing more and more upon him a distaste for his work. All the time that he was in possession of what we must call the public eye, rather than the public ear, he maintained the most thorough independence; and for this purpose his *incognito* was very strictly kept up to a certain period. We believe that he kept his secret from his children as long as possible—till about 1840—in order that they might never be at any trouble as to denying or acknowledging the truth of the reports which attributed the works to him. He would never, if he could help it, owe anything to private intercourse. A friend once asked him to meet a young and distinguished statesman, adding, that he would thus have an excellent opportunity for studying his face. The invitation was at once declined. We believe that he was offered admission to one of the first clubs in London, on the ground that he was the author of the *Sketches*, and he would not accept the offer.

On the other hand, it is pleasant, but by no means surprising, to know that he never made an enemy by his pencil. No one, of all the eminent men whom he

represented so freely, took offence at his use of their faces and figures. Indeed, it is not fair to call him a caricaturist—there is very seldom, indeed, the slightest trace of exaggeration or travesty about his delineations, and never any of malice. Perhaps the three political characters with whom he dealt the most freely, were Mr. O'Connell, the late Earl of Carlisle, and Lord Brougham. For O'Connell, Mr. Doyle had always the most sincere admiration, and he felt that natural pride in his great countryman in which all Irishmen shared. But Mr. Doyle's politics were Conservative, though he was by no means a thorough party-man, or opposed to the most liberal changes compatible with the safety of the Constitution. He probably shared to some extent the great horror of demagogic movements which was impressed on all the men of his generation by the excesses of the great French revolution, which made more thorough-going "Tories," in the strongest sense of the word, than it decapitated aristocrats. This feeling, together with the fact of his general leaning to the Conservative side, must be taken into consideration with reference to the part he allotted to O'Connell in his sketches. The figure of the Liberator occurs perhaps as often as any other in these sketches, his only rival in this respect being Lord Brougham, in the earlier part of the series. O'Connell is represented, as he appeared to the Conservative party in England, as the master, the controlling genius of the Whig ministry—the inexorable creditor to whom they had placed themselves under obligations not easy to be redeemed. Mr. O'Connell himself evidently understood his fellow-countryman. Mr. Doyle first conceived the idea of, and took a leading part in, founding a society in London—which existed for a few years—designed to bring Irishmen of opposite parties together on the neutral ground of literature and the arts. At a meeting held in connection with this plan, Mr. O'Connell asked to be introduced to him, and afterwards expressed a strong wish to mature the acquaintance.

The same sense of Mr. Doyle's fairness was shown by both of the eminent men whose names we have coupled with that

of O'Connell, a sentence or two back. Lord Brougham's career was certainly, in a singular sense, the property of the public; but Lord Morpeth, as he then was, if he had not been the genial and thoroughly good-natured person that every one who came across him knew him to be, might possibly have been offended at the gentle satire to which his personal appearance was subjected. He figured notably in two very celebrated sketches. In one of these, the comedian Liston, whose figure and face went a considerable way in securing him acceptance as a favourite with the laughter-loving public, was made to remark on Lord Morpeth, whose portrait occupied the most prominent position in the sketch, "That man will take the bread out of my mouth!" In another, Lord Morpeth was depicted as dancing to the Queen in a court ball, and his figure, without any but the slightest possible exaggeration, was made to appear irresistibly comical. Lord Carlisle, after the series of "HB.'s" *Sketches* was finished, gave more than one proof of the most friendly disposition towards Mr. Doyle. The latter was a great advocate for improvements of every kind that might bear on the enjoyment and recreation of the people; and he advised, many years before they were carried out, several of those measures which have lately been taken for the embellishment and decoration of the public parks. Lord Carlisle was struck by the ability shown in many of these suggestions, and would have given Mr. Doyle a post of importance in the then department of Woods and Forests, now that of Public Works, but his own removal to another office prevented him from carrying his intention into effect. Before, however, Lord Morpeth left office, he offered Mr. Doyle the Secretaryship of the Commission for controlling the expenditure of the Houses of Parliament. The offer was accepted; but the chairman of the Commission—which was unpaid—claimed the right of naming the Secretary, and he nominated a gentleman who was already a clerk in the Treasury, and thus saved a salary.

The Duke of Wellington must be added to the list of those whose features were most frequently represented by

Mr. Doyle. He might almost have been addressed by the artist in words like those of Horace to Mæcenas—

Primâ dicte mihi, summâ· dicende Camænâ;*

and a perfect history of his gradually ageing face might be extracted from these *Sketches*. The first of them represented the shade of Canning appearing to the Ministry who had brought in the Catholic Emancipation Bill, who were falling back in consternation at the vision. "Now, I am avenged," Canning is made to say, and the chief figure in the startled group is of course that of the Duke of Wellington. He is soon after represented as visiting Lord Eldon, the "old white lion"—and then again, as reading the news to George the Fourth—the news being, that a misunderstanding had arisen between a certain great personage and his Prime Minister! But we should soon exhaust our scanty space if we were to speak of all the appearances of the Duke of Wellington in the Political Sketches. It is certain that he did not resent the use made of his features. It is known that on one occasion he was greatly amused by a representation of himself (No. 758) with uplifted forefinger, and saying, "Take care, take care, take care!" in warning to the old Marquis of Lansdowne not to attack Lord Ellenborough. "So I did," said the Duke, "I did say, 'take care.'" Sir Robert Peel, the greater part of whose more prominent political career falls within the time covered by the *Sketches*, and who is represented in one of the earliest numbers as a good knight in armour, going forth to do battle for his country in the cause of Emancipation, was once, while Minister, asked by Mr. Doyle to sit for a portrait. He replied that his engagements of that kind, and the state of public business, prevented him from doing so, but added, "I assure you that I am very sensible of

* The *Sketches* numbered, we think, nine hundred and odd. The nine hundredth number, which closes the last volume, represents the Duke of Wellington as Sir Walter Raleigh in the *Critic*, answering Sir Christopher Hatton. (Mr. Cobden) as to the necessity of armaments against invasion. John Bull is fast asleep in a corner, and Mr. Puff and his friends are represented by Lord Ellesmere, Lord John Russell, and Mr. Disraeli. The date is May, 1848.

ıe great merit of those performances of which you can ith just pride claim the authorship." After he had finally ft office, when, as he said, no one could misconstrue his ıotives, he asked to make Mr. Doyle's acquaintance, and ır that purpose invited him to view his own collection of orks of art at Whitehall Gardens.*

We need hardly speak of the favour, with the general ıblic, which the "HB." *Sketches* enjoyed from first to last. hey appear to us to improve as they go on; at least, ıe later numbers of the series are as brilliant and masterly ; any that preceded them. Moore has left on record s own opinion of them, together with that of two other dges—perhaps his superiors on such subjects:

Aug. 11 (1833). Breakfasted at Moore's, [This was Christopher oore, R.H.A., who was then engaged on the fine bust of the ɔet which is now in the National Portrait Gallery.] to meet the mous and anonymous caricaturist "HB.," a brother-in-law of his, ho was also of the party. "HB.," is an Irish artist, a very sensible ıd gentlemanlike person; and it was not a little interesting to ɜar his history of the course of his *anonyme*, the guesses, risks of scovery, etc. Told him of Rogers, Wilkie, and myself having been nployed the night before one in looking over his caricatures, ıd comparing them with Gilray's. He was evidently anxious to ıow what Wilkie thought of them, and I told him pretty nearly ıe general result of our comparison; which was, that, with the ɛception of one or two things ("George the Third with Napoleon ı his hand," being of the number), we all agreed that there was a ıiet power about his caricatures, producing, as they did, their

* We have seen a letter from Sir Robert Inglis to Mr. Doyle, written in 44, a few words of which are worth quoting, not only as characteristic of the ɔod nature of the writer, but as expressing what we imagine was the general ntiment of the actors in the political and parliamentary drama with regard to r. Doyle. "I will not," says Sir Robert, "postpone till our meeting to sure you, that, when I endeavoured to profit by the opportunity of cultivating personal acquaintance with you, I had not—and have not now—the remotest ɔject of excluding myself from any position—grave or gay, absurd or heroic—which you, under your immortal initials, might *otherwise* have been inclined place me. I wish only in this way to beg that you will never fetter yourlf in any the slightest degree from doing anything with my person on paper hich your wit may suggest." Sir Robert Inglis' stout figure and good-ımoured face often appear in the *Sketches*—notably in that which recorded s having voted on the same side with Mr. Thomas Duncombe, against the aynooth grant. They were represented, arm-in-arm, as "two great Pillars f the Church." (No. 832.)

effect without either extravagance or ill-nature, which set them in a very important respect far above Gilray's. (Moore: *Journal*, vol. vi., pp. 334-5.)

Many other similar judgments on the *Sketches* might be quoted, but we must forbear from entering on any detailed criticism respecting them. We must also forego at present the pleasant task of giving any account or analysis of the series of these *Sketches*. As a national portrait gallery they are absolutely invaluable. There is not a distinguished man in political life, hardly an eminent lawyer, a leader in society, a person otherwise generally distinguished, whose features and figures are not faithfully and graphically represented. Indeed, a very large proportion are simple portraits—single figures—with some slight dash of fun in the attitude or the occasion of the sketches to give them point; as, for instance, in the figure of Colonel Sibthorp going into the House of Commons with his amendment for the reduction of the proposed allowance to Prince Albert, as the "leader of the Opposition;" or in the sketches of Mr. Fysh or Mr. Muntz. Some of the numbers immortalise very trivial incidents, but there is always something worth considering in the drawing and the likenesses: as when the Duke of Wellington is represented as having fallen asleep at a party at the Castle, and the Queen as rousing him with her bouquet; or when the Duke of Devonshire, then quite at the head of London society, is drawn as dancing a new step which he was said to have brought back from a trip to Paris. There is a capital sketch (282) called "A Boat Race"—it simply represents the Treasury Bench of the time in the House of Commons in a state of excitement, in consequence of the shouts and cheers of a crowd outside, who were witnessing the start of a race from Westminster Bridge; but the faces and figures are full of life, notably those of Mr. Stanley (now Lord Derby) and Sir James Graham; and the somewhat unctuous look of the Speaker (Manners Sutton), who is made to express a wish that he could be allowed to join the sport, is very amusing. A great number of names and incidents that will be hardly preserved in any other history, though they were not without their claims to interest at the time, are

embalmed in the amber of this series. We have heard the name of "the boy Jones" mentioned within the last year, in a company, many of whom had never heard of his existence, or of his mysterious trick of getting into the palace, and near to the apartments of the Queen, three times over. But the "boy Jones" lives in one of these sketches (No. 705); one, perhaps, which might be selected as among the very best of the whole number, at least as illustrating most completely the peculiar gift of the designer. It represents a single figure—exquisitely drawn, as life-like as possible—Lord Melbourne, sitting in a meditative posture, soliloquising about the clever little intruder: "That boy Jones must be a very clever fellow! To make his way into the palace once or twice was not so extraordinary, I have done as much as that myself—*but how he managed to get in the third time!* I wish I knew his secret!" The date is October, 1841, soon after the accession to power of the strong Conservative government under Sir Robert Peel. Somewhat in the same way, Mr. Mulready's unfortunate "Postage Envelopes," issued on the first introduction of Rowland Hill's reform of the postage, are preserved to memory by a parody (No. 639). Even particulars as to dress—the huge bonnets, and the swallow-tail coats "of the period," as antiquarians would say—are handed down to posterity. Mr. Doyle's portraits are all full-length: he drew the characteristics of a man from head to foot. The days of stage coaches are commemorated in a number of sketches; chiefly, we may say, those which deal with the once celebrated "Derby Dilly," the conveyance in which the then Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham and others seceded from the Whig ministry on the question of the Irish Church. The earliest form of the "Patent Safety Cab" is preserved in a sketch (No. 475), which represents O'Connell as "the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, and takes care of the fate of poor Jack"—Lord John Russell. In the same way, popular plays and novels were all put under contribution to furnish subjects for the inexhaustible humour of Mr. Doyle, whose maxim it seems to have been, that something with which the public was already familiar should generally be used as the

foundation of his sketches. Thus we have Lord Normanby as Mr. Mantalini, Lord Melbourne trying to mesmerise Prince Albert as "Power on his last legs," and a whole number of other similar illustrations. Another set were drawn from well-known pictures—many of Sir C. Landseer's were used in this way—"Jack in Office," (Lord John Russell); "Looking Out," the Smuggler, (Mr. O'Connell); "The Naughty Boy," (the same); "The Stag at Bay," (Sir R. Peel attacked by Lord G. Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli); and "Not caught yet," the fox by the gin, also representing Mr. O'Connell. The great prominence given to Irish questions and to the person of the "Liberator," by "HB." will not be remarked upon as extraordinary in the present day by anyone who has read philosophically the history of the period embraced by the *Sketches*, but it may have seemed strange, perhaps, at the time. It is curious that the series should have begun with the apparition of Canning to the ministry who were to carry Catholic Emancipation. There are here and there many indications of the designer's sympathy with everything Irish, and, indeed, with everything Catholic. The exquisitely droll sketch of the "Wake" held over the body of Lord Brougham—issued when the false report of his death had taken the whole world in—is thoroughly Irish. In the same way, no one but a Catholic would have drawn Sir Robert Peel receiving "absolution" from the Pope (No. 369) on setting off from Rome to form his first ministry; or again, the very graphic sketch called the "Confessional," in which Sir R. Peel is confessing his faults to Mr. Cobden, while Lord John Russell, the very picture of a penitent preparing for his turn, is kneeling on the side, with a little volume of "League" tracts in his hand.

But, as we have already said, we must resist at present the attractive temptation to wander at will through the charmed forest of the "HB." *Sketches*, and confine ourselves to a short account of the little that remains to be added to the quiet and uneventful biography of their author. Mr. Doyle, more than once after the series had been brought to a conclusion, issued a few political sketches of the same character, but not with the signa-

ture he had made famous. It might have been expected that the powerful party which he had so materially, though so impartially, supported would have found him some congenial post in the public service; but none of the Conservatives seem to have thought of this, and Mr. Doyle was not a person who would have asked it. The only offers of places of usefulness and emolument that were made to him came from the other side—one, as we have said, from Lord Carlisle. It is a great pity that the idea of that nobleman, which would have given Mr. Doyle employment in the department of Public Works, was not carried out by Lord Carlisle's successor. The improvement of the recreations of the people, and, indeed, improvements of every kind, were subjects on which he thought much, and interested himself anxiously. He thought much on the National Gallery, and, in 1850, published a Letter to Lord John Russell, advocating its better lodgment, and suggesting Kensington Palace as the site for a new building. His pamphlet influenced opinion very importantly, but there was an objection to the plan in the highest quarter, and Mr. Doyle then supported the proposal to take the site at Kensington Gore, south of that which the Conservatories and the Albert Hall now occupy. Many years before the subject was popular, his mind was, as we have said, full of ideas for public improvements, and for rendering the London parks more beautiful and more attractive to the masses of the people. The embankment of the Thames, the adoption of a great system of sewage, and the utilisation of the sewage, were subjects considered and advocated by him long before they commanded public attention.

Mr. Doyle was not merely a theoretical advocate of improvements. In the last twenty years of his life, particularly, he gave much time to inventions of various kinds, all of which had public usefulness for their object. We fear that he gained little by his labours in this respect. It was his character not only to feel acutely both public wrongs and political injustice, but also to fret and be positively harassed by the delays by which the remedies to such evils were often postponed. In the same way it is probable

that he suffered much vexation by the obstructiveness which so often meets the discoverers of material improvements, and he had neither the self-assertion nor the capital to be a successful inventor. We have before us a list of many of the inventions on which he spent his time. The first we shall mention is the only case in which he obtained recognition or reward. Having heard, while the troops were encamped at Chobham, that the men suffered alike from the foul air of their tents when closed, and from the cold which penetrated them when open, he suggested a mode of ventilation which was approved at first sight by Lord Raglan, then Master-General of the Ordnance, and, on experiment, reported to be successful by the officers at Chobham. Unfortunately, it could not be officially adopted at once, and then the Russian war broke out, and nothing was actually done. The complaints made before the Sebastopol Committee brought out the fact, and Mr. Doyle had to begin again, and convince a new set of authorities. He succeeded, where so many others have failed, and his invention was ordered by the Duke of Cambridge and General Peel to be adopted throughout the service. When he had first submitted it to Lord Raglan, he had intended to make a present of it to the public; but having been put to the trouble of proving his case twice over, he accepted £300 from the War Office. We have heard a characteristic story of the manner in which the sum was fixed. Mr. Doyle was not paid according to the trouble he had taken, or according to the benefit he conferred on the men; but the number of tents in store was called for, and he was allotted a royalty on each! He spent the money on experiments in further military improvements. The sufferings of the army in the Crimea from snow and wet, turned his attention to the clothing of the soldiers, and he devised some methods of making boots waterproof. The great storm in the Black Sea, during the time of the same war, led him to invent an apparatus—a sort of under-water parachute—for diminishing the strain on the cables of ships riding to their anchors under a strong wind. It was simple enough, and approved of by the highest unofficial authorities; but they did not recommend

Mr. Doyle "to go to much expense in having experiments made." Harbours of refuge, and floating breakwaters were also subjects on which he occupied his thoughts and his time.

We are convinced that as time flows on, and the period occupied by the famous *Sketches* of "HB." passes more and more into the distance behind us, the value attached to them will be greatly increased. Artistically, we believe, Mr. Doyle has never been rivalled in his peculiar line, and the time during which he laboured is one which will never lose its importance to all to whom the history of England and Ireland is a subject of interest and study. We have good reason for thinking—though no one can forecast the future with certainty—that the passing of the Emancipation Bill, followed so closely as it was by the first great movement in the direction of concession to the power of the people in the Reform Bill, may have to be considered as the point from which a new epoch in our national history is to be dated. The Britain of the present day is the child of the days of O'Connell and Peel, much more than the Britain of their day was the child of those of Pitt and Percival, Sidmouth and Liverpool. The men whom Mr. Doyle has photographed, as we may say, with all the intelligence of a consummate artist, will not soon be forgotten by those who inherit the fruits of their political achievements, or, perhaps, suffer from the effects of their failures or their mistakes; and no one of their contemporaries will have a higher claim to be considered as their historian than the quiet and thoughtful observer of the men and events of his day, whose artistic genius, generous sympathies, and sound judgment, enabled him to stamp his seemingly ephemeral "commentaries on his own time," with a permanent value possessed by few works even of the highest ambition.

Our Library Table.

1. *The Four Last Years of Wallenstein's Life.* By F. Hurter.—2. *Caractéristiques des Saints dans l'art populaire.* By Père Cahier.—3. *La Vie et La Légende de Madame Sainte Notburg.* By M. de Beauchesne.—4. Francisci Xaverii Patritii e Soc. Jesu, in Actus Apostolorum Commentarium.—*Analogies in the Progress of Nature and Grace.* By the Rev. C. Pritchard (The Hulsean Lectures for 1867).—6. *Long Resistance, and Ultimate Conversion.*—7. *The Pupils of St. John the Divine.* By the Author of the "Heir of Redcliffe."—8. Some recent pamphlets.

NOTWITHSTANDING the immense importance of the Thirty Years' War, it has been dealt with by writers of all kinds in a manner so unsatisfactory, that we must all hail with pleasure any new work which may help to elucidate a period which has been so often coloured according to the prejudices and partialities of historians. Whether we consider the actors of that eventful drama of real life, the motives which influenced their acts, the intricate and oftentimes contradictory relations in which they stood to each other, or the great and widely extending results of what was then done, this period is equally momentous and interesting. Hurter's work on the Four Last Years of Wallenstein's Life,* gives us an earnest of the rich results that will follow from a careful examination of the imperial archives at Vienna. It is to be hoped that these sources of official information will not much longer be withheld from the public. Dr. Hurter in his preface tells us that, while collecting materials for his great work on Ferdinand II., he constantly came upon documents which afforded abundant matter for the construction of a life of Wallenstein. Before the completion of his more important task, he gathered together the notes he had made on the career of the imperial general up to his dismissal from the command in 1630, and published them in a separate form.† The campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, the intrigues of Cardinal Richelieu against the house of Habsburg, and the secret communications that passed between Wallenstein and these two famous men during the last four years of the life of the latter, fill a volume of five hundred pages, which show beyond all doubt that the Duke of Friedland from being the champion of the Empire became its betrayer. In these pages the famous general of the imperial forces is brought face to face with the reader, who is made acquainted with his character as shown by those best of exponents, confidential intercourse, and epistolary cor-

* *Wallenstein's vier letzte Lebensjahre.* Von Friedrich von Hurter: K. k. Wirklichem Hofrath und Reichshistoriographen. Wien.

† *Zur Geschichte Wallensteins.*

respondence. Hurter takes us by the hand and leads us through all the complexities of Wallenstein's dark and mysterious mind, and while doing him full justice as a commander of experience and ability, points out how his many and great qualifications were made useless and pernicious by his pride and ambition.

It is possible, indeed, that Wallenstein had already responded to secret communications from the Swedish king before his first removal from the command of the imperial armies; it is at least certain from the documents quoted by Dr. Hurter that his disgrace completely and finally drove him off the straight path of duty. The affront which he imagined had been unjustly put upon him rankled in his mind, and threw him into the arms of the mortal enemies of his country. He swore by his honour that he would never again serve the Emperor; that he would pursue him and his family "even to hell." Under these circumstances, his resumption of the command, after the death of Tilly in 1632, can only be explained by his having entertained the hope that this course would best advance his secret designs on Bohemia. His military exploits, however, were confined to the battle of Lützen, in which his great rival, Gustavus Adolphus (with whom he had some time before broken), ended his career and his life. The campaigns of 1633 were remarkable for nothing on the part of Wallenstein but his malicious indifference to the misfortunes of his Imperial master's ally, Maximilian, elector of Bavaria, whom he could have saved, had he so wished, from the loss of two armies, and the devastation of the whole of his dominions. Instead of meeting the enemies of his country in the field, Wallenstein spent his time in concocting his treasons with Richelieu, and in corrupting the loyalty of the officers and soldiers under his command.

It cannot be maintained that his conduct admits of any excuse. The honours and dignities which the Emperor Ferdinand had showered upon him were such as seldom have fallen to the lot of a subject of the German Empire; and even after his removal in 1630 he was constantly consulted on the most important matters of state. Dr. Hurter puts beyond all further cavil the falsity of those historians who allege as an excuse the constant hostility of a Spanish party at Vienna, of the elector Max, and of Wallenstein's subordinate generals. He shows that the Spanish court (which of course directed its agents at Vienna), was almost to the last favourable, and even friendly, to the Duke of Friedland; that the generals Gallas, Piccolomini, Aldringen, Maradas, and others, were always on the best terms with their superior; that to the last moment he counted on the help of them all in his schemes; that they would not for a long time believe in his treasons; that when at last they were convinced, they hoped to bring him back to a sense of his duty; and that, when these endeavours failed, they acted against him with feelings of regret which were only stifled by their noble loyalty to the head of the Empire. As to the Bavarian elector, it must be admitted by the student of history that the cruel and

unjust treatment which he received from the hands of the vengeful Duke, justified him in entreating Ferdinand to remove his persecutor from his command; and the only regret possible is, that he did not sooner succeed in his object. The famous meeting of Wallenstein's friends on January 11th, 1634, at Pilsen, was the irrevocable step that forced the Emperor to consult his own safety by deposing Wallenstein, and to order the troops, on their allegiance, no longer to obey him. Dr. Hurter describes from official documents the events which took place from this date up to the death of Wallenstein, which happened a month later. It would be difficult to question the cogency of the evidence by which he proves that the death of the Duke did not arise, as is persistently asserted by the enemies of Ferdinand, from any order, direct or indirect, from the latter, but from the zealous loyalty, however mistaken, of three inferior officers of the garrison in Eger—Butler, Gordon, and Leslie, who planned and executed it of their own free motion, without any instigation either from the court or from the generals of the army.

2. Père Cahier's great work *On the Characteristics of the Saints in Art*, is intended to assist those who take an interest in the history and lives of the saints of the Church as represented in art, and who, upon seeing a figure or emblem of a holy personage unknown to them, are not satisfied until they have found out who it is that is so pourtrayed, and why he is thus represented. We all know, for example, that St. Jerome is usually painted wearing a cardinal's hat, and with a lion couched by his side. Why is he so represented? Again, we see a saint painted as a bishop, crosier in hand, beside him a stag, with a crucifix between the antlers. What saint is this—and what is the history of this emblem?—For all these emblems have a meaning.

Pictures and statues were the great means of religious instruction during the middle ages; as, indeed, they now are among newly converted pagans. A picture is an abridged history of something: picture of a saint is an abridged biography; for, together with the personal figure of the man, there is always something added—an animal, a sword, a castle, a cross, some instrument or other—the sight of which recalls to mind the peculiar character of the person. In devising an emblem, the salient points of the saint's life were searched out and brought into relief, and thus his character was stereotyped.

The two volumes before us disclaim all pretension to great depth of learning, or originality. Original they could hardly be, in any case, for the subject has been already treated of by other writers. Let us, however, give the modest author his due. The work shows marks of, at any rate, extensive research and erudition, as we may see from the number of authorities cited in support of his assertions, and from the comprehensive views of his subject taken by the writer. It is not a hasty production, but the result of long and laborious research

Thirty years is a long space of time to be employed upon such a study, and that is the length of time the writer informs us that he has been thus engaged. We therefore look for something solid and durable from such a writer, and are not disappointed. Père Cahier is already known to archæological students. The fine monograph on the Cathedral of Bourges, which he edited in conjunction with the lamented Père Martin, and the numerous articles published by him in the *Mélanges d'Archéologie*, testify to his love for mediæval art and mediæval lore. His *Caractéristiques des Saints dans l'art populaire* will assuredly add to his reputation both as a scholar and an artist.

Certain prints of log-calendars given in the work are very curious and interesting. These log-calendars are perpetual almanacks, rudely carved in wood, marking feasts and saints' days, not by means of words, but of signs and symbols. The feasts of our Lord are represented by a cross, as also are those of such of the apostles as were crucified; a *fleur de lis* indicates a feast of Our Lady; a key, the feasts of St. Peter; a gridiron, that of St. Lawrence; and so we are led along the whole calendar of saints. The arrangement of the book is admirable for use and reference. The order followed is alphabetical, according to subjects; then we have an alphabetical list of saints, with reference to the respective pages in the work where their emblems are treated of; and, under the heading *Patron*, we are presented with a list of saints, and an indication of the town, or country, or trade, that has chosen them as its intercessors; then, conversely, we have a list of towns, countries, and trades, with their respective patrons. The illustrations are very numerous, and have been taken from ancient pieces of sculpture, carvings, manuscripts, old books—nay, even from pilgrims' tokens that have been dredged up from the Seine, after having lain for years in their slimy bed, for Père Cahier is not simply an amateur, but a genuine artist, who loves his work, and shrinks from no toil. He takes little at second-hand when the wished-for object lies within reach.

We opened the two volumes with pleasure, and we close them with a conviction that an addition has been made to the means of studying mediæval Christian art, and that a lacuna has been filled up before which many an earnest worker has recoiled in sorrow. In spite of old age, which the author seems to feel heavy upon him, we nevertheless hope that he may yet be preserved in unimpaired strength, to present the public with further, and equally valuable fruits, of a life that has been almost wholly given up to the study of Christian antiquities.

3. Few more completely beautiful books have lately been issued from any press, at home or abroad, than M. de Beauchesne's *Vie et Légende de Madame Sainte Notburg*.* St. Notburg, whose name

* *La Vie et La Légende de Madame Sainte Notburg: Etablissement de la foi Chrétienne dans la Vallée du Neckar.* Par M. de Beauchesne. Orné de 84 Gravures d'après les dessins de M. S. Langlois. Paris: Henri Plon, 1868.

is unknown to historians, and has not even found a place in the *Annals* of Baronius, or in the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, was, nevertheless, a real personage; the saint, and even the apostle, of a part of Germany—the valley of the Neckar. Her tomb, honoured by the religious veneration of centuries, is in the church of the village of Hochhausen, on the banks of the river just named, and in the Grand Duchy of Baden. She was a French princess, daughter of Dagobert, one of the rudest and wildest of the Merovingian kings. His father, Clotaire, made him, at the age of fifteen, King of Austrasia, the inhabitants of which province were ill-content to be governed by the sovereign of Neustria. Dagobert fell in love with, and secretly married Nantilde, the sister of an officer of his palace. Notburg was the fruit of their union, which remained undeclared to the world even after the birth of the child, and which was soon set aside by the fickle and cruel prince, who received another bride from the hands of his father, who had made him promise not to marry without his consent. Nantilde bore her disgrace with patient dignity, and occupied herself in the education of her child, who, as she grew up, displayed all the instincts of high sanctity. We must leave the readers of M. de Beauchesne's book to trace out for themselves the thread of the singularly beautiful history of the child and her mother. Nantilde was acknowledged by her husband after some time, and bore him a son, who afterwards succeeded him; but Dagobert never remained faithful to her, and his life was more like that of a Mahometan than of a Christian prince. The turning-point in the life of St. Notburg was the moment at which, to escape a marriage forced on her by her father—as the price of a shameful peace—against her will, she left his castle, and took refuge in a grotto on the banks of the Neckar. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood were, at that time, pagan; and Notburg, refusing to return to her father's court after her retreat had been discovered, and the immediate danger which had caused her flight removed, became the instrument of their conversion and civilisation.

Such are the bare outlines of the legend of St. Notburg, collected with careful piety from local traditions, and such historical documents as can be brought to bear on the subject, by the skilful hands of M. de Beauchesne. But these outlines give but a very inadequate idea of the contents of the volume before us, in which the pure and heavenly character of Notburg is placed in striking contrast with those of a number of other persons of that stormy and barbarous time. The story is a perfect romance, and even if it were not the life of a saint, and true in its main facts, would charm the reader quite as much as would be possible for any fiction. The extreme care, and delicate faithfulness, with which M. de Beauchesne has drawn the character of Notburg, are beyond all praise. But if the author has produced a master-piece in its kind, we may say the same of the artist who has illustrated the volume, and the publisher who has had it printed. The artist is M. Langlois, the cherished pupil of Over-

beck, and certainly he has all the tender feeling and exquisite Christian taste of his great master. His illustrations, scattered profusely over the pages of the work, are perfect in their kind. Then, to conclude, M. Henri Plon, the publisher, who is said to have been preparing the work for ten years, has printed it in black letter type, copied from that of some of the first pupils of Gutenberg. We can only repeat that we have seldom seen so beautiful a volume; nor have we ever met with a book which gave us so completely the idea that in all respects it was, from beginning to end, a labour of love and devotion, sparing no cost to make the result as perfect as possible.

4. To his other commentaries on different parts of Scripture, Father Patrizi has now added a volume on the Acts of the Apostles.* Biblical students will remember Beelen's commentary on the same book, a work which has been so well received in theological circles—a second edition having been called for within a few years—that Father Patrizi thinks it necessary to explain why he has himself written on the same subject. He states in his preface that he owes much to the learned professor of the University of Louvain, though differing from him on certain points—notably, on the question of the time and place at which St. Luke wrote the Acts. Those acquainted with the value of the other writings of Father Patrizi will hardly need any excuse for his present work; which, moreover, treats a good many points at some length which his predecessor had left untouched. An addition, in the shape of a complete chronology of the events mentioned by St. Luke, is given at the end of the commentary, and we have also, placed in juxtaposition with the text of the Acts, any collateral narrative which occurs in any other part of the New Testament, especially whatever is furnished by St. Paul in his various epistles. This double account, placed at once before the eye of the reader, is of great assistance for a clear understanding of the historical narrative.

Father Patrizi also gives an abundance of authorities for his explanations and illustrations, which materially raise the value of the commentary, which is based on the principle of explaining Scripture by Scripture itself.

It is almost a matter of regret that a work like this, so learned and so solid, should in one or two respects be unattractive to readers in countries like England and Germany, where Biblical criticism is studied with so much earnestness. A few improvements, such as the addition of the Greek text by the side of the Vulgate translation, the accentuation of the Greek words when they are given, as well as the vowel-punctuation of the Hebrew, would make the book look more natural in northern eyes, and make the labours of one of the first of Italian scholars more readily acceptable to many who would derive much profit from their perusal.

* *Francisci Xaverii Patritii e Societate Jesv in Actvs Apostolorvm Commentarivm.* Romæ: Typis Civilitatis Catholicæ, 1867.

5. In the Hulsean lectures* for 1867, the Rev. C. Pritchard has endeavoured to shew that "Revealed Religion and the Scheme of Nature, physical and social, are in correlation the one to the other, and form the continuity of one Divine plan." He argues that in all works proceeding from the hand of God, whether works of nature or of grace, we should naturally expect to find resemblances and analogies. The idea is by no means new, and it has been a frequent subject of comment with Catholic writers and Catholic preachers. But fresh applications and illustrations of the great principle will always find a ready acceptance with those who have at heart the progress of religion.

The writer of these sermons adopts the maxim, that nature never works in vain; that, for instance, the curious formation of marbles, gems, and minerals, was a sort of prophecy of the advent of a being endued with an acute apprehension of the glory and beauty of colour and form: in fact, that whatever we see in this world was made, and made in all its parts, for man, and man for God. He shews that an idea which has been characteristic of many learned men, both in past and present times, namely, that the study of physical science is prejudicial to the study of revelation, is in itself untrue, and has arisen from a false conclusion. Where in Holy Writ natural phenomena are spoken of, many of the learned, and more of the half-learned, have taken their stand on absolute truthfulness of expression as a *sine quâ non*. Mr. Pritchard is not so peremptory: he is satisfied with relative truth. And herein he is followed by all sound thinkers. We may thus illustrate our meaning:—Let us suppose that in some part of Scripture there is mention of an event occurring exactly at sunset. There are pedantic men who would say that the event did not occur precisely at sunset, but only at *apparent* sunset; that is to say, when the sun had already set, as astronomers inform us, but whilst yet the sun's rays from the plane of the horizon were still entering our eyes. Such persons would require that in the record of such an occurrence, the language of Scripture should conform to the exact or absolute truth, and consequently that the words should be, *at apparent sunset*. So throughout Scripture, scientific facts are spoken of in accordance with, and conformity to, the common scientific knowledge of the day: and any other form of expression would have been simply unintelligible. It is very well now-a-days, in an astronomical treatise, to speak of the time of apparent or absolute sunset; but in spite of all our learning, what do we say in ordinary conversation?

It is not the place, in a short notice like this, to do more than call attention to the too quickly-drawn conclusions of even eminent scientific men, in the study of natural science. In the first edition of Mr. Darwin's famous work, *The Origin of Species*, we find his opinion

* *Analogies in the Progress of Nature and Grace.* Four sermons preached before the University of Cambridge. By the Rev. C. Pritchard, M.A., F.R.S. Cambridge, 1868. 8vo.

laid down, that the "denudation of the world" had probably required the enormous period of some 300 millions of years. This, Mr. Pritchard informs us, implied the existence of the earth *provided with an ocean* for at least a million of a million years! Since this opinion was hazarded, it has become apparent, from the investigations of Professor Adams and others, that the length of the day is now, through tidal action, increasing at the rate, possibly, of from three to six seconds in a million years. The length of the day, therefore, 300 millions of years ago would have been not quite two hours! Mr. Darwin has now withdrawn his former opinion.

The principal analogies in the progress of nature and grace dwelt upon in this course of lectures are—the slowness of the creative process, the slowness of intellectual progress, and the slowness of moral progress, terminating in the ultimate triumph of the gospel. Then we have a sermon on the continuity of the schemes of nature and of revelation, and another on the analogy of intellectual progress and religious growth. The slowness of the creative process is still a puzzle and a subject of amazement to all scientific men, and "hope deferred" is still the trial of the militant church; for the religion of the cross as yet extends, even in a nominal form, over not a fifth part of the population of this globe. With regard to intellectual growth, the author remarks that, in ancient times, the mental efforts of gifted men were confined to what is ethical, imaginative, and emotional; and to search among them for the steam-hammer and the Atlantic cable, would be to search for an anachronism. With such ethical and social ideas as men then had, what would have become of the human race had the needle-gun or the Chassepot rifle been among their weapons? Mankind existed 3,000 years before Pythagoras taught them the elements of geometry; it was 2,000 years after Plato that Newton established the law of gravitation; and as Kepler used to say, it pleased God to wait 6,000 years for an astronomer. At the appointed time, He prepares and illumines a highly gifted mind. Marking moral progress, the author notes the first revelation of God to the patriarchs of old; the second revelation in the written law; and, after many many years of anxious expectation, the great revelation of our divine Lord himself. Whoever has taken the trouble to compare Pagan and Christian institutions and morals, must have observed the sudden and mighty change: that change for the better has taken deep root, and its progress in Christian times is unquestionable. Ages, indeed, are required to alter the habits, the character, the mind, of a nation; but still this has been accomplished, and not with one only, but with many nations. The spirit which dictated the commandment, "Forgive your enemies," was folly in the eyes of the ancients: in Christianity it is indispensable.

It is a great pleasure to us to see an eminent scholar thus stand boldly forth to defend revelation and Christianity, and to attempt an explanation of real difficulties. Let scientific men still pursue their investigations. They are only revealing to us more and more of

God's wonders. Every addition to real science is a fresh subject of meditation for the understanding, and of thankfulness for the heart: only let them not be too hasty in their conclusions and deductions. The God of revelation and the God of science is one and the same, in whom is no change.

6. The anonymous author of *Long Resistance and Ultimate Conversion*,* informs the reader in his preface, that the work was not written with a view to publication; that even when first printed, it was not intended to be published; but that he has consented to publish it in consequence of being strongly urged to do so by those of his friends who have read it. He also tells us that he regrets never having contemplated such a contingency, for in that case he would not have put it in the form in which it now appears. For ourselves, we are glad that the book appears in its present shape; for we are convinced that the unaffectedness, the honesty, and the straightforwardness, which stamp every page, would not by any means have been so apparent as they now are, had the writer not given us his thoughts and impressions, and the workings of his mind, without any previous intention of making a book.

The work is specially suited to thinking Protestants; but it is also calculated to do good among Catholics. Here we have a person who —from his own reading, from balancing the respective merits of the two churches as they presented themselves to him, who had been brought up as a Protestant, and from the grace that God will always give to those who are in search of truth with uprightness of purpose—becomes convinced that the Catholic Church alone can fairly lay claim to be the Church established by Jesus Christ. He thus pursues his investigation:—

The faith of Protestants allows them to decide what is right and what is wrong in doctrine, for it admits of private interpretation of Scripture. It thus cuts the ground from under its own feet by allowing them to admit the fallibility of their own church. The faithful are the constituted judges of doctrine, each for himself. Well, then, let them, without any foregone conclusions, with sincerity and candour, examine the doctrines of the Catholic Church, which admits of no such fallibility in the dogmas it proposes. The author insists strongly upon this searching examination being conducted without foregone conclusions, because he knows well that few Protestants are brought up except in an atmosphere saturated and tainted with most unjustifiable prejudices. It is difficult for a Catholic to obtain a fair and impartial hearing; he is condemned *indictâ causâ*.

It was from the reading of Protestant books that the author was led to inquire into the Catholic religion. He had read and heard so much to the detriment of the members of that religion, that his

* *Long Resistance and Ultimate Conversion*. Burns and Oates, 1868.

better nature revolted at the outrages laid at their door, and he could not resist the honest thought that told him there were two sides to every question. From infancy upwards he had heard much special pleading all on one side, while no advocates had been called for the defence. Like an upright man, he thought that it would be well to seek out arguments himself, and he did so. The result surprised him, for it was what he would not have wished. At three distinct times, and at long intervals, he studied the question, and always found the same conclusions. He could but find, to his sorrow, that Protestants are systematically kept ignorant of Catholic doctrines.

Is it not true that Protestants ridicule Catholics for keeping saints' days, and days of fasting or of abstinence? Yet, strange to say, the Book of Common Prayer commands both feasts and vigils, fasts, and days of abstinence, to be observed. The fact is, prescription and practice are very different things. The writer also calls our attention to the differences of opinions, on the most vital questions, that exist among Protestant ministers; and does not hesitate to affirm that dissenting churches have just as many reasons for holding aloof from the Church of England, as the Church of England had for separating from the Catholic Church.

We must refer to the book itself for more particular points that forced themselves upon the mind of the writer. He had every inducement to remain where he was, except that of peace of mind. He could not stay against his conscience, and against his convictions; and after many a struggle, and many a day of restless agitation, he at length became a Catholic.

7. Under the title of *The Pupils of St. John the Divine*,* we are presented with the first of a series of books intended to appear in monthly parts, and when completed to form *a Sunday Library for Household Reading*, published by Messrs. Macmillan. The idea is, no doubt, good, and if the whole series is written in the same mild and temperate spirit as the *Pupils of St. John*, we shall have little to complain of. We cannot, of course, expect to be able to agree entirely with the theology, philosophy, or views of history which may be set forth, or implied, by the writers whom the conductors of this *Library* have secured as their assistants. Mr. Farrar, who is just now making a "sensation" at Cambridge by some rather "liberal" sermons, may succeed in dealing safely with "Seekers after God," such as Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. We shall be interested in what Dr. Lightfoot may have to tell us about St. Athanasius, St. Basil, and St. Chrysostom. Mr. Westcott will be worth reading on Clement of Alexandria and Origen; and Dr. Alexander may have something to say about "St. Augustine and his Times" which we shall be glad to hear. But M. Guizot will probably be chilling on St.

* *The Pupils of St. John the Divine.* By the Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." Macmillans, 1868.

Louis and St. Francis de Sales, who are to be coupled with Calvin and Duplessis-Mornay. We shall be agreeably surprised if Mr. Hughes, author of *Tom Brown*, manages to hit off Alfred the Great with success. We may expect a great deal of disagreeable froth from Mr. Maurice about Huss, Wycliffe, and Latimer: and, above all, the editors must have been joking when they announced—for the first of April, too—a work on the Hermits, by Mr. Kingsley. We can hardly imagine this gentleman producing anything worthy of a place in a "Sunday library;" least of all, on such a subject. Or is Mr. Kingsley a convert from "muscularity" in his old age?—and is he going to do penance in print—Carolus Stylites in haircloth on the top of a column of his own pagan productions? Certainly the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" is here to be in very strange company.

In the three parts that form the work before us, Miss Yonge has related to us, in a very agreeable style, the leading historical facts of Christianity as far as St. John was concerned. The close connection of that loving saint with our Lord, the tenderness of the attachment that existed between them, the depth of his penetration into the mystery of the divinity of the Word, the brilliancy of the intellectual light that illumined his mind, and glows in his writings, have at all times infused a love towards him, and a predilection for him, into the hearts of Christians. The writer of this work evidently shares in that affection, and where she has to speak directly of St. John, it is with a depth of feeling which cannot fail to strike and impress the reader. She does not simply narrate, she also feels her narrative, and accompanies the reader as an enthusiastic guide through the various events and scenes which it falls to her province to describe.

After the life of St. John has been narrated, a short account of the lives and labours of his disciples, or pupils, follows in natural sequence. These, his disciples, were men who would seem to have caught from the lips of their master much of the flavour of his mind and character. The names of St. Ignatius and St. Polycarp recall to recollection many beautiful and pathetic scenes, and we hardly know where such passages are to be found written in a simple, exact, and popular form, and woven into a continuous narrative, except in this work. Then we have a condensed account of the state of the Church at that time in Asia Minor, and also in Gaul. The whole is written pre-eminently for the people, and is well suited to the people.

It will hardly be expected that we should agree with every assertion in the book. We notice only one or two points as to which its statements surprise us. Thus, in p. 21, we read, "No one could really and thoughtfully dwell on the religion of the Jews, and be happy about himself. God had given a law so perfect that no one could keep it, and the threats against those who broke it had been proved to be in awful earnest." This language is surely too strong. The writer, like all Anglicans of her class, must be familiar with the fervent and glowing language of the Psalms, which represent, more

than any other book of Scripture, the habitual mind and feelings of the thoughtful and pious among the Jews. It is lowering the Old Covenant too much to speak of it as the author speaks of it—in a book, moreover, addressed to an untheological public. Again, in the next page, we find it implied that the baptism of St. John the Baptist "gave no strength to do better." Catholic theologians would hardly consent to that; nor is such language consistent with the words of the Angel who announced to Zacharias the great mission of his son, or with the expressions of St. Luke about the Pharisees who "rejected the counsel of God" when they refused to submit themselves to that baptism. Again, we should hardly have expected the authoress to make common cause with the Albigenses and the Calvinists, and yet she seems to do so. The work is calculated to do good, and answers the end for which it is undertaken. We can only hope that the rest of the series may correspond to the first volume in tone and character.

8. The Archbishop of Westminster has just put forth a pamphlet on the subject of Ireland, in the form of a *Letter to Earl Grey* (Longmans). Dr. Manning devotes the earlier pages of his letter to remarks on an insolent article in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* on the same subject. We imagine that the comparatively advanced state of public opinion, as revealed in late discussions on Ireland, must have taught the writer of that article the folly of the cynical tone which he has thought fit to adopt. There may yet be a great deal to be done before justice is gained for Ireland, but thoughtful people in England are not quite so blind or so prejudiced as the *Quarterly* reviewer takes them to be. Dr. Manning deals, further on, with the four measures which are necessary in order to wipe away the injustice of centuries: the repeal of all penal enactments, the modification of the national system of education, so as to make it really denominational, the abolition of the Establishment, and an equitable land-law.

Dr. Vaughan, of Mill Hill, has published a serviceable pamphlet on the education question—*Popular Education in England* (Longmans). The time seems rapidly approaching when we may have to do battle for the freedom of religious education. The theorists who start from the pagan principle that children belong to the state first of all, not to the Church and to their parents, are making every effort to exclude religion from education. As we have pointed out in our last number, the experiment of secular education has been tried elsewhere—in America and in Prussia—and has uniformly failed. This, we suppose, is the reason why it is to be tried in England! These gentlemen are too wise to avow what is in their heart. They simply propose "not to meddle" with religion. Education is to be provided for all at the public expense. There is, indeed, to be some sort of compulsion as to attendance. Then, if parents object to their children being taught the religion of the state, their children may be exempted from such teaching; but it is not said how any other teaching is to be provided

for them. Everybody sees what the result is intended to be. It is necessary that a firm and united stand should be made by the advocates of Christian education throughout the country against this new form of attack upon the religion of the lower orders; and pamphlets such as that before us will be of much use, as putting the present phase of the conflict in its true light.

From France we have received, but have not space at present to notice as it deserves, Monsigneur Dupanloup's vigorous reply to the assailants of Christian education in that country. *La Femme Chrétienne et Française* (Paris: Douniol). We have also received an interesting pamphlet by Father Lockhart, on *The Temporal Sovereignty of the Pope and the Roman Question* (Philp); Mr. Nary's dissertation *De Matrimonio B. M. Virginis* (Burns and Oates), worthy of high praise in itself, and also as being an example of the treatment of a learned question in a learned language, which we may venture to suggest as worthy of general imitation; a pamphlet by the same author on *Church Music* (Burns); a translation from an article in the *Etudes* on *Bernard de Quatre barbes*, the gallant young Frenchman of whose death mention is made in our paper on the Papal Zouaves; and a new edition of a Sister of Mercy's translation of the *Contemplations and Meditations on the Passion, Death, and Glorious Life of our Lord, according to the Method of St. Ignatius* (Burns and Oates).

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*Sonnet on a recent Volume of Peoms.**

Hid in each cord there winds one central strand:
  Hid in each breast a panting heart doth lie:
Hid in the lines that map the infant's hand
  There lurks, men say, a life-long destiny:
Through the dropt leaf 'gainst wintry sunset scanned
  Shines that fine net whose strong geometry
Sustained the nascent shape, and each new dye
  Fed by spring dews, by pensive autumn fanned.
Hid in this book what note we? One Decree
  Writ by God's finger on a destined soul,
That stamped each thought an act, and leaving free
  The spirit, shaped the life into a whole.
What was that great behest—that mastering vow?
  England, when Christ hath conquered, answer thou!

AUBREY DE VERE.

* By Dr. Newman.

Higher Education on the Continent.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, late Professor of Poetry at Oxford, is too well known as a leader in the republic of letters to need any introduction to our readers. It is not only as a poet and a critic that he is known to fame, but also as an eminent writer on the wide subject of education. Commissioned, in 1857, to examine and report on the state of popular education on the Continent, he published a book on the subject after his return. His services were, in 1865, put in use a second time, by the Schools Inquiry Commission, to report upon the higher education in vogue among the Continental nations: and he has just sent out a book containing the observations he made on this tour of inquiry, and the conclusions to which he has been led by what he saw. This work has appeared coincidently with the Royal Commissioners' own report;* and there can be no doubt that some of the Commissioners' recommendations were suggested by what Mr. Arnold reported to them of the systems he saw at work in the higher schools of the continent, especially in Prussia.

The anomalies of our higher education in England, stand out in vivid and even painful contrast with the regular organisation, and generally successful training, found in Continental schools of the higher class. Almost everything we do in England partakes of the piecemeal

* *Schools and Universities on the Continent.* By Matthew Arnold, M.A. London: Macmillans, 1868. This book appears in fact to be Mr. Arnold's report to the Commissioners, printed by them among the reports of their Assistant-Commissioners, but published also separately by the author with a special preface. There is a something of parade in this, which is perhaps not wholly out of keeping with the author's antecedents. But the book is worth reading, and it is certainly far more pleasant reading in its separate form, than in the terribly tiring columns of a folio blue-book.

accidental character that is stamped so unmistakeably on our Constitution itself. We go on in the old ways until some glaring deficiency makes itself felt more than is usual; then a slap-dash reform is inaugurated in one particular direction—often without much prevision of the effect likely to be produced in other directions, to which our attention has not been so forcibly called. So it is in that great "leap in the dark," which we took last year, and from which we have not yet landed. So it seems likely to be in the education question, whether we speak of primary or secondary education. No one can deny that our educational system (if such a term can be used without a misnomer) is, at present, a sort of modified chaos. But it is certainly to be feared that any immediate legislation may tend rather to increase the confusion than to lessen it. Immediate legislation must necessarily be partial. Men's minds are not yet prepared for any such sweeping and thorough changes as Mr. Arnold indicates. The subject needs a much longer discussion than it has yet had, in order to be dealt with successfully in the way of reform. There are, of course, many who sincerely think that the old traditional way of patching and mending, a little bit here and a little bit there, as the need makes itself felt, but on no general plan, is the divinely appointed means of making progress in this work-a-day world. A good deal can, of course, be said on this side of the question; but habit and prejudice will always find a good deal to say for themselves, though reason may really be against them. Surely the reason of the matter seems to be, that a general plan should be first laid down, and then, either that this plan should be carried out at once, in its entirety, by a sweeping revolution, or that it should be realised by instalments—each step or partial change being introduced with a clear and distinct view to the development of the prearranged plan. But if this course is to be taken, how much care and consideration is demanded in the settlement of the plan—how many opinions should be taken—how much public discussion invited, before our legislators decide a question of such moment, not only for the present age, but for posterity also!

The first point to be gained is to know our deficiencies; and there can be no better introduction to such a knowledge than the comparison of foreign systems, and their results, with our own. Mr. Arnold, in his recent work, has furnished us with the means of making this comparison; and it is not too much to say that no one can read his account of Continental schools without being shaken in the confidence which he may hitherto have reposed in our higher English education. We will endeavour to give a brief account of the secondary, or higher, education in Prussia, which Mr. Arnold thinks the best on the Continent, and the best suited for English imitation.

The Prussian Gymnasium (*i.e.*, high school with full course) has six classes, the lowest being called the sixth, and the highest the first. These classes are grouped in couples, each couple forming a division. One year is spent in each of the three lower classes, and two years in each of the three higher. The full Gymnasium course therefore occupies nine years, supposing a boy to pass up at the regular intervals; but, as the exit from each class is guarded by a pretty strict examination, this is not always the case. It is a common practice for a large school of the kind just described to have a preparatory school of two classes connected with it, in which younger boys are prepared to pass the entrance examination exacted by all the higher schools. This examination is in reading, writing, arithmetic, Scripture history, and the elements of German grammar. Boys generally enter the higher school at the age of ten.

The course of study at the public schools is fixed in its main features by State authority; and of course, so far as it is thus fixed, it is the same for all. This obligatory programme does not descend to such irksome minutiæ as in France. It fixes the general subjects of instruction, and the number of the school hours to be allotted to each per week in the several classes. Within these limits considerable freedom is still left to the teacher, and considerable variety is to be found in practice. If, however, a master wishes to introduce a new school-book, the sanction of the Education Minister is required,

who acts in such cases by the advice of his council. The proportion of school-time allotted to each subject is as follows. Ten hours a week are given to Latin in all the classes but the highest; in this the time is reduced to eight hours. Greek begins in the fourth class (*i.e.*, in the third year), and has six hours a week from that time forward. The total number of school-hours per week is thirty: it will be seen therefore that the Classical languages monopolize the lion's share. Arithmetic and mathematics have three hours a week in the four lower classes, four in the two highest. French is begun in the second year: it has three hours weekly in its first year, and two in all the following years. This is the only modern language taught in the ordinary course, except the vernacular. Some of the schools allow English or Italian, but as extra matters. The mother-tongue has two hours a week given to it in all the classes below the highest, in which it has three. The Natural Sciences are allotted two hours weekly in the highest class, and one in the next below: in the other classes they are to a great extent left to the discretion of the school authorities. Drawing is one of the ordinary school matters, and is taught to all in the three lower classes for two hours in the week. Writing is a lesson during the two first years of the school-course, and has three hours weekly. Religious instruction takes three hours in the two lowest classes, and two in all the others. There are lessons in singing and gymnastics for all; but they are not given during the regular school-hours. The same must be said for Hebrew, which is learnt in the two highest classes by those boys who are destined to study theology later on.

Besides the gymnasiums, or classical schools with the full course, there are many which want one or more of the higher classes, but which follow exactly the same plan of instruction and allotment of time in the classes which they have as the full-course schools. A considerable number of these progymnasiums, as they are called, may be looked upon as in a state of development: for scarcely a year passes without several schools of this inchoate character adding one or more classes to their course,

and thus gradually growing into full gymnasiums. Of these classical schools, gymnasiums and progymnasiums, there were four years ago in Prussia 172; and in these, 45,400 boys were receiving their education. Mr. Arnold contrasts with this the number of boys receiving what is called a classical education in England. If we take, besides the nine great public schools, the higher proprietary and grammar schools throughout the country, we find something like 15,800 boys being educated in them; little more than a third of the Prussian number, though our population exceeds that of Prussia (as it was before the late war) by some two million. And even from this third, large deductions would have to be made, since many of the schools we call grammar-schools fall far short of the classical standard of the Prussian gymnasium.

What then becomes of the rest of our English boys of a grade corresponding to that of the Prussian public-school boys? The answer is, they go to private schools:—private schools, in the majority of which the education is below criticism. It is this startling fact that causes Mr. Arnold to assert, and to repeat the assertion more than once, that whereas the middle classes of Prussia are brought up *on the first plane* (*i.e.*, get a first-rate education), the great majority of our English middle classes are brought up *on the second plane* (which we suppose means that they get but a very second-rate education). But, it may be asked, are there no private schools in Prussia? As far as we can make out, there are comparatively few which give a complete higher course. Yet, "private persons," Mr. Arnold tells us, "are free to open establishments of their own, give them a constitution of their own, and follow a plan of instruction of their own": but, it must be added, "no school in Prussia can be independent, in the sense of owing no account to any one for the *teacher* it employs." The authorities are far more solicitous to ensure proper qualifications in a teacher, than to dictate to him in the details of his teaching. A certificate of having passed the due period of school instruction *under qualified teachers* is required of every boy before his admission to what we should probably call the Matriculation

Examination,—an examination, the passing of which is necessary not only for admission to the Universities and learned professions, but also to nearly all positions of trust in the country. Ability to pass the examination itself is not sufficient: this may be the result of a year's *cram*, as we know in England to our sorrow. What this certificate is meant to secure is, that the boy shall have been a proper number of years under good intellectual training, and that the power and knowledge shown in his examination shall be the mature result of this training, and not the mushroom knowledge of the cramming school, lost in a shorter time than that in which it was gained. Mr. Arnold is never tired of impressing this on his readers: and it is a sad truth that we have this great lesson still to learn in England, that the examination test *alone* is but of little value as a proof of the real acquirements and intellectual worth of a candidate.

Our author was allowed to be present during school lessons in several of the principal gymnasiums of the capital. The account he gives is so interesting to those who retain any love for the studies of their youth, that we make no apology for a pretty long quotation.

The first lesson I heard was Dr. Ranke's* own lesson to *prima* [the first class] on the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles. He spoke Latin to his class, and his class spoke Latin in answer; this is still a common practice in German schools, though not so common as formerly. The German boys have certainly acquired, through this practice, a surprising command of Latin: Dr. Schoper's lesson, at Bonn, to his *prima*, in extemporaneous translation into Latin—a lesson which has a deserved celebrity—I heard with astonishment: a much wider command of the Latin vocabulary than our boys have, and a more ready management of the language, the Germans certainly succeed in acquiring. On the other hand, the best style of the best authors, is not, to my mind, so well caught in Latin composition by their boys as by ours. This is more particularly the case in verse, where their best scholars often show, I cannot but think, not only a want of practical skill, but a want of tact for what is uncouth and inadmissible, which one would not have expected of people who know the Latin models so well. But the feeling which was strongest

* This is a brother of the historian's. He has been director of the *Friedrich-Wilhelms Gymnasium* for more than a quarter of a century.

with me in the Berlin *Philoctetes* lesson, was the feeling that one seemed to be back in the sixth form at Rugby again, as I remember it nearly thirty years ago. After the lecture rooms at Oxford, the French *lycées*, and the Italian *licei*, here was at last a body of pupils once more, who had worked at their lessons, who had learnt Greek, and were at home in a Greek play. What the Berlin boys knew about the scope of the play, its chief personages, and the governing idea and character of each, was more than the Rugby boys would have known; but the quantity of lines done, the style of doing them, and the extent of scholarship expected in the boys, and found in them, seemed to me as nearly as possible the same thing at Berlin and at Rugby. I thought the same in the afternoon, when I heard Professor Zumpt (a son of the famous Latin scholar) take the boys in Cicero's speech, *Pro Sex. Roscio Amerino*. The boys had been through the oration in the early part of the half-year: they were now going very rapidly through it again, translating into fluent German, without taking the Latin words. The master let the boys be the performers, and spoke as little as possible himself, but every good or bad performance was noticed. Just the same with lessons in Thucydides, Livy, and Horace, which I heard at other gymnasiums in Berlin. The lessons had been well prepared by the pupils; the master made few comments, and only on really noteworthy matters, or to cite some parallel passage which was not likely to have come within his pupils' reading: in general, when he spoke, it was to question, and he questioned closely. The portion of an author got through at a lesson is about the same as in the corresponding form of the best English schools; but either in schools, or by private study, the boys have certainly read more than our boys or the French: it is the general rule that a boy who goes in for the leaving examination has read Homer all through. A larger number of the boys too seemed to have really benefited by the instruction, and to be in the first flight of their class, than with us. But the great superiority of the Germans is in their far broader notion of treating, even in the schools, the ancient authors as *literature*, and conceiving the place and significance of an author in his country's literature, and in that of the world. In this way, the student's interest in Greek and Latin becomes much more vital, and the hold of these languages upon him is much more likely to be permanent.

Our account of the Prussian public schools would be incomplete without a word on the *leaving* examination *(abiturienten-examen)*, on which depends admission to the Universities (and through them to the learned professions), to the special schools, and to the civil and military service of the State. This examination is held

at the schools themselves, and is conducted principally by the higher masters. The president however of the examining body is always a delegate from the Provincial School Committee, which is a State authority in immediate subordination to the Minister. Each school has its own examination, but the Provincial School Committee has at any time the power of appointing that the same papers shall be used for all the schools of their district. The examinations take place at intervals of six months. They are conducted partly in writing, partly *vivâ voce:* the written part lasts a week. The subjects are such as are studied in the upper forms of the schools; Latin, Greek, French, and the mother-tongue; mathematics and physics, geography, history and divinity. The passages set for translation must be such as have not been read in school, yet not beyond the catch of boys who have fairly profited by their school-course. In the written part of the examination original essays are required, both in German and in Latin, on given subjects.* All candidates receive certificates either of success or failure. In the latter case according to the degrees of failure, they are recommended either to wait and try again after six months (they can only try twice) or to abandon the intention of going to the university. If they insist on going in spite of their failure, they may do so, but their attendance at lectures counts for nothing.

Public school candidates must have been two years in the first class before being allowed to stand this examination. The precise number of years does not seem to be exacted so rigorously from boys who present themselves from private schools; such candidates however have to apply to the School Committee of the Province, and give in an account of their previous studies. The com-

* Mr. Arnold gives the following subjects as examples of those set. For the German Essay,—"How did Athens come to be the centre of the intellectual life of Greece?"—"From [Göthe's *Götz von Berlichingen* draw out a picture of the social state of Germany at the time in which the action of the play is laid." For the Latin Essay:—"*P. Clodio, cum, ut Ciceronem in exilium ejiceret, in animum induxisset, quæ res fuerint adjumento?*"—"*Hannibal quibus de causis, quod sibi proposuerat, ut Italiam subigeret, non potuit?*"

mittee then decide whether the applicant shall be allowed to stand, and in case of permission direct him to a particular gymnasium for his examination. A boy however who leaves a gymnasium for a private school and then offers himself within the time that would have been obligatory on him had he remained, needs a special permission from the Minister to be examined. We must be allowed here again to quote Mr. Arnold's own words.

"The Prussians know well how insufficient an instrument for their object—that of promoting the national culture and filling the professions with fit men—is the bare examination test: they clearly perceive that what forms a youth, and what he should in all ways be induced to acquire, is the orderly development of his faculties under good and trained teaching. It is with this view that all the instructions for the examination are drawn up. It is not to be such as may tempt candidates to any special preparation; but such as 'a scholar of fair ability and proper diligence may at the end of his school-course come to with a quiet mind, and without any painful preparatory effort.' The total cultivation of the candidate is the great matter, and this is why the two years of *prima* are prescribed; that the instruction in this highest class may not degenerate into a preparation for the examination, that the pupil may have the requisite time to come steadily and without over-hurrying to the fulness of the measure of his powers and character, that he may be securely and thoroughly formed instead of being bewildered and oppressed by a mass of information hastily heaped together. All that stimulates vanity is to be discouraged, and the examination, like the school, is to regard the substantial and enduring. Accordingly, the composition and the passages for translation are the great matters in German examinations, not those papers of questions by which the examiner is so led to show his want of sense, and the examinee his stores of cram.

Oh that these last words could be written in uncial gold letters on the walls of our university examination rooms, at Burlington House, at Woolwich, and Sandhurst, and wherever else in England public examinations are held! Of all the points in which the superiority of the Prussian system shews itself, this is by far the most important, namely, that any examination which crowns a school course should be such as to recommend and enforce a long and steady process of instruction—a gradual and thorough development of the intellectual powers. The

style of examination, however, is not the only thing to be looked to in our endeavours to bring about this desirable consummation. Parents must be led to think that nine years at school is not too much time to allow their children, if those children have even moderate abilities. In most cases, when boys are taken away after four or five years' schooling, it is not because the parents cannot afford a longer period of instruction for them, but simply because they do not appreciate as they ought the importance of time in education. They had, perhaps, but four or five years themselves, and it has probably never occurred to them that a longer time would have been better for them. This, then, is a point on which our great middle class is England have to be *educated*, to use Mr. Disraeli's expression; they must be induced, by one means or another, to leave their boys longer at school. It is a thing on which silence should no longer be kept; every organ of the press should, if it were possible, be got to put this forward, in season and out of season; to reiterate and enforce it with rigour and earnestness, as gentlemen of the press know how. The subject of education is indeed at present filling the columns of our periodical literature. Quite lately, we noticed, in one number of the *Saturday Review*, six long articles bearing directly on one point or another of the education question. But this particular point we have not seen treated at all; and we beg leave to recommend it most earnestly to the serious attention of our brethren of the plume.

In close connexion with the number of years to be devoted to a boy's education, is the age at which he ought to be first sent to school. If, as is too often the case, he is not sent till he is eleven or twelve, it cannot be expected that he should remain nine years: probably no school would consent to keep a boy after he has completed his nineteenth year. Except it be for reasons of ill health, it must be characterized as culpable negligence and supineness on the part of parents to keep their boys from school after the age of ten. If they do not begin their serious studies by that time, it is improbable that they will ever take to them at all: idle and careless habits become petrified

in them, and, generally speaking, are never afterwards eradicated. For our own part, we should recommend the nine years' school time to count from nine to eighteen, rather than from ten to nineteen. Boys are ordinarily quite capable of fairly beginning their classical school work at nine years old; and, unless the mind is assisted to develope itself as soon as it is capable, not only is precious time lost, but a certain slowness and bluntness is apt to supervene, which multiplies the loss of time a hundredfold. That we are no advocates for precocious development of the mental powers, the whole tone of our previous language will, we trust, be sufficient proof; but we feel sure that we are not taxing an ordinary boy's powers too much when we insist that his preparatory or elementary education should be so far advanced at the close of his ninth year, that he may be then able to enter the lowest class of a classical school, and begin his Latin grammar and first Latin author, whatever it may be. By the time he is nine years old, a boy ought to be able to read well, to write fairly, to know his multiplication table, and his catechism; and no more than this is necessary to fit him to commence at a classical school, if that school is what it ought to be.

We cannot, however, disguise from ourselves (especially after the report of the Schools Inquiry Commission) the fact that what are called classical schools are often enough, in this country, not what they ought to be. There is in fact something else at the bottom of our deficiencies besides the supineness and neglect of parents, and that is, the miserable course that is given at so many schools that have all the prestige of ancient foundation and bountiful endowment. It is of course no wonder that parents should think four or five years enough, when a little Latin and less Greek, and perhaps a little arithmetic and less algebra, is is the very utmost that their children have even the opportunity of learning. Such places should have no further patience shown them, but a programme like that we have described as in force in the Prussian schools should be enforced by state authority. This could be done without undue interference in cases of endowed schools; and

private schools would soon, as a necessary consequence, reform themselves in the same direction.

The Catholic community in England, however, may congratulate themselves that their schools and colleges have less to reform than their neighbours. Their course has, we believe, never been so meagre as it is at the great Protestant schools, and unquestionably the progress of the boys as a body has always been better attended to. In classical culture, and especially in composition, we fall short of what is attained in the public schools, but it cannot be doubted that a larger proportion of our boys obtain a fair knowledge of their subjects than in any Protestant school in the country. We need, in the first place, a longer course; two years in each of the two higher classes, as in Prussia, instead of one, as at present, would tend to make things much more complete, and enable our colleges to take rank, even in classics, with the best of the public schools. We should perhaps in that case, for a time at least, feel the need of masters adequate to the higher aim of our education; but it would be for a time only. Another point, however, which we understand our scholastic authorities to complain of, is the advanced age and comparative ignorance of many boys who are sent to them. It is scarcely credible by those who know nothing of school life, what a deadening effect is produced on the general tone of the class, and possibly of the school, where there are many instances of boys who naturally exert an influence by their age and size, and whose previous habits cause this influence to act in a direction opposite to study.

It was not our intention to dwell on particular defects, but rather to exhibit the general contrast presented by the Prussian system to the English. We have done this as far as regards the classical schools; it remains for us to speak of another kind of high school in Prussia, equally public, equally thorough in its studies, with an equal number of classes, and a course of equal duration with that which we have described; whose studies however compared with those of the gymnasium, must be called non-classical. These schools go by the name of *Realschulen*, and are for boys destined to callings for which

university studies are not required. The number of school-hours per week is rather more than in the *gymnasien*, and Latin is taught in all the classes; in the three lowest indeed more time is given to it than in the corresponding classes of the classical schools. Greek is not taught at all, and after the three lowest classes the time for Latin gradually diminishes, till in the highest class it is reduced to three hours weekly. In the two highest classes, mathematics and the natural sciences have eleven hours a week. English is taught as well as French, and drawing is continued through all the classes instead of being confined to the lower half of the school as in the *gymnasien*. The course is, as we have said, a nine years' course; and the aim in these schools is still to give a general and liberal training, not a special or professional one. There is a second rank of *Realschulen*, which also have six classes, but are distinguished from those first described by not having Latin made obligatory, and by being free to shorten the course to seven years instead of nine. There are again smaller schools of these two grades which lack one or more of the higher classes, and consequently bear the same relation to the full-course *Realschule*, as the progymnasium does to the gymnasium. Instances are not unfrequent of a *realschule* and a classical school forming part of the same institution; in which case the two lowest classes may be common to both. It should be added that there is a leaving examination for the the non-classical schools, of a similarly high character with that we have described for gymnasiums, though of course directed to the particular studies of this class of school. There are still passages for translation from Latin authors, though composition in Latin is not required. A certificate of having passed this examination is necessary for many of the lower posts in the public service; and many employers, whether in the line of commerce or of manufacture, demand it of those who apply to them for engagements.

It will be interesting in conclusion to see in what proportion these different kinds of schools find favour with the Prussian upper and middle classes. We think it will

surprise many of our readers to find, that out of the total number of boys receiving a public school education in Prussia, seventy per cent. are in classical schools, and consequently not more than thirty per cent. in non-classical. Again, out of the eighty-three non-classical public schools existing in 1864, forty-nine were of the first rank, in which, as we have seen, a considerable amount of Latin is still learnt. Consequently the proportion of middle-class boys in Prussia who receive no tinge of a classical training is very inconsiderable indeed; probably not more than about ten per cent. In connexion with the question of a classical education, it is interesting to note the testimony given to Mr. Arnold by Dr. Jäger, director of an institute in Cologne which embraces both a gymnasium and a *realschule*. He stated it as a result of his experience, that the boys of the classical school beat the *realschule* boys of the corresponding classes in the matters in which both study, such as history, geography, the mother-tongue, and even French, though to French the *realschule* boys devote so much more time than their comrades of the classical school. Dr. Jäger added, that in his opinion the reason of this was that the classical training strengthened a boy's mind so much more.

We have now put before our readers a complete account of the higher schools in Prussia: and we think no one can fail to see how much further good and solid education extends among the middle classes in that country than in ours. There seems no doubt that there will be some legislation on the matter before long; and the more we know of other systems and their success, the better able shall we be to reform our own.

Anne Severin.

CHAPTER I.

Towards the beginning of this century, about thirty years before the events which form the principal subject of this story took place, a number of men were one evening assembled in a room, dimly lighted by a lamp hanging from the ceiling, and with no other furniture than a table covered with papers. This meeting presented a strange medley of persons of high and low rank, rich and poor, noblemen and peasants. It included, also, some of those suspicious-looking individuals who are more or less associated with any cause, be it good or bad, which is compelled to shun the light. There was only one person present who kept his hat on; and he seemed to be treated by the rest with deference, merely indicated in some instances by that shade of manner perceptible, though hardly to be defined, in a real grand seigneur's way of addressing a prince, even when on a footing of familiar intimacy with one towards whom others are apt to run into the extremes of freedom or obsequiousness. It was not, however, towards this personage that the eyes of the assembly were chiefly directed; but rather to a tall, striking-looking man, at that moment half concealed by the curtain of a window, into the recess of which he had withdrawn to read a letter.

A few minutes had elapsed since the door had been opened. The last comers were gathered round the chimney, where a coal fire was blazing; for it was in London this meeting was held, and though the season was not further advanced than the end of August, the evening was cold and rainy. The rest of the party were divided into groups. Their voices sometimes rose above a whisper, but were soon lowered again at a sign from some one or other of those present. Then for a while nothing was heard but the confused hum of conversation carried on *sotto voce*, and accompanied by frequent glances towards the window.

At about half-past ten o'clock, the door, which had remained shut for about a quarter of an hour, gently opened, and, almost unobserved, a young man slipt in, and going to the chimney

shook the raindrops off his hat, and bent for a moment over the fire. The light of the flame shone on his features, which were so delicately chiselled that they would have been almost feminine in their beauty if a fair moustachio and the peculiar expression of his large blue eyes had not given to his singularly attractive countenance an unmistakably manly character. The new comer warmed himself for a few seconds, and then looked up. His glance met that of a man of about forty years of age, who was standing near him. There was something noble and dignified in the appearance of this person, but the expression of his face darkened, and a malevolent gleam, almost amounting to a scowl, flashed across it when the young man, who did not seem to notice it, offered to shake hands with him.

"It is late," the youth said in a low voice; "near eleven o'clock, I think."

"Yes, so late, that I did not expect to see you here at all; and really there would have been nothing surprising in your staying away—Monsieur Guillaume des Aubrys has something better to do than to come so far from the land of the living. He is not often occupied at this hour in running about the streets!"

"But yet you were aware, Monsieur le Marquis, that I had been summoned. What sort of person do you take me to be?"

"Do not put yourself into a passion. I did not mean to offend you. I can assure you that at your age, and circumstanced as you are, I should have found it difficult to make up my mind to come here to-night."

"Circumstanced as I am! Have you then forgotten that there is nobody in the world who has more reason to be here to-night than I have? Yes, you must have forgotten"—he added after a pause—"that Raoul des Aubrys was my brother." As he uttered these words his face assumed an expression that contrasted strangely with the natural sweetness of his features.

"Excuse me, des Aubrys," the other answered, with a softened manner, "upon my word, my thoughts were running in another direction, and I did not mean anything offensive to you."

At that moment the conversation was interrupted by the sound of a loud clear voice, and a general silence instantly ensued. The eyes of everyone present were turned on the speaker, who had resumed his place at the table. The lamp above his head was throwing its full light on the face of a man of about thirty-five years of age, whose reddish hair, tinged here and there with grey, fell down almost as low as his shoulders, leaving unshaded

his coarse sunburnt features, the vulgarity of which was only redeemed by the extraordinary expression of his eyes, which seemed endowed with the power of subduing the most audacious and encouraging the most timid. Whilst only seeking to unfold and clearly explain the scheme he was inviting his hearers to take part in, this man's spontaneous and unconscious eloquence carried them along with him, made them share all his emotions, and raised their enthusiasm to a pitch which proved to him that he had succeeded in his object, and that further explanations were unnecessary. Stopping short in his discourse, he abruptly exclaimed, "I have said enough, gentlemen! We have done now with words, and must proceed to deeds. Let those who choose to follow me lift up their hands."

Without exception, every hand was raised, and a burst of applause broke forth, which, however, the orator quickly repressed by a motion of his hand.

"By the appeal I made just now," he said, "I only meant to ascertain that you are all willing to devote yourselves to this enterprise, and that I may choose amongst you those whom I wish to follow me. Here are their names." He glanced over a list he was holding in his hand, took up a pen, and looked about him for a seat. Guillaume des Aubrys, who had not for a moment taken his eyes off his face whilst he was speaking, rushed out of the room and came back in a minute with a wooden stool. The conspirator paused an instant to look at the person who had done him this little act of kindness, and said, "Who are you, my boy? and what has brought you here?"

"I am Guillaume des Aubrys, and I have come here to follow you."

"Des Aubrys!" exclaimed the Vendean chief; and a sorrowful and almost tender expression stole over his weather-beaten face as he drew the young man aside, and said to him, "Raoul des Aubrys was the name of the dearest and bravest of my companions."

"He was my brother. It was by your side, if I mistake not, that he was cruelly butchered."

A silent inclination of the head, and a look in which, amidst a softer sorrow, gleamed a fierce desire for revenge, were the only answers to this question. Then, with a sigh, he said, "That brave fellow gave me some sad tokens to transmit to his mother."

Guillaume drew from his bosom a large silver locket, which he opened. On one side of it was a lock of thick fair hair, resembling his own, and on the other a piece of linen in the

shape of a heart and stained with blood. "That is Raoul's hair," he said, "and that heart was on his breast when he was murdered. It was only when she received these tokens, after days of cruel suspense, that my mother knew he was dead. She died of that grief, and I have to avenge them both by fighting against those who caused their deaths. So you see that, of course, I accompany you. If there are any that remain behind, I cannot be one of them."

"But out of all who are here, I can only take twenty with me."

"I *must* be one of those twenty."

"Not this time, Guillaume. There will be other opportunities —other expeditions. This one is too rash, too desperate, too much of a forlorn hope, for one so young as you are. It is not boys of twenty we want."

"No," Guillaume replied, "it is this time I must go. Who knows? another time I might not have courage to answer your appeal. No, no, take me with you now. I cannot be happy unless I go and come back; and I am in a hurry to come back."

"But you will *not* come back, my boy."

These words, uttered with a terrible earnestness, thrilled through Guillaume's heart. A cloud gathered over his eyes. For an instant he seemed to hesitate and struggle with himself; but soon, in a firm though agitated voice, he said, "Never mind; God's will be done. Go I must."

The business, which had been for a moment interrupted by this colloquy, was then resumed. A little further discussion took place, and was followed by another silence. Then a list of those who were to go was read aloud. A few obscure names, and some of the most illustrious amongst the French nobility, were included in the number. The last on the roll was that of Guillaume des Aubrys. A general exclamation—almost a murmur—rose in the assembly. His youth and good looks inspired a general feeling of interest; and, with one single exception, every person present felt grieved and shocked at the idea of his joining so perilous an enterprise.

He was surrounded and beset with remonstrances and entreaties, but he made no reply to these friendly exhortations. Other thoughts were in his mind, and bending towards the leader, who was still seated at the table carefully tearing up the list he had drawn up, he said to him in a low voice, "When must we be ready?"

"We start at once," was the reply.

"What, now, and from here? without time to say good-bye to anyone, or make any preparations?"

"You cannot take anything with you. Money and arms, which are all we want, we shall find elsewhere. It is almost midnight now, and long before two o'clock we must be off. Do you hesitate? It is still time to change your mind!"

The moment for action was arrived; and no trace remained of the softer feelings evinced a moment before. There was something imperious, and almost rough, in the manner with which these words were said. Guillaume shook his head, and though his features for a moment contracted with an expression of intense suffering, he did not betray any weakness. Kneeling down before the table, he hastily wrote a few words, and taking off the locket he wore round his neck, he wrapped it up in paper with the short letter he had just written, and sealed the parcel. After thinking for an instant, he glanced round the room, and soon caught sight of the person he was looking for. He went straight up to him.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "will you allow me to speak with you for a moment in private?"

The Marquis, taken by surprise, appeared almost to hesitate; but quickly recovering himself, he answered in a frank and cordial manner, "By all means, des Aubrys; I am quite at your service. But where can we go not to be overheard?"

"Come with me," Guillaume said; and opening the door, he led the way down a flight of stairs to a room on the floor below. He entered without knocking, and whispered to the Marquis, "It is La Mothe who lives here; but he is very busy upstairs, and there is no fear of his interrupting us just now."

The room was a small one, and in a state of great confusion. The uncertain light thrown by a lamp in the street enabled the two persons who had come into it to keep clear of the furniture, but not to see distinctly each others' faces.

"It does not signify," Guillaume said, "we have not time to get a candle, and, indeed, there is no occasion for it." He paused, as if to take breath. "You will, perhaps, think it strange, Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "that having known you so short a time, I should have recourse to your kindness at this moment. But, in the first place, I can trust you, and then you will easily see why I am anxious to leave in your hands this parcel, which contains my last behests."

The Marquis gave a slight start, but did not speak.

"If I come back," Guillaume continued, "you will return it to me." He paused again, and then went on in a hurried manner—"*You* know, and you are the only person here who does know, how it breaks my heart not to say good-bye to—— O my God! my God!" In spite of all his efforts, a convulsive sob shook his breast; but this involuntary burst of feeling did not last more than a minute. He began to speak again in a more steady though hoarse voice, and very quickly, for he was aware he had no time to lose. "It is to *her*, Monsieur le Marquis, that you will give this parcel, should you hear—should you hear of my death."

The Marquis squeezed his hand.

"You must be careful, for she loves me; and if it happens, it will be a terrible blow to her."

Had not the darkness of the room prevented them from seeing each others' faces, Guillaume must have perceived the effect his words produced on the Marquis. But he only felt his hand trembling in his own, and heard him promise, with an emotion which showed he was speaking from his heart, that he would exactly fulfil his behest. With youthful warmth of feeling, he threw himself into the arms of the man who at that moment almost seemed like a father to him. The Marquis clasped the young man to his breast, and held him there for a second, mentally resolving to be strictly faithful to the charge committed to him.

Half an hour afterwards, Guillaume des Aubrys was gone, and the Marquis slowly walking back, with a heavy heart, to his lodgings in a street near Portman Square. He knocked at the door of a shabby-looking house. It was more than two o'clock, and his old servant had evidently been waiting anxiously for his return. He passed him by without speaking, and went into a small room on the ground floor, where a good fire had been kept up, and a slight meal prepared for him. He made a sign with his hand that he wished the tray removed, and the discreet attendant, taking this as a hint that he wanted to be alone, quietly withdrew. As soon as the door was shut, his master threw down on the table his cloak and hat, and standing near the single lighted candle in the room, he drew from his breast pocket the parcel which had been entrusted to him, and read these words, written in a trembling hand—"For Monsieur le Marquis de Villiers, to be given by him in case of my death to Mademoiselle de Nébriant." He opened a bureau in a corner of the room, locked up the sacred deposit, and re-

turning to the fireside, fell into so deep a fit of musing that, by the time he awoke from it and went up to his bedroom, the day was actually beginning to dawn.

CHAPTER II.

The Marquis de Villiers was, at the time we have been speaking of, about forty years of age; and though he hardly looked as much, it was not strange that so young a man as Guillaume des Aubrys should consider him as quite an elderly person. They had met for the first time only about a month before the eventful evening just described, and no sort of intimacy existed between them. Guillaume shared all M. de Villiers' political opinions—he acknowledged his merits, and respected his character; but, in spite of himself, he could not help entertaining a sort of dislike to him, which it was evident, by many unmistakeable tokens, that the Marquis fully reciprocated. Guillaume troubled himself, however, very little about it. M. de Villiers had made his appearance one night at Mrs. Percival's, where he himself spent the greater part of his time; and there was nothing surprising in this, for that lady had once been called the Comtesse de Nébriant, and the Marquis was her cousin. For many years, indeed, there was not the slightest intercourse between them, for he looked upon her second marriage, which had taken place since the emigration, as an unpardonable *mésalliance*. But Mrs. Percival had not noticed—or, at any rate, resented—his neglect. For four years she had been living quietly in one of the suburbs of London, devoted to the education of her own child by her first marriage, and of Dr. Percival's daughter by his first wife. In this humble retirement her days had been spent in peace and happiness, only clouded by the grief which the state of affairs in France occasioned to all the French exiles. The two girls, who were about the same age, and brought up together as sisters, were as fond of each other as if they had been children of the same parents. Good gentle Louisa Percival looked up to her French sister, as she used to call her, with a boundless admiration, and a kind of reverence inspired by affection, and not at all by the difference of rank which existed between them, and which the most nobly-born of the two thought still less of, if possible, than her friend.

Charlotte de Nébriant at the time when we introduce her

to our readers, was in truth a singularly attractive creature; tall, graceful, distinguished-looking, her lovely head adorned with a mass of fair golden hair surrounding her head like a halo, her lips opening with a sunny, radiant smile, and disclosing a row of beautiful teeth, the expression of her large, childlike blue eyes, smiling as merrily as her lips, and at other moments full of a grave, sweet earnestness, so that people were tempted to exclaim at one minute, "What a darling!" and at another, "What an angel!"—a hackneyed expression, but one not altogether without meaning, for it does not often rise to the lips at the sight of a merely handsome face—of one whose countenance does not convey the idea of a more celestial beauty, an inward loveliness of which the external features are only the image and counterpart: and Charlotte's beauty was of that sort. So thought the Marquis de Villiers when he first saw her at a public concert, to which, somewhat in departure from their usual retired habits, Dr. and Mrs. Percival had taken their daughters. Both the girls were dressed in white. It was the fashion at that time in England to wear white muslin gowns in the morning, and perhaps we may be allowed to remark that it was a pretty and becoming way of dressing, and fulfilled, better than many recent inventions, what we may presume to be the object of all such fashions, however extravagant—that is, to soften ugliness and to improve natural advantages. At any rate, Charlotte looked wonderfully pretty in her white attire, and though wearing what everybody else wore, she attracted more notice than any other person in the room. But so little was she aware of the general admiration she excited, that it was only when a young man, almost as fair and as handsome as herself, came and sat by her side, that a slight blush deepened the colour in her cheeks. When he whispered occasionally a few words in her ear, she smiled, but without ceasing to attend to the music, which seemed to be to her a new and intense pleasure, judging from the expression of her face, and the exclamations of delight she could not restrain.

Never had the Marquis de Villiers been so struck with anyone. It may be as well, before proceeding with this story, to say a few words concerning his character, and the previous circumstances of his life. Less, perhaps, from a respect for virtue, than out of pride, and a spirit of contradiction, he had never fallen into the excesses into which men of his rank and age were too often wont to plunge. He had in his youth loudly anathematised the corruption and frivolity of that old-fashioned French society

which, at a later period, he had defended with a kind of intemperate vehemence, together with the whole state of things connected with it. At twenty-five years of age he had made himself conspicuous by a misanthropical tone of mind, which in him, however, was not affectation. The way in which men of his standing spent their lives, seemed to M. de Villiers utterly contemptible, and he would have been glad to employ in a different manner his time and energies, for his heart was good, and in spite of an offensive amount of pride, there was something noble and generous in his disposition. He would have been capable of self-devotion, tenderness, and even passionate affection, but feelings of this sort were not thought of at the period when he made his entrance into the world. An effete and profligate society, possessed with that spirit of pride and reck lessness which is at once the presage and the prelude of great social and political disaster, was at that time hurrying into the abyss with careless levity—turning into a jest everything in heaven and on earth, and leaving behind it a memory which after ages would have branded with disgrace, if, by the trials which renewed, the courage which ennobled, the torrents of blood generously shed which redeemed it, and by the struggles which attended its renovation, it had not shown that, like the maiden raised by the touch of our Lord's divine hand, it was not really dead, but slept. Only in its case death had been a delirious dream—waking, a long expiation.

M. de Villiers had been, in his youth, the object of innumerable maternal speculations; there had been no lack of wealthy and noble brides proposed to his acceptance. But he had steadily declined to marry, and nobody knew the reason of this determination. The real fact was that it proceeded from a tolerably correct, though imperfect, knowledge of his own character. He did not, probably, admit that he was proud, imperious, and haughty. No; those who have faults of this kind generally call them by the names of their kindred virtues—firmness, highmindedness, and strength of character. But the Marquis was quite aware that he was irritable, violent, and subject to paroxysms of anger of which he often felt ashamed. "If I married," he thought, "I should be obliged to amend my temper, and I do not feel disposed to take that trouble; or I must find a wife who will not mind my bursts of irritability. Now, it is only where a woman loves that she excuses her husband's defects, and what chance is there that a little minx who would come out of her convent on the day before her marriage, after only having had a

glimpse of me through the grating, should fall in love with a husband whom she would look upon merely as the necessary condition to her wearing a court dress, going to Versailles, and heaven knows where besides? No—I am better as I am; and my brother, if he chooses, may marry, and save the family from becoming extinct."

Of this kind were the things he said to himself—whereas his friends all declared that he would one day atone for his fastidiousness by committing some egregious piece of folly in the way of marriage. But graver and more anxious thoughts soon put a stop to these jests. The impending storm was gathering, and its first symptoms beginning to appear. The Marquis de Villiers was one of those who most clearly discerned its scope. He did not for one moment deceive himself with the idea that it would prove an imaginary danger or a short crisis; he estimated at the first the importance of those premonitory signs, but his clear insight only served to intensify that hatred and abhorrence of all that he foresaw would follow, and to strengthen his determination to oppose by every possible means the new, and as yet untried, order of things, which was about to supersede the fabric now tottering to its fall. Many of his friends were leaving France, and it would have been natural, in the state of his mind at that time, that he should have followed their example. But this did not suit his ideas, or his character; to struggle to the last, and die in the contest, should it prove unsuccessful, was his first thought and firm intention. But an unexpected blow changed the whole tenour of his feelings on the subject; his brother, to whom he had always been affectionately attached, took a line exactly opposite to his, and suddenly became a strong partisan of the revolution. In order to escape from the pain, which was in his eyes a disgrace also, of meeting such an adversary in the arena of political warfare and civil strife, the Marquis emigrated. Once beyond the frontiers of France, it became difficult to return, and for nearly twenty years his lot was cast with that of the French exiles; those victims of a noble sense of honour, who, in spite of the errors, illusions—faults, as some will have it—with which they have been so bitterly reproached, nevertheless maintained most worthily, in every country where they sought shelter, the dignity of the French name, and gained for it the love and veneration of those upon whom it was about to burst in all its might and glory.

CHAPTER III.

It may seem extraordinary that such a man as we have described M. de Villiers to be, should, at the age of forty, and, in spite of his habitual fastidiousness, have been so greatly struck by the beauty of a young girl as to fall in love with her at first sight—a thing which, it cannot be denied, occasionally happens; though, we are ready to admit, very seldom. The Marquis de Villiers, however, was doomed to prove one of these unfortunate exceptions to the rules of common sense. As soon as he had seen Charlotte, it seemed as if he could not take his eyes off her face. He was standing in a corner of the room where he could watch her unperceived, and during the whole time of the concert he did nothing but gaze on what appeared to him a perfect vision of youth and beauty. When the music was over, and he awoke, as it were, from this trance, he felt an irresistible impulse to follow, and, if possible, to find some excuse for speaking to her. At all events, he resolved not to let that bright apparition vanish from his sight, leaving him in utter darkness.

Everyone was moving, and he was about to press forward and to act, perhaps, in rather a strange manner, when he suddenly caught sight of Mrs. Percival, who had been sitting, concealed from view, at the end of the bench furthest from her daughter. He had not seen her for four years, but he recognised her at once, and at the same moment guessed that the lovely girl he had been gazing at must be his young cousin, Mademoiselle de Nébriant. Providence had indeed favoured him, he thought. In an instant he made his way through the crowd to the place where they were standing, and though he had not seen Mrs. Percival since her second marriage, he did not hesitate to go up to her and claim, in a frank and graceful manner, a renewal of their former intimacy. Mrs. Percival was charmed to meet again a friend connected with all the dearest recollections of her youth. She greeted him with perfect cordiality, and presented him to her husband. The warmth with which the Marquis shook hands with Dr. Percival was elicited, no doubt, by the secret delight he felt at the discovery he had made. He offered his arm to Mrs. Percival; the doctor took care of his daughter, leaving Charlotte to follow with the fair young man. As Mrs. Percival was taking leave of the Marquis she said, "I must introduce to you my

daughter." And Charlotte's beautiful eyes were raised towards him for an instant with their most grave expression. "And this is my step-daughter," she added, turning to Louisa. The Marquis bowed a second time, but without taking the trouble to look at Miss Percival.

The doctor, his wife, and the two girls, got into the carriage; the young man jumped on the box.

"May I come and see you?" the Marquis said.

"Yes, by all means," Mrs. Percival answered; "you will find us at home every evening." And just as they were driving off, she gave him a card with her address.

M. de Villiers stood for a moment in the street with this card in one hand, and his hat in the other, in rather a strange attitude, which the wondering glances of the passers-by at last made him conscious of. Then, recovering from his fit of absence, he quietly put on his hat, pulling it down over his eyes, and went back to his lodgings in a very different state of mind than when he had gone out a few hours before.

The following day, at eight o'clock in the evening, M. de Villiers was at Kensington, knocking at a door on which was to be seen the name of Elm Cottage. He was soon admitted, and shown into a drawing-room opening on a green lawn, where several persons were sitting under the shade of a large catalpa. He felt a little embarrassed at first, but his cousin's cordial welcome soon put him quite at his ease, and his inward agitation subsided. He glanced at Charlotte, and thought her looking still more beautiful than the day before. He also condescended to take notice of Louisa's sweet and intelligent countenance. A young man was sitting with them, but not the same he had seen at the concert. This one was taller, paler, and looked very grave; he had made a slight bow when the Marquis arrived, and then sat with his arms crossed over his chest, listening when Charlotte spoke, but saying nothing, unless she asked him a direct question.

It was getting dark, and for this, or some other reason, the conversation, which had been at first rather animated, was beginning to flag, when a knock at the door made Charlotte start, and a moment afterwards the fair young man of the day before, over whose absence the Marquis had been secretly rejoicing, appeared on the stone steps, and came into the garden. Charlotte blushed, and the young man who was sitting by her immediately gave up his place to the new comer, who, after shaking hands with Mrs. Percival, took possession of it as a matter of course. The Marquis's heart sank within him. We

can hardly venture to say how keen was the pang he felt at that moment; he saw at once how the case stood. It now only remained for him to learn the name of the favoured lover. When it was mentioned, it proved by no means unfamiliar to him.

"Guillaume des Aubrys," Mrs. Percival said; "the brother of poor Raoul, you know."

And the Marquis did know, for the tragic death of the young Vendean hero had been a common sorrow to all the adherents of the cause for which he fought and died.

"Guillaume and Charlotte are engaged," Mrs. Percival whispered to M. de Villiers; "and will be married in a month."

The rest of the evening was painful to the Marquis; and, as he was walking home, he questioned with himself whether it would not be wise in him not to go again to Elm Cottage. Up to that time his life had been a sad one indeed, but it had at any rate been marked by the dignified consciousness of a supercilious indifference. Now he felt as if that proud self-sufficiency which he valued so highly was threatened by the existence of a feeling which it would be difficult to disguise without an amount of self-control he was not accustomed to practise, and yet which he could not reveal without exposing himself to ridicule—in his eyes the worst of all evils. For some hours he had nearly made up his mind to leave London, but the irresistible longing to see Charlotte again, and to continue his visits to his cousin's house in the character of a relative and friend, which had been so readily conceded to him, overcame that more prudent resolution. "After all," he thought, "I shall suffer if I go, and I shall suffer if I stay; on the whole, I like better to suffer by staying than by going." And accordingly the next day, and every following day, till the evening on which the meeting we described took place, saw him at Elm Cottage, where he always received a most kind welcome.

Our readers can now understand the cause of the Marquis's agitation when Guilaume chose him as the depository of his last behests, and why his hands shook when he received the parcel which Charlotte's lover left in his care. Thay can also imagine how great must have been the struggle of conflicting feelings within him. On the one hand that of pity, joined with a deep sense of the sacred nature of the trust reposed in him, and on the other those fierce emotions of love and jealousy which had been the torment of his life during the whole preceding month. It was not in human nature that he should not experience an

involuntary relief at the suspension, at any rate for a while, of this torment. Guillaume was gone; he did not allow his mind to dwell on anything beyond that simple fact. For a few days—perhaps for a few weeks, he could be spared the pain of witnessing his happiness. As to the perils of the dangerous enterprise in which Guillaume was engaged, he tried to keep them out of his mind, and to think only of the favourable chances attending it. He recoiled, with a sort of instinctive terror, from the thought of the opposite issue. His generous nature could not endure the consciousness of the selfish and horrible joy which that prospect might awaken.

The first thing he had to consider was, what he would have to say if Guillaume's absence was mentioned before him. But this point was speedily set at rest by the first words which were addressed to him when he went to Elm Cottage. Though Guillaume had not had the least idea the day before that he should be obliged to start so suddenly, he was sufficiently aware of the object of the meeting to know what sort of expedition would be proposed, and on that account he had told Charlotte that he had promised to join a party of his friends in Scotland for a few days' grouse shooting, leaving it, purposely, uncertain which day he would go and how long he would be away. He had fully intended, however, to take leave of her before his departure, and had even resolved to tell her the whole truth, relying on the courage which is given to women as well as to men in times of great public emergencies. He did not, therefore, look upon that previous interview as a parting one; still, when at the moment of leaving her, he had said, as he kissed her hand, "My own! soon to be mine for ever!" a terrible pang shot across his heart, and, not to betray his agitation, he was obliged to turn away abruptly.

But Charlotte was at an age when we cannot believe in anything but happiness. There was not the faintest shadow of a cloud on her brow when she saw the Marquis on the following day, and she herself explained to him the reason of Guillaume's absence, in the most natural manner possible. She was neither sad or anxious. Guillaume was gone on a party of pleasure. He was to come back in a few days, and then it would be very near the time when they would be for ever united.

Nothing occurred for some days to disturb Charlotte's peace of mind, or the undoubted enjoyment which the Marquis found in his evenings at Elm Cottage since Guillaume's departure. It had been the habit of the engaged pair to come in from the

garden when it grew dark, and to spend the greatest part of the evening at the pianoforte. They sang together, which was only another way of conversing. Sometimes Louisa's voice was added to theirs. Dr. Percival greatly enjoyed these little concerts, and so did the tall young man who was sitting under the catalpa tree on the day of the Marquis's first visit. He had since been introduced to him. His name was Henry Devereux. He did not join the singers—he did not even look at them; but he used to listen to the music with great attention, and sometimes even with visible emotion. As to the Marquis, he positively hated that pianoforte, behind which the young lovers passed such happy hours. It was, therefore, no slight improvement in his destiny to find Charlotte sitting at a table where he could also sit to talk to her and before her, whilst she worked, and sometimes to see her raise her head with a pleased smile. This was almost like happiness in comparison with the misery he had gone through; and so, without reverting to the past or looking onward to the future, forgetting des Aubrys and forgetting himself, he lived on from day to day in a kind of blissful dream. More than a week had passed, and he still felt as if Guillaume had only been gone for a few hours, and he had not made a single inquiry as to the result of the expedition he was engaged in.

One evening—it was the 12th of September—the little party at Elm Cottage were sitting as usual round the table, when Henry Devereux, who was reading the newspaper, quivered from head to foot, and after giving a hasty glance around him, folded it up quickly and put it into his pocket. Neither Charlotte, whose head was bent over her work, nor anyone present, noticed this action, except the Marquis. Henry Devereux saw that he had perceived it, and made him an almost imperceptible sign, which M. de Villiers understood. He got up, and going to the window, turned round in a natural manner and said to him, "What a beautiful night it is! Come and take a stroll in the garden." He opened the window and went out.

Henry Devereux joined him in a minute or two, and, passing his arm in his, led him away towards an alley on the other side of the lawn. When they were at some distance from the house, he said, "I am not in your secrets; but you can trust me. I am a friend to your cause. There is a paragraph in this newspaper which frightens me; for—for *her*"—and he glanced in the direction of the drawing room—"she must not see it, unless

you are satisfied and can assure me that des Aubrys is really in Scotland, and not elsewhere."

The Marquis considered within himself for a moment, as to the prudence of giving a direct answer to this question. "What does the paragraph say?" he inquired.

"It says that twenty Frenchmen left London about the 25th of August, and landed on the 28th or 29th on the coast of Normandy, on their way to Paris, where they intended to raise a band of malcontents in sufficient force to attack the First Consul in the midst of his troops; but that the plot was discovered, and the conspirators pursued, and that they are all at this moment in prison, whence, there is no doubt, they will be sent to the scaffold. Des Aubrys' name is amongst them; he is even specially designated as the brother of the royalist of that name who was killed in La Vendée."

The Marquis had made up his mind that it would be quite safe to trust Henry Devereux, and he replied without hesitation, "That expedition did take place, and des Aubrys was amongst those twenty."

There was a long silence. The same thought was prominent in the minds of the two men as they walked to the end of the alley, and half way back again, without uttering a word. At last the Marquis said, "The best thing for the present, will be to keep that newspaper out of her way. It is just possible the news may be false. In the mean time I will make every inquiry, and to-morrow we shall know the real state of the case."

They shook hands, and returned towards the house. As they approached the window, they saw Charlotte and Louisa, who had both come out to admire the beauty of the stars shining in a cloudless sky. The air was more balmy and soft than is often the case in northern climates. Not a leaf was stirring, and except where the deep shadows of the trees fell on the lawn, the moon was shedding so bright a light on the grass that it would have seemed easy to count the little daisies which enamelled its smooth surface.

It was one of those nights that, even more than the most brilliant sunshine, seem to convey to the soul a promise of peace and happiness, and if it understands and accepts that pledge, the soul believes and hopes in something more true and real than what is called in this world truth and reality; only sometimes it misapprehends the extent of the promise, and the time of its fulfilment, and applies to this life what is meant for eternity. It was even thus with poor Charlotte at that time when—with

her head upraised, her hair waving, and her eyes fixed on the starry sky—she was, as it were, inhaling hope and joy. The beauty of the night, the perfume of the flowers, the sweetness of the air—the whole world seemed in harmony with the feelings which filled her heart. Her mother had followed her out of doors, and thrown over her head a thin white shawl, which fell in transparent folds round her slight figure. Thus gracefully clad, and standing in the pale moonlight, she looked so like a heavenly vision, that the two men, who were emerging from the dark alley, stopped short at a little distance from her, struck with the same feeling—one of intense admiration, mingled at that moment with the most heart-breaking pity. Henry Devereux's eyes filled with tears. M. de Villiers was not so visibly moved, but deeper and more agitating thoughts were at work in his breast. They stood for a while gazing on Charlotte, and not venturing to speak to her; and it was well they did not. It was well they left her to dream, to exult, and to rejoice in that hour, the like of which she was never to know again; for through a long course of future years it was doomed to live in her memory as the one in which her young heart had enjoyed the last smiles and taken a last farewell of earthly love and joy.

The Holy See and the Russian Government.

PART II.

WE have already set before our readers a short account of the negociations between the Holy See and the Court of Russia, with relation to the condition of Catholics living under the rule of that power, which issued in the conclusion of the Concordat of 1847. Scanty as were the concessions made by that Concordat in favour of the persecuted Catholics, it was a step in advance on the part of the Emperor Nicholas, and it implied, in him at least, if not in his counsellors, a disposition to deal both with the Holy See and with those of his subjects who acknowledge the spiritual sway of the supreme Pontiff in a manner in accordance with the dictates of natural justice, and with his own solemn obligations. Unfortunately, the most indulgent view that can be taken of the subsequent history must be formed on the supposition, not only that the distinction at which we have already hinted between the Emperor and his advisers is real and important, but that in the ultimate policy and in the practical action of the Government the bigotry and astuteness of the subordinates had far more influence than any generosity or principle of honour which may have existed in the breast of the sovereign. We propose, in our present paper, to speak shortly of the acts of the Russian Government from the time of the Concordat till the outbreak in Poland, in 1860, reserving for a future article some account of the increased virulence of the persecution of the Catholics, to which that rising gave a pretext and an occasion.

The Russian Government showed from the very first that it had no real intention of alleviating the grievances

of the Catholics. The Concordat was ratified in July, 1847: but the Russian official journals never published it; and, though it was communicated privately to the bishops and concistories, its provisions were allowed to remain a dead letter. In the case of a body under oppression, such as that which weighs on the Catholics of Russia, a formal promulgation on the part of the Government of concessions made in their favour was absolutely essential to their tranquillity. In Poland, the articles of the Concordat were not published for nine years. The articles themselves were not executed. One point alone appears to have been half carried out; and even as to this the Government interfered so as to make all that had been done totally devoid of effect. This one point was the new circumscription of dioceses, which had been agreed upon by the plenipotentiaries on either side, and had been proclaimed by the Pope in a bull issued at the time of the promulgation of the Concordat. The execution of the necessary details was committed by the Holy Father to Mgr. Holowinski, the Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Mohilow, with the usual and necessary injunction that the documents relating to the matter should be sent by him to Rome. This injunction was mentioned in the bull, and was perfectly well known to the Russian Government, which, however when his laborious task had been accomplished by Mgr. Holowinski, prevented him from executing the orders of the Holy Father, and every step taken in the matter remained without validity, in consequence of the absence of the necessary formulas at Rome. It appears that this was not merely a piece of purposeless and insolent injustice, but that it was designed to conceal from the knowledge—at least, from the official knowledge—of the Pope, another act of oppression of which the Russian Court had just then been guilty, in violation of an express pledge given on the point in question. This point related to the suppression of monasteries and convents. In answer to the complaints made by the Pontifical plenipotentiaries on the subject, the Russian negociators of the Concordat had distinctly promised that none of the religious houses existing at the time of the treaty were to be suppressed,

and also, that if any occasion arose for the infringement of this promise in a particular case, nothing should be done without a previous understanding with the Holy See. In order to make the religious houses more secure, it had also been agreed that a list of these houses should be drawn up and sent to Rome, to be inserted in the bull which arranged the new circumscription of dioceses. Monsignor Holowinski had been expressly charged with this duty by the Pope, and he had accordingly drawn up the catalogue with accuracy. But it did not suit the purposes of the Russian Court that this list, which contained a complete enumeration of the monasteries, and of the inmates of each, should be sent to Rome. Within two years of the promulgation of the Concordat, twenty-one religious houses were abolished. This measure was followed, in another year, by the suppression of all the houses of the Sisters of the Visitation, and of all other religious houses generally in which the number of inmates was less than eight. Finally, the destruction of the remainder was prepared by the closing of the novitiates, and other arbitrary measures.

One of the longest and most painfully interesting of the collection of documents lately printed at Rome is the report of Monsignor Holowinski to the Pope; a document which he was not able to draw up till nearly three years after the announcement of the Concordat. It breathes throughout the spirit of a brave and resolute man, surrounded by difficulties on every side, and almost worn down by the struggle, as to the ultimate issue of which he has no great hope. He writes as a man might be expected to write whose daily bread was vexation and discouragement of every kind: for he had to contend, not only with the astute and unrelenting vexatiousness of a persecuting government, but with timidity, and even worse things than timidity, among a part of the Catholics them. There is a touching simplicity about the manner in which he lays the miseries of his Church at the feet of the Sovereign Pontiff. We have no space to analyze this remarkable document, which throws considerable light on the proceedings of the Russian Court on all Catholic

questions. It represents the traditional spirit of the Government and the bigotry of its bureaucracy thwarting the more liberal intentions of the Emperor and of his more enlightened advisers. In the case of the Emperor, indeed, it seems but too probable that he repented having granted the Concordat almost from the moment that it was ratified. The whole execution of the matter rested with the Ministry of the Interior, and though the officials composing this department of the administration were known to be entirely hostile to the Catholic claims, no change was made in its constitution after the concessions had been agreed on. The head of the department was a man who had already distinguished himself by his zeal in persecuting and perverting the United Greeks, and who was known to entertain an intense hatred to everything Catholic. We catch a glimpse of the statesmen of the Empire, such as Nesselrode and Bludow, exerting themselves to obtain the execution of the Concordat, but all in vain, against the influence of this Skripitzin. The actual ratification of the articles was only obtained with difficulty, at a time when the state of Europe made it extremely important for the Emperor not to appear hostile to the Church or a persecutor of her children. Then came the question of the promulgation, on which everything really depended for the safeguard of the Catholics. On this question Nicholas appointed a commission of four persons to give an opinion: Counts Nesselrode and Bludow advised the formal and public promulgation of the Concordat in the manner usual with the laws of the Empire, but the two other counsellors thought it better that it should only be communicated privately to the Catholic Bishops and Concistories; and the Emperor, finding his advisers divided, took the latter course as most in harmony with his own feelings. Count Bludow exerted himself earnestly to obtain some other equivalent to the promulgation. He persuaded the Emperor while at Moscow, and thus away from the influence of the Department of the Interior at St. Petersburg, to have the articles printed, and to give orders for their insertion among the Imperial laws: but these last orders seem not to have been carried into effect.

The party which triumphed in the non-promulgation of the Concordat had the futher satisfaction of seeing that its provisions were from the first entirely disregarded by the Ministry of the Interior—that is, by the Department which alone had anything to do with the affairs of the Catholic Church within the Empire—though it was unable to prevent the Catholic Bishops from carrying out such of the new provisions as it was within their power to execute. The existence of the Concordat was acknowledged, though it had never been formally promulgated in the Empire, and as long as the state of affairs in Europe was such as to make the Government afraid to appear unfaithful to engagements in favour of its Catholic subjects into which it had so solemnly entered, the very fact that those engagements were known to the world at large put some sort of restraint on its persecuting energies. But in the year 1850 the direct violation of the Concordat by the suppression of the monasteries already mentioned took place, and this was but the first of a series of similar measures, which marked the policy pursued by the Government during the remainder of the reign of Nicholas, that is, till the year 1855. Many of the suffragan Bishops of the respective Catholic dioceses died in this period, and no successors were appointed, the Government keeping their deaths studiously concealed from Rome. The new diocese of Cherson, the establishment of which had been stipulated by the Concordat, was indeed nominally filled up: but the Government forced the new Bishop to reside at St. Petersburgh. The Bishops in general were deprived of all exercise of authority by the usurpation of the nominees of the Crown to the office of Secretary of the Concistories: a schismatical *History of the Church* was forced as a class-book on the seminaries: measures were taken to forbid the repairing of Catholic churches and chapels, and the building of new places of worship, while several were taken from the Catholics and handed over to the clergy of the State religion, and in some cases, where this was not done, the Catholics were forced by the threat that it might be done, to repair the churches of schismatics.

The Catholic parish priests were obliged to give in lists of their parishioners, which lists were then "edited" and mutilated by the Government officials: on the authority of these falsified lists prosecutions were instituted against the priests in question for having administered the sacraments to members of the dominant religion. We find in the catalogue of the details of this persecution an invention of tyranny which seems thoroughly Russian, and which is a perfect specimen of the insolence produced by the conscious possession of power against which there is no earthly appeal. Just as the Reformers in England put forth their "Book of Homilies"—so also the Russian Government put forth their book of Sermons, not only for the clergy of its own religion, but for the Catholic priests! The penalty of exile was attached to the recital of any other sermons but these. If any preacher with a taste for originality desired to recite a discourse of his own composing, it was to be approved both by the Concistory and the civil authorities of the province, and the Bishop was made responsible for its recital without any deviation from the copy submitted to this censorship. We can hardly expect to hear, after this, that the Catholic clergy in the Russian territories became very famous for the eloquence of their sermons: and of course, any defence of Catholicism against the false doctrines or aggressions of the dominant religion was strictly prohibited. Of other imaginable measures of legal persecution, none were wanting here: Catholic young men were enrolled by law in the army, and then sent to the other end of the Empire where they would have no opportunities of practising their religion or receiving any guidance or instruction from its ministers: Catholic nobles excluded from all offices, and forced into retirement or exile; mixed marriages made illegal unless solemnised by the priests of the State religion, and the children sprung from such unions baptized and brought up in that religion.

In the meanwhile, though the Holy See was ever on the watch to insist on the Concordat and to remonstrate against its violation, the absolute restraint exercised by the Government over the communications of the Catholics

to conceal the sources of his information, and even
sionally to suppress his knowledge of facts whicl
not become public in the newspapers. Hence w
in the notes addressed at this time by Cardinal An
to the Russian representative at Rome such expr
as "*di qualche parte si è avuta notizia*"—or "*E corsa*
or "*si parla anche*," and so on, used as to matters
as to which there was no doubt at all. The R
Government was not slow to avail itself of the adv
given it by that state of things. With one hand gr
the throat of the witnesses on the Pontifical side, it
with the other the coolest denials of the truth
facts which rested on their testimony. In the
courteous diplomatic language it assured the Hol
that its information was founded on "*des vaines run*
or "*des bruits complétement dénués de fondement.*" 1
tunately the official documents now published b
Holy See show the truth of the facts, and also th
Russian Government was perfectly aware of them.*

The death of the Emperor Nicholas, which took
in 1855, marks a date from which fresh expectations

* At the time when the treatment experienced by the Abbess Mac
her companions excited the horror and indignation of the whole of Eur
Russian Government in its official documents condescended to the mo
faced equivocation as to the facts of the case. One of the incident
caused the greatest sensation was the death of five of the nuns who wer

to be entertained of a more equitable treatment of its Catholic subjects on the part of the Russian Government. It was hoped that the new Emperor, Alexander the Second, would carry out honourably the provisions of the treaty with Rome, which had remained a dead letter in the time of his father. These hopes were founded partly on the character of Alexander, and partly on the express declarations which his envoy was instructed to make at Rome. It is possible, also, that the humiliation which had fallen on Russia by the issue of the Crimean war, and the necessity felt by that power of standing in an altered position before the public opinion of Europe, may have had something to do with the expectations of those who looked for better things. Alexander, when heir to the throne, had been at Rome: he had been most kindly received there, and had left behind him a very favourable impression of his liberality, generosity, and mildness of disposition. He had, it was said, been a kind of intermediate negociator between his father and the Pope. The first communications which passed between the two Courts after the accession of the new Emperor were friendly and cordial. Early in 1856, the Holy See laid before the Russian Government a note, which contained a short summary of its chief complaints. It was, as yet, uninformed as to the execution of the Concordat, the Government having prevented the bishops from sending the accounts of their respective churches to Rome. Monsignor Holowinski, who had succeeded to the archbishopric of Mohilow, soon after the date of his letter to the Pope of which we have already spoken, was now dead; and he had never been able to send to Rome the authentic documents connected with the circumscription of dioceses which had been entrusted to him. Mention was made of the number of suffragan sees which had so long been left unoccupied, and of the disregard paid to those articles of the Concordat which related to religious houses and persons, to the ecclesiastical property, the instruction in the seminaries, the repairs of churches, and other such matters.

This note was answered in the following July, in a manner which seemed to promise much. The Russian

Government declared that it had examined the articles of the Concordat to which its attention had been directed, in a spirit of sincere conciliation. No opposition would be offered to the transmission by the bishops of their reports to the Holy See—though this transmission was to be made by means of the Russian legation. The documents drawn up by Monsignor Holowinski were sent with this answer. Promises were made as to filling up the vacancies, and the Bishop of Cherson was to be sent at once to his diocese. Promises were also made that the Concordat was to be carried out on many other points, and a new Ambassador to Rome, M. Kisseleff, was empowered to treat with the Holy See on other matters not particularly specified as having been already settled.

M. Kisseleff, in his first audience, went even further than this; for he began by imploring the Holy Father, in the name of the sovereign whom he represented, to forget the sorrowful past, and to trust to the good will of the Emperor. Alexander was described by his Ambassador as desirous not only of carrying out the Concordat, but of settling, in a manner in accordance with the wishes of the Pope, those other points of complaint which had been left without solution at the time of the treaty. This summer of 1856 was precisely the time when all Europe was looking with expectation to the solemn coronation of the Emperor, at Moscow, which was to take place early in September. It was in consequence of the very conciliatory and friendly language held by the Russian Government at the time, that the Holy Father determined to send a representative to congratulate the Emperor on his coronation. It would perhaps not be unnatural that a man in the position of Alexander the Second might wish, even from mere motives of policy, that the Supreme Pontiff should not be almost alone among the Powers of Europe in having no envoy present at the brilliant and imposing ceremonies to which so much importance was attached throughout the empire; but, with whatever intention on the part of the Russian Court, its language and action changed wonderfully after the mission of Monsignor Chigi, in 1856. In fact, at the

very time that this appearance of friendly disposition was so carefully maintained, measures were being taken in Russia for a course of action by no means in harmony with it. A Commission had been appointed to consider the whole question, both of the Concordat and of the grounds of complaint on which that treaty did not enter. Its report was afterwards communicated to the Pontifical Government, and published in the collection of documents to which we have often made reference. This report is a very curious document—all the more so, when we consider that M. Kisseleff, who was sent to represent the amicable intentions of the Russian Emperor at Rome, was one of the members of the Commission; and that the report then sent was given to him as a guide in his communications with the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli.

The first part of this document treats of the Concordat itself, the separate articles of which are examined in turn. As to all of them, the Commission has to confess that they have not been observed; and it makes suggestions as to the manner in which the case must be put in order to silence the reclamations of the Court of Rome! In some cases, it recommends that the long deferred execution of the treaty should now be made; but, in the generality, it suggests only that explanations should be offered to the Court of Rome, for the purpose of showing the necessity or expediency of the course pursued in violation of the Concordat. For example, the articles which provided that the Catholic seminaries should have Catholic professors had been violated in consequence of an order from the Emperor that the Russian language and Russian history should be taught only by Russians. In consequence of this, the seminaries had been placed under professors of the state religion. The Commission proposed that the Court of Rome should be informed that this had been done in consequence of the unavoidable circumstances of the case; and that a hope should be held out that Catholic teachers might, in time, be provided. But the *animus* of the Commission is seen better in the second part of the report, which deals with the many,

and, comparatively, most important points, which had bee left untouched by the Concordat, though at the time o the conclusion of that treaty they had been registere in a separate protocol. These points included, as ou readers are aware, questions of the most momentou nature, relating to the very serious hardships weighin down the unfortunate Catholics of the Russian Empire As to these, the Commission finally recommended onl two slight concessions: the nomination of some fe bishops to the vacant sees, and a promise, on the par of the Government, to leave at least fifty religious house unsuppressed.

It is almost superfluous to say that even the limite concessions suggested by this Commission were not carrie out. The historical critic who compares the acts of th Russian Government with its deeds has but two alte natives before him in forming his judgment upon tha Government. Either the administrative element in it composition is able entirely to paralyse the consultativ element, or it must be a principle at the foundation c all Russian policy to say one thing and do anothe We are not able to say whether the distinguished me of whom the Commission of which we speak was forme recommended in all sincerity that some sort of regar at all events, should be paid to the pledges given to th Holy See in the time of the Emperor Nicholas, but we unable to produce, by their recommendations, any effe at all on the administration of ecclesiastical affairs by th Ministry of the Interior; or whether the whole Commissio as well as the apparently conciliatory language addresse at the same time to the Holy See, was a mockery an a sham. In either case the result was the same as to th Catholics. The two chief features in the policy of th Russian Government towards this class of its subjec during the earlier years of the reign of Alexander th Second, may be said to have been, first, an increase rigour in preventing communication between the Catholi and the Holy See, even on spiritual matters; and, secon an increase of violence in the persecution, which ha raged, unfortunately, with but too great success in th

reign of Nicholas against the Ruthenians, or United-Greeks, a great number of whom had been already cajoled or intimidated into apostacy. With regard to the former point, we find it stated that when the Catholics, bishops and others, availed themselves of the only mode allowed them of communicating with Rome, that is, through the Russian Government itself, their letters were suppressed or cast aside; and on the other hand, a document so purely religious in its character as the promulgation of a Jubilee by the Pope, in 1857, though forwarded from Rome in the manner directed by the Government to be placed by it in the hands of the Catholic bishops, was never allowed to reach them. To enter fully on the second point would require considerable space and time: it is enough to say that all measures calculated to complete the secession of the United Greeks to the State Church were carried on without scruple and unrelentingly.

The present Holy Father has, we think, on more than one occasion, taken the course of addressing himself personally to the best feelings of the Sovereigns with whose ministers the members of his own Government have been in official communication, in the hope of settling outstanding difficulties in the shortest and most satisfactory manner. This course is certainly eminently in harmony with the whole character of a Pontiff who has always shown himself disposed to assume the existence of generosity, frankness, and sincerity like his own in the hearts of those with whom he has had to deal. Pius the Ninth adopted this course early in 1859 with regard to the questions between the Russian Government and the Holy See, in a letter written by himself to the Emperor Alexander. This letter points out that the Concordat has still remained without effect, notwithstanding, as the Pope believes, the express and urgent orders of the Emperor, whose intentions have been thwarted by the obstinacy of subordinates. He remarks that he has frequently remonstrated on the subject with the Russian Government, but that he has always put his remonstrances in the form of "confidential notes," in order that no public breach between the two Governments might take place. He

implores Alexander to take in hand the cause of the Catholics under his rule, and to consider also the very important points left undecided by the Concordat. He begs him also to provide bishops for the many sees still left vacant, and particularly for that of Chelm, the one remaining diocese of the communion of the United Greeks.

No one can compare this letter of the Holy Father with the short answer which it elicited from the Emperor Alexander, without being struck by the contrast between the affectionate warmth and sincerity of the one and the rigid stiffness of the other. In fact, the Russian Emperor was placed in a false position. His Government, influenced to a certain extent by the more enlightened and liberal among its servants, wished to have credit with the world in general for gentleness of treatment towards its Catholic subjects and for fidelity to the most solemn personal engagements on the part of its successive sovereigns. The influence of which we speak extended so far as to bring about the making of the Concordat with the Holy See. But, on the other hand, the Russian Government, influenced, as to its practical and every day action, by bad traditions, by the false prudence, and even the hateful passions, of bigotry, was not inclined to relax in any way the severity which had become habitual to it. It made treaties like an European power, but it governed its Catholic subjects on Cossack principles. Its language was civilized but its hand was Tartar, and it has never lacked men of great and facile ability among its diplomatists to defend the most arbitrary acts of oppression in polished sentences, and throw all the blame of violated pledges on the party which has suffered from the violation.

The position of the Pope requires that he should speak plainly, and, that, after all that can be done by patience and persuasion has been exhausted, he should lift his voice and declare before the Christian world the guilty acts and bad faith of persecuting Governments. The time came when it was the duty of Pius the Ninth to speak plainly as to the dealings of Russia in reference to her Catholic subjects; and the Russian Government, as we

shall see, took that opportunity of recovering at least an intelligible position in the eyes of the world, by declaring the Concordat, which had been always treated as a dead letter, to be now formally abrogated. Unfortunately its position as an acknowledged and avowed persecutor of Catholicism could never free it from a double stain, resting on the character of its Emperors as well as on that of its officials. In the first place the Emperors had solemnly pledged themselves to protect the Catholic religion within their dominions in the free exercise of all its rights. In the second place, the skilful penmen in the service of the Empire could not take leave of the Concordat without a parting stroke of unnecessary misrepresentation—that the acts of the Court of Rome had brought about the abrogation of the treaty which the Russian Government had never even attempted to fulfil.

The Greek Physiognomists.

II.

Of the two Greek writers on physiognomy remaining for us to consider—Polemon and Adamantius—the latter, as I have already stated, is so completely the copyist of the former (whom he professes, indeed, to paraphrase in popular language), that it is hardly worth while to review them separately. As, however, Adamantius is the fullest upon certain points, I prefer to make his treatise the basis of the present paper. It is divided into two books, of which nearly the whole of the first is devoted to the investigation of the signs of character afforded by the eyes; the second goes over the other features, with the gait, breathing and voice, and then supplies outlines, in the manner of Aristotle, of the physical indication of various types of character. The preface to the first book has some interesting remarks on the value of the science. No one would choose as a depositary of property, or as a guardian of his children, or as a friend, a person whose features bore the clear signs of dishonesty or licentiousness; and the physiognomist knows—as if by heaven-sent, unerring divination—the character and views of life of each individual who comes before him. The use of his science then is evident; and it is the duty of the good zealously to work out the system of signs which it affords. He alludes, in the first place, to those which belong to the different races of mankind; and on these, in the second book, some highly interesting notices occur, which it is to be wished had been more extended. He observes that races had been so mixed it was difficult to judge of them, Syrians being scattered in Italy, Libyans in Thrace, and others in various quarters. Still, as a general rule, those of the north were tall, blonde (ξανθοί), with fair and soft hair, blue-eyed, flat-nosed, with thick legs, corpulent and loose in flesh, pot-bellied; in character simple, passionate, and slow in learning. Here he seems rather to have confused the Teutonic and Mongolian types. Those of

the south had black and crisp hair, black eyes, thin legs, were quick to learn, and very knowing, light-minded, untruthful, greedy of gain, and thievish. Either of these characters diminishes, or becomes more intense, in proportion to their increasing proximity to each other, or remoteness; and those whose *habitat* is midway will have a middle character and form. What the writers seem to have wished, was to make the Mongol and the Negro the typical extremes, north and south; but as they mixed the Teuton with the Mongol, so they mixed the native of southern Europe with the Negro. The distinction of the east and the west is named, and the Iberians said to resemble the Celts, but they are vaguely merged into the difference of north and south. Dryness and heat in the latter, moisture and cold in the former, are assigned as the sources of the respective characters which prevail in them; but we are again reminded of emigration as a great cause of variations in the types. That the immense mingling of nations caused by the Roman Empire has had so little permanent effect in changing national features is, however, very remarkable. The flatness of face in the Greeks of the present day, the bulky forms of the modern Romans, are exactly in agreement with their primitive appearance; though, as early as Sylla's time, the Athenians were thought a mere confused mixture of races, and Juvenal talks of the Orontes having flowed into the Tiber.

Adamantius gives a very full description of the physical characteristics of the Greek and Ionian race. He says they are sufficiently tall, broad, straight, well-built, fair-skinned, blonde, firm-fleshed, with straight legs and well-shaped extremities, moderate-sized and round head, strong neck, hair rather blonde and soft, readily curling, square face, thin lips, straight nose, moist, bright, lively eyes, full of light; for of all nations, he adds, the Greeks have the finest eyes. The flatness of the face, which I believe to be observable in the Greeks, as I have above remarked, Adamantius does not notice. The reader, perhaps, would hardly expect the Greeks to be described as blonde, and, from my own scanty observations, I should not so have pronounced them generally. It will be remembered, however, that Achilles in Homer is blonde and Pallas blue-eyed. Black hair, according to Adamantius, is a sign of cowardice and love of gain; very blonde and whitish, like that of the Scythians and Celts (again a confusion of distinct types), of stupidity, *gaucherie*, and rudeness; but the moderately blonde, of aptitude for learning, mildness and ingenuity in art. We see

the old physiognomists are often led astray by assuming a connection between phænomena which did not really exist.

To the eyes every observer of expression naturally attributes the highest importance. Whilst Adamantius lays down the rule that signs of character are afforded by every part of the human body, yet he regards them as all settled and collected in the eyes, which are the very doors of the soul, through which it makes itself visible. The following are some of the most curious of his remarks on this topic. Moist and glistening eyes are a favourable indication, for they are a characteristic of children. Breadth of the pupil is a sign of stupidity; narrowness, of cunning—as illustrated, in the latter case, by serpents, ichneumons, apes, and foxes; and in the former, by sheep and oxen. Small, fixed eyes, are a note of avarice, especially if the forehead and eyebrows contract in the middle. As for glaucous eyes, fixed and dull, he takes great pains to caution us against people who have such. With them never form a friendship, nor wish to have them for neighbours or fellow-citizens. They are fradulent and watchful to commit injury. The exact rendering to be given to Greek words expressing colour is always more or less difficult. Perhaps blue inclining to green is the nearest representative of glaucous. Eyes which move quickly indicate a restless, suspicious, faithless character, with a tendency to delay rather than to energy. If the eyelids move along with the eyes, the character is weak; but when the eyes move quickly whilst the eyelids remain more stationary, there is daring in the character. Large, glittering eyes, in motion, but with a stare, resembling that of a man under the passion of anger, with eyelids wide open, are the worst. Such are the eyes of wolves and wild boars. Many very singular inferences are drawn from what he calls κέγχροι, spots like millet-seeds in the eyes. I should rather suppose he means by these the interlacing and shading of the circle round the pupil. Where, for example, there are such spots of a red colour in black eyes, he infers the subject is apt to meddle with poisoning and magic, and draws much the same conclusion from pale spots.

In the opening chapter of the second book, Adamantius has some interesting general observations. He tells us that we must physiognomise separately on the limbs, complexion, movements, breathing, and voice, but that we cannot draw safe conclusions from one sign, or from two, by themselves, but from several, or all, agreeing with each other, and referred to the eyes as the great standard. Like Aristotle, he judges very much by the two

great types of the male and female, and by the characteristics founded upon the animal creation. Thus, the lion stands for courage; the panther, for effeminacy, passion, craft, cowardice, and daring combined; the wild boar, reckless anger; the ox, gravity and harmlessness; the horse, boastfulness and ambition; the fox, cunning and deceit; the ape, buffoonery and irony; the sheep, simplicity; the hog, filth and gluttony; and so for birds and creeping things. As to signs afforded by various parts of the body we may notice the nails, as to which Adamantius particularly observes that, like other signs, they are of little importance taken alone. But with this qualification, broad, fair, blonde nails show the happily constituted character for talent and goodness called εὐφυής; if narrow, projecting, and curved-in, they show insensibility and brutality. Very crooked nails show impudence and a grasping character; very small ones, trickiness. Then for the fingers—if they are remarkably small and slender, they are a sign of silliness; if thick and truncated, of recklessness and improvidence. The best are those at once well-sized and symmetrical. A good broad back shows courage and generosity. Strong arms, and well-jointed elbows, are a good sign; very fleshy ones show stupidity. Soft hands go with genius; hard and large hands with courage, but inaptitude to learn; stunted hands, with folly. The neck presents many indications. If very long and slender, it argues cowardice and a bad disposition; if thick as well as long, courage and boastfulness, with self-will; if of moderate length and thickness, strong and well-set, courage and aptitude for learning and virtue. A loose and weak neck shows a tricky character; a neck full of nerves, or twisted with great vessels, that blundering, obstinate character the Greeks call σκαιός, and the French *gauche*. Very small chins are a bad sign, and show especially cruelty and craft—the serpent type. [It might have been added that we find the smallness, or almost the absence of chin, in the negro physiognomy.] A flat mouth shows cowardice; a small mouth, effeminacy; a projecting underlip, a harmless character, but commonly rather silly; a small mouth, projecting outwards, a deceitful disposition; a hollow mouth, as if set in a cavity, an envious and bad character. From a straight nose you may infer a talkative character; from a very small one, thievishness, and inconstancy of purpose. The larger the nose the better. Wide nostrils show courage; narrow, round, and confined ones, folly. A very crooked nose will be apt to be accompanied by crooked ideas. Some one wrote, a few years ago, *Notes on Noses*. If the book has not disappeared,

the reader might compare these hints of the old Greek with modern observations. We examine with interest the chapters on the forehead and head, to judge how far the Greeks had anticipated the doctrines of phrenology. They are, however, rather disappointing, as far as regards that subject, and show no remarkably minute analysis. A narrow forehead, says Adamantius, is one of the strongest marks of folly; a long one, of quickness of perception and aptitude to learn; if the forehead is very flat, it shows effeminacy; if bulging, high, and round, stupidity and impudence. "Delight not," he adds, "in a rugged forehead, or which has, as it were, hills and trenches in it. All such things are signs of trickiness and faithlessness, and sometimes of folly and madness, if the other signs coincide." With Aristotle, he praises the square, well-sized, and well-proportioned forehead, as indicating courage, intelligence, and magnanimity. A very small or a very large head, indicates stupidity; but one larger than is symmetrical, shews quick perception, courage, and disposition to magnificence. Those who have the back part of the head low, are of confident character. Hollowness of the parts at the sides of the head show the subject to be deceitful and resentful [contrary, we imagine, to the usually-accepted phrenological signs of that region]. The middle of the head moderately level, well-sized, and straight, is best of all for good perception and greatness of mind. This observation would not be inconsistent with phrenology, if it implies that the organ of veneration is not in excess. Ears too large, or too small, show, respectively, stupidity or cunning. Square ears, tolerably large, courage and good perception. Well-sculptured ears, ability and intelligence; ill-sculptured ones, the contrary. I am not aware whether any physiognomist has suggested that large ears may indicate an aptitude for music. This feature is, at all events, singularly noticeable in the portrait of a living European sovereign very celebrated for his passion for that art. Fleshy cheeks are a sign of indolence and love of drinking; round cheeks of a fraudulent character; very long ones, of a love of gossip and idle talk. A fleshy face shows a ready, vigorous character; a lean face, a thoughtful and insidious one—

> Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

A small face, is a sign of a small character; one too large, of folly and stupidity. Generosity and meanness are especially recognisable in the face, taken as a whole. So, too, earnestness

and love of amusement, melancholy, inactivity, and vigilance are all easily revealed in the face. Many indications are afforded by the gait. To take long steps is a sign of efficiency and vigour; short steps, of an unbusinesslike character and bad temper. If quick, but short steps, of love of gain, of dishonesty, and cowardice. Quick movements, with erect and open carriage, show a hot temper, energy, and readiness to make attempts. Intentionally slow walking, coupled with a trick of looking about with uplifted neck, indicates pride and insolence. Regular and silent breathing shows calmness of mind; low and deep breathing, roughness of character. The descriptions of various characters, as detected by physiognomy, are very singular, and often such as might be usefully studied for stage purposes. Take, for example, the covetous man. He is small-limbed, small-eyed, small-faced, walks quickly, stoops, has a quick and sharp voice, and rather red complexion. Another remarkable type is that of a character the writer calls μωροπονηρός, that is, one combining folly and vice. Gaols and reformatories would afford abundant means of testing the accuracy of the portrait. The "wicked fool" then, or the "foolish villain," has a narrow, oblique head, with long hair, long ears, bending back, round neck, small, gloomy, hollow, dry and staring eyes, narrow and long cheeks, long chin, long open mouth, unshut, so as to make the face appear as if it was split in two. He is round-backed, pot-bellied, thick-legged, with rugged fingers and toes, of rather pale complexion, eyes swollen as if he was just waking from sleep or drunkenness, voice small, bleating, and audacious.

To the above notice of the old Greek method of physiognomy, I may add that it appears, from some curious chapters in the *Philosophumena*, that it was also practised, in the third century after Christ, in close connection with astrology. The writer describes at large what he calls the μετωποσκοπικὴ μαντεία, or divination from inspection of the forehead, the professors of which, he says, refer the forms of men to the stars. Each sign of the zodiac conveyed a peculiar conformation and character. I will take as a specimen his description of those born under the sign of the lion, from which it will be evident that this pretended science helped itself, in guessing at men's probable career, by the light, real or imaginary, which the natural indications of physiognomy afforded. "Under the lion, this is the type: a round head, reddish hair, large wrinkled forehead, thick ears, long neck, partially bald, sanguine complexion, grey eyes, large jaws, thick body, particularly in the upper parts, large chest,

the lower extremities slender; in temper they are self-opinionated, not readily mingling with other people, pleased with themselves, angry, passionate, contemptuous, obstinate, deliberating on nothing, destitute of tact and wit, apt to waste time to bad purpose, led by habit, immoral, impudent, untrustworthy, apt to beg, daring, covetous, grasping, important, useful for a common purpose, but useless in rendering help" [that is, if I understand the passage, capable of service to society, but not to the individual] (*Philosophumena* iv. 19).

It will be perceived that this sketch is quite in the spirit of those physiognomists whose works I have been reviewing, and it is an instance of the readiness with which the art lent itself to *charlatanerie* and imposture, like the sister-art of phrenology at the present day. In fact, many of the signs on which they rely are of so arbitrary and fanciful a nature that their devotees, without much sacrifice of consistency, might pass on to gather inferences from the grounds in a tea-cup. The Greeks, in more senses than one, some bad and some good, were children, as it is said the wise Egyptians declared to Plato that they thought them; and with all the acuteness of observation exhibited in the treatises I have analysed, they certainly are not without this tendency to puerility. The science attempted to be formed in them may serve as the amusement and gay appendage of graver and more solid investigations, and like much child's play, it may occasionally detain us with graver truth. That there are some reliable indications afforded by the features, our instinctive feelings teach us. They are only likely to deceive and entangle when we pass off from that instinctive feeling, and attempt to throw it into a system by rule and square, deciding against a man by the length of his nose, or the shape of his fingers.

O.

A Visit to the Isle of Man.

BY CAPTAIN W. C. DE VERE, R.N.

AMONGST the many traditions with which the early history of "Man" is embellished, is one of a certain mermaid who fell in love with a handsome young fisherman. He, however, did not reciprocate the tender passion. Although he despised the head and shoulders adorned by those flowing golden locks, in visions of which poets have from all time revelled, he may have viewed —and probably did, for handsome young fishermen are but men after all—her fishy half with a professional longing and desire to put it in his creel. Be that as it may, she was not satisfied with the return made to her love; and, determining to be revenged upon him, she committed an act by which the whole island was punished, thereby much injuring the character of mermaidenhood, hitherto in good repute for gentleness and harmlessness, and laying it open—alas, for the poets—to the imputation of spite. She enveloped the shores of the island in a fog, so that, to use the words of the ancient chronicler, "the weary mariner wandered up and down its coasts, unable to descry the haven that he would be at."

Fortunately for us, the spell was not on the island on the occasion of our approach, or we should have lost one of the most beautiful and striking views imaginable. We steered a direct course for it from Whitehaven, the day bright and sunny, a cloudless sky overhead, a crisping blue sea beneath, the light fresh breeze from the eastward just sufficient to curl its surface into rippling waves with crests of purest foam. For a while we saw no other land than the dark coast we had left; but ere long—as the steamer rushed along, sending a field of creaming foam before her bows while astern stretched out for miles, straight as an arrow, her pale green wake, so transparent that the air bubbles, spinning round and round in minute whirlpools under the surface, looked like sparkling jewels—there arose ahead what appeared like a blue haze. Soon it settled into an outline, faint and delicate at first, as if traced by a spider's

thread; and, gradually becoming more clear and distinct, gracefully rose before us in all its bold and beautiful proportions.

By degrees, as we approached our destination (Ramsey), scene after scene of varied beauty broke upon the view: the fine chain of the North and South Barule Mountains, Snaefell in the centre; the deep and shady glens, with their hanging woods, dividing the mountains by so many passes; the precipitous cliffs and towering rocks; the bold and rugged coast-line beyond—all combined to form a scene far superior to anything that we had expected. Leaving astern the point of Ayre, the northern extremity of the island, and running along the shore, the character of which is low and unromantic, we soon reached the harbour. It is formed by the estuary of the river Sulby, and protected by a fine pier and breakwater. We found it enlivened by a large amount of shipping, with gay flags hoisted to welcome the arrival of the packet. Encircling this pretty harbour, on each side of the river, rises the straggling and picturesque little town of Ramsey. Stone-built, and set off by many gardens and trees interspersed throughout, two or three pretty churches, a fine stone bridge with many arches, and, above all, the gleaming river, it has a very bright and pleasing effect. It seemed to receive us with smiles, and welcome our arrival; and it was with a feeling of assurance, that what greeted us so smilingly must have still more in store for our enjoyment, that we landed. The very name of Mona, and those of her rivers, mountains, and glens, are musical and poetic—suggestive of a land possessing natural beauties of no ordinary kind, and of a people who, in adopting such names, bore involuntary testimony to their own power of appreciation and love of the beautiful.

We disposed of our worldly goods in a pleasant lodge by the sea-shore, the bay window of which, looking over a pretty little plot of roses and pinks, gave us the view of the expansive bay, with its pure glittering blue waters, and its white crested waves rippling in lines of foam upon the far-extended crescent-shaped sandy beach. Overhead, the seabirds wheeled, or, sweeping along its surface, dropped into it with a dash to rest the wing. Dancing up and down the waves, and flitting across the bay, numerous fishing boats gave additional animation to the scene. In the distance, with the seas rolling in upon its rocks, and dashing in clouds of spray up its cliffs, rose Maughold Head, bounding the view to the south. To the north was the harbour and the pier; far away in the distance, the point of Ayre sloped down to the sea. Such was the broad and bright view which

we had from our window—an exhilarating scene of which one could never weary, and which, changing its summer aspect under the wintry tempest, must be grand in the extreme. We were satisfied with the fresh breeze which, sweeping over the sea at our feet, blew into our casement, waving backwards and forwards the honeysuckle and fuschia by which it was embowered.

The scenery which surrounds Ramsey is of a very charming and pastoral character. The town terminates the long and verdant valley of Sulby, through the midst of which winds the river (taking its name from, or giving it to, the valley), deepening, broadening, and darkening, though ever pure and clear, as it approaches its outlet. Some spots on its banks are wooded. Here and there are sprinkled pretty thatched homesteads, nestling amid blooming gardens, and encompassed by hedges, then white with May. In other places, green meadows, cornfields, and fragrant clover patches, sweep down to its banks, occasionally diversified by (more beautiful than all) rocky, uncultivated eminences, where the gorse and bracken dispute for the pre-eminence, imparting to the scene the exact amount of wildness necessary to rescue it from the charge of tameness. To the north of the river, towards Kirk Andreas and Bride Church, the scenery is low and flat. Tradition speaks of a large lake as having once existed here, a circumstance not improbable, for remains of a lacustrine nature have been excavated in the neighbourhood. To the south, how different the view! We crossed to the north side of the river, for the purpose of including it in the picture; and before us stood the varied and rugged outline of the winding chain of mountains, their sides here and there clothed with hanging woods of oak, birch, and pine, reaching almost to the summit—then crowned with the golden gorse; in autumn, with violet and purple heather. Occasionally, where the winter torrents had washed the soil from the mountain-side, appeared great grey patches of the time-worn and weather-stained limestone crags, in the crevices of which, and drooping overhead, the mountain ash has established its home. Lower down stretched the green fields, with fine spreading timber trees at intervals. Dwelling-houses amid detached groves and gardens, hedgerows, and banks covered with flowers in rich masses, pink, violet, white, and blue, all had their representatives, and that in a profusion we have never seen excelled. Among them thronged whole beds of violets, wood anemony, pink lychnis, and, loveliest of all, the delicately-pencilled tender little wood sorrel, the entire plant of which, from root to crown, is one of the most charming

of nature's floral productions. The hills slope to the fields, and the fields to the river at our feet. Gently between its banks, steep here, and low there, it pursues it winding course, rippling and bubbling among the stones where it is shallow, but silently sliding in many a deep black pool under the overhanging bank, wherefrom the ferns droop—within the deep shadow of which lurks many a goodly trout.

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Some of the most beautiful features in the scenery of the island are the sylvan glens which intersect the mountains. They are very frequent, and analogous in character: but I always found something distinctive in each, imparting to the whole an endless variety. They all have their accompanying streams, but each with some characteristic of its own: one smoothly flowing between banks of verdure and beds of many-hued wild flowers; another turbulently rushing between rocky bounds, tufted with fern, and painted by vari-coloured lichens. Interrupted by black ledges, and huge boulders torn from the mountain-side and rolled down in some long-past age, one of them forms a series of mimic waterfalls, musical to the ear, and enchanting to the eye; it wanders away half-hidden, but yet gleaming through tangled then briars and brushwood, amid bowers of oak and mountain ash, whose boughs, reaching from side to side, and mingling overhead, form a half shade, through which the sunbeams glance and quiver upon the laughing water.

Although it was early in the year when we came to see this charming island, yet the season was far advanced, giving us the advantage of a mingled spring and summer—all the freshness, vigour, elasticity of the one, its boundless profusion of wild flowers, its delicate tints upon the trees, which, though in full leaf, had not yet lost youth's complexion, its myriad sounds of joyous young life, its full flowing streams, not yet degenerated into little wandering rills. Meanwhile, overhead was the cloudless sky of summer, from which blazed the sun, forcing us, not unreluctant, to seek the cool shade of the groves, where reclining, book in hand, upon the as yet unburnt sward, we listened to the gurgling of the brook at our feet.

There was something in the glowing scenery and climate here that involuntarily brought back the tropics to my mind. Whether it was the luxuriant vegetation (the blades of grass seemed wider, the leaves of the trees larger, than anywhere else), the deep, almost impenetrable shade of the woods, the purity and depth of the blue sea, the precipitousness and nearness of

the rocks and mountains in the background, or the hot sun, I know not—probably a combination of all; but from the moment I landed and wandered out along the white road into the country, visions of those old and well-remembered scenes filled my mind, and I constantly asked myself the question, "Can this really be a scene in the British Isles?" I almost momentarily expected to meet negroes with baskets of limes, or yellow bananas, on their heads, and to hear their songs and merry shouts to each other; or, haply, the appeal, as of old, with a wide grin and yah, yah, yah, of "Give me one peepenny, massa." As my eye wandered from side to side, I almost expected to see the fields of heavy-headed Indian corn, or the tall, slender, green sugar-cane, waving in the breeze; the long stem of the plantain, with its head of immense shining green leaves, broad and drooping almost to the ground, crowned with spikes of its golden fruit; or the graceful cocoa palm, with its leaves like gigantic ferns. Almost instinctively, my eye searched the hedges for the crimson passion flower, and other trailing plants, the wayside trees for orchids, and the woods for chattering monkeys, and screaming, gaily-plumed birds.

Nowhere did I experience this feeling more than while walking along the road which, winding round the shore of the bay, leads to Ballure Glen. This lovely spot is not more than one mile from Ramsey, in a southerly direction. As we drew near to where it opens out upon the shore, we saw, nestling amid flowers, trees, and shrubs of luxuriant growth, a low-eaved, one-storied, deep-verandahed cottage, covered to excess with climbers of every variety—jessamine and myrtle, rose and fuschia. Out of the verandah, attracted by the admiration which we could not refrain from expressing in passing, came an elderly gentleman, whose appearance was startling, and almost a realisation of my dream of the tropics. On his head was an enormous wide Chinese straw hat—or thatch, I should have said; a wide dressing-gown folded around him, loose white trousers, and yellow slippers, completed his costume. Can it be a vision of the brain—I thought; am I in reality in Jamaica, and is this a planter?

Accepting his invitation to walk round his garden, of which he was justly proud, we turned in through a small gate, guarded by a most imposing battery, on which were mounted two formidable looking weapons in the shape of cannons. Formidable, I say, but far more to the defenders of the garrison than to the supposed assailant. It would require courage of no ordinary

degree to load and fire off such interesting relics of an era as distant, I should think, at least as that of the discovery of gunpowder. Such as they were, however, connected with the tall flagstaff behind, which, it may be presumed, it is their duty to protect, they at once betrayed the character and bygone pursuits of our host; he was an "ancient mariner."

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Pursuing a rugged pathway through Ballure Glen, which leads upwards to Albert Tower, we at length reached that rocky point of elevation upon which it has been erected, in honour of the visit of the Queen and the late Prince Consort, and to commemorate the spot at which he expressed the greatest admiration of the vivid and picturesque scenery which surrounded him. Certainly no visitor will be disposed to quarrel with the taste of the good Prince; for, looking seaward or landward, at the valley beneath, or majestic Snaefell and the line of mountain ridges above, it would be difficult to conceive a panorama of greater beauty, although doubtless many of greater extent and dimensions might be found elsewhere. From this point of view the whole of the northern division of the island is seen spread out; and the eye, running over it and beyond it to the deep blue sea, with its ever-changing aspect, can never weary of a scene so various and so picturesque. Leaving Albert Tower, we clambered down a steep path, and came upon the low land among the trees at the entrance of fairy-like Glen Aldin, up which we wandered. At evening, retracing our steps, we watched the sun sink behind the fine summit of South Barule, lighting up the crest of Snaefell with its parting rays. Whence, returning to our "cottage by the sea" by the Lezayre Road, we were recompensed ere long for the flight of day by the rising of a glorious moon, beyond the calm expanse of waters in which the stars had already mirrorred themselves, and across which it shed its train of golden light.

We set out the next morning for a walk to Kirk Maughold, for the purpose of seeing the grand promontory, the ancient church and churchyard, and the Runic stones which it contains. The promontory forms the first headland on this side of the island, if we except the magnificent precipitous bluff of Spanish Head —so named in commemoration of the shipwreck upon it of some ships belonging to the "Invincible Armada"—which seems to defy all time. Our walk was a hot and dusty one, by the road which winds round the shores of the bay, presenting at every turn a constantly varying series of charming views both of the

coast and the interior. We deviated from our way at one place to scramble down into a little nook beside the sea that invited us to rest with its cool, refreshing carpet. Here we were rewarded by finding a delicious cascade tumbling from above down a chasm which revelled in softest moss and greenest fern—then bubbling away, pure as crystal, to the sea by the channel it had formed for itself through the pebbly beach.

Following the road which winds up the steep hill, we reached the soft and breezy downs which crown the promontory of Maughold, where still stands, surrounded by its ancient monuments, the little church, which I am informed is one of the most venerable, as it certainly is one of the most interesting, in the island. The date of its erection is very early, and a legend is attached to it of a certain penitent from whom it took its name—one who was cast away on the wild rock at its base. Gaining the shore, he entered into the solitudes of the neighbouring mountains, where for a long time he led a hermit's life. Becoming renowned for his sanctity and austerity, he finally became bishop of the island. To this day Kirk Maughold is held in especial veneration by all classes of the people in this part of the isle.

One of the ancient Runic crosses, of which there are several examples surrounding the ancient church, is said to illustrate—though much defaced, and nearly obliterated by time—acts in the life of this traditionary saint, of whose existence and piety I believe there is no reasonable doubt, though much of the legendary history may be open to question. This cross itself—said to belong the fifteenth century—is in good preservation. Springing from the centre of a pedestal formed by three steps is a slender shaft about five feet high, upon the top of which rests a quadrangular stone about three feet in dimension, with carvings on each side. On one are the figures of the Virgin and Child; beneath them, in a circle, the emblematic rose. On another is our Saviour crucified. A third represents the figure, full of grace and dignity, of a female, said to be St. Bridget, one of the tutelary saints of Ireland, and who, according to tradition, received the veil from the hands of St. Maughold. Kneeling with hands crossed on her bosom, and eyes turned heavenward, she seems to supplicate mercy, or pour out her soul in adoration. The fourth side bears too strongly the impress of the hand of time to enable one to decipher what man's had sculptured.

All the old churches in the Isle of Man are remarkable for their total absence of decoration. This of St. Maughold alone

displays a little tracery in the chancel windows. They are remarkable, too, for the absence of tower or spire; the only elevation above their high-pitched roof being that of a bell-turret on the gable end. The right of sanctuary belonged to this church, nor was it unfrequently exercised.

Bidding adieu to these old monuments, we walked out to the Head. It forms the eastern-most point of the island, from which the coast stretches southward towards Douglas in a succession of deep bays and projecting promontories. The cliffs are characterised by boldness and variety of colouring; in many places clothed with patches of stunted brushwood, gorse, and heather, almost down to the water's edge. Ivy, too, I observed occasionally, covering the rocks with its dark green foliage. Each of the bays intervening between the bluff and rocky points, which form such striking features, is the terminating spot of a glen peculiar to itself, and it is only in their bights that any beach is to be seen. Each has its rill or stream, its banks of wild flowers, and fragrant plants. Looking downwards from the height at which we were standing, as far as the eye could reach, was the sea. Here and there the white sail of some outward or homeward bound ship (how easy to put these two words together, and what worlds, what fates, lie between them!) gleamed in the sun. On the great black rocks so far beneath us the waves unceasingly raced and moaned, at one time driven by the winter's storm in overwhelming masses with a roar and voice like thunder at others, so calmly, gently undulating, that the cradled babe might be rocked to sleep on its bosom, and lullabied by its murmurs.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XV.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Eudoxia was much given to a sort of external piety. Being very well and clearly instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, she could not help acknowledging that her whole way and manner of life were not in accordance with them; and so, as a convenient method of quieting the pricks of conscience on this score, she threw herself into such outward works and acts of religion as commended themselves to her taste. Lavish in all things, her alms were no exception, and she gave largely to the poor, to churches, and charitable institutions. She made a great point of all Church functions being carried out as magnificently as possible; and as the intense hatred of Theodosius to paganism was felt in an equal degree by the young Empress, she eagerly caught at every opportunity for suppressing the worship of polytheism. On the occasion of the birth of her son, she had coaxed Arcadius to give his consent to the destruction of a temple in Gaza dedicated to the Syrian idol Maruas. Such manifestations of Christian zeal greatly incensed the pagan portion of his subjects, and not long before this, a similar event at Alexandria had caused bloodshed; so that the Emperor was disinclined to risk the same consequences at Gaza. But Eudoxia planned that the Bishop of Gaza should make her baby son his intercessor in the matter; and on the day of his baptism the child, who had been already proclaimed Cæsar, was made—by the chamberlain who carried him—to bend his tiny head in token of consent when the petition was laid on his purple mantle, and Eudoxia begged the Emperor so passionately not to refuse his son's first request, that, as usual, he could not resist her entreaty. The idol temple fell, happily without any disturbance; and the Empress erected on its site a magnificent church, called, in her honour, the Basilica Eudoxiana. All this show of zeal made her the idol of the Christian population, and she always took care to excite their enthusiasm by some religious ceremony whenever she suspected

that she had made an unfortunate impression on them by some act of inconsistency.

Just now she was uneasy at what had been told her about the Patriarch's last sermon. How easy it would be for them to make the application in a way very unpleasant to her! This made her very desirous of setting herself right with the Christian population of Constantinople. Chrysostom saw through the thin veil which covered the intense worldliness and vanity of Eudoxia's character. His situation with regard to her was very difficult; he frequently had to speak to her plainly of the arbitrary injustice which marked too many of her actions; often, in his sermons, he had to chastise faults and follies of which the Empress was the leader, and, at the same time, to keep up due respect for the Augusta in the minds of the people. He hoped, too, that in time she would see the frivolity and worthlessness of her present life; and, although he was not fully convinced of the purity of her motives, yet he hailed every good impulse as the possible dawn of a real and enduring amendment. Amantius delivered the message which had been entrusted to him, adding that the Empress had for some time intended making this pilgrimage, and that he was very glad that she kept in the same mind, in spite of the frivolous atmosphere in which she lived.

"Yes, it is a great grace," said the Patriarch. "As things are, there are great allowances to be made for the Augusta, with her youth and excitable disposition."

"Did it not surprise your Holiness," asked Amantius, with some hesitation, "to hear of the complaints which some of the Ionian bishops are come to make?"

"This is the first I have heard of it," answered Chrysostom; "but such a step does not surprise me, knowing, as I do, that there are many, as well in the Episcopate as among the inferior clergy, opposed to me."

"Eugraphia," said Amantius, "will never cease intriguing to get her nephew, Eugenius, taken into favour."

"What bishop would dare to introduce such a priest into the sanctuary of the Lord? Let Eugraphia intrigue as she may—*that* will never occur!"

"Oh, venerable father," said Amantius, sadly, "you do not know how the world loves to exalt what is mean, and to degrade what is noble."

"Barabbas was preferred to Jesus; and that goes on, for the world is the same as then," returned the Patriarch. "But we do not read of the chief priests' receiving Barabbas into their

number. Perhaps, too, Eugraphia may be an instrument of chastisement in God's hands. Take comfort, Amantius; the chastisement may very likely be only for me."

"That is no comfort, my father, when others deserve it."

The Patriarch shrugged his shoulders with a quiet smile. "That is a very human view. But go and tell the Augusta that everything shall be arranged as she wishes."

Drypia was a town on the Bosphorus, about two hours' journey from Constantinople, and a church had just been completed there, which was intended to receive the relics of St. Thomas the Apostle; and they were to be carried there solemnly by night, to avoid the heat of the sun. Towards midnight, the Patriarch went to Sta. Sophia to receive the relics; and about the same time the Empress arrived, attended by her whole court, but without any state, and all dressed with the severest simplicity: earthly splendour was to be admitted only in order to do honour to the relics of the saint. They were placed in a rich golden casket, over which fell a veil heavy with massive embroidery. As soon as the procession began to move, Eudoxia took one corner of the veil in her hand, and thus performed the whole journey on foot. It was a glorious night; the stars glittered like diamonds, and were mirrored in the calm waters of the Bosphorus, along whose shores the long procession wound its way slowly and solemnly, the light of the myriad lamps and torches borne by the pilgrims making it look like a huge fiery serpent gliding onward, while chanted prayers and triumphant hymns alternated with pauses of intense silence. Eudoxia was especially devout; the stately function, the solemnity of the scene in which the earthly was visibly the servant of the heavenly, the glory of the night—all this touched her impassionable nature, and made her bearing recollected, and her thoughts serious. While some of her ladies were so overcome with weariness that they could hardly manage to reach Drypia, Eudoxia seemed to know no fatigue, and after a very short rest was ready to receive the Emperor, who arrived early in the morning. It had been his wish to accompany the procession, but the Empress had persuaded him to abandon the idea, as guards, halberdiers, and all the accompaniments of imperial dignity were out of character with the quietness and solemnity of a pilgrimage.

He, like Eudoxia, came without state, having, for the first time, laid aside mantle and diadem, and his body-guard bore neither lance nor shield; all to show that he approached the relics of the Apostle as an humble suppliant, and merely in-

voked his powerful intercession. Chrysostom rejoiced sincerely in the edifying example given by the imperial pair, and some expressions, of which he made use in the discourse which he delivered after Mass, filled Eudoxia with indescribable delight. He spoke of her as a second Miriam leading the armies of Israel with songs of praise, full of faith and humility. And not she only—all the assembled multitude rejoiced at this tribute to her piety. The news spread rapidly that the holy Patriarch had been saying everything that was good of their great and pious Augusta, and when she returned to Constantinople in the afternoon, with her husband, it seemed as if the acclamations which greeted her on every side would never end.

Gunilda had not been present. The Arians, with a melancholy consistency, had no faith in the supernatural life of elect souls, which is a consequence of the one great act of God's charity; so they neither believed nor understood that veneration of the saints, which is, in fact, a homage paid to the divine love and power manifested in them. Eudoxia never forced Gunilda in these matters; she might express a wish at times, but her attendant was always free to follow her own inclinations. On this occasion she hastened, with mingled respect and tenderness, to meet her mistress.

"It is something beautiful," she said, "to see a young, lovely, idolised Empress like you, great Augusta, setting such an example to all her subjects, and edifying everyone by her piety."

"What—you have heard of it, then?" asked Eudoxia, with a well-pleased smile, as she sank, tired and happy, on a couch.

"Nothing else is talked of in the palace and the city," answered Gunilda.

"That is all right—that is the very thing I want!" cried Eudoxia. "The Patriarch may say anything he likes now; it will do no harm, for people will not forget in a hurry his calling me Miriam to-day."

Gunilda looked at her with a bewildered expression. "But *that* surely was not the motive of the Augusta's devotion; for in that case there would be no devotion in the matter."

"Only God can read the heart, and see the springs of our actions," answered Eudoxia, coldly and haughtily. "An Empress and an insignificant young girl are to be judged by a different standard. The mere luxury of revelling in pious emotions is childishness. *I* put something higher before my eyes: to give a good example, to inspire the people with a due feeling of respect for the majesty of the throne—that is my first duty."

Gunilda was silent: she felt that there was a mixture of truth and falsehood in the sentiments of the Empress. Eudoxia was put out, and all the more difficult to please for the adoring homage she had just received. She dismissed Gunilda, and sent for more congenial companions.

In the ante-chamber, the Gothic maiden met Amantius and Hylas. "Were you, too, present at the farce of translating the relics?" she asked, contemptuously, and passed on without waiting for an answer.

"She is too beautiful to take offence at," said Hylas, "otherwise that way of hers would be past endurance; as it is, it suits her Pallas-Athene face."

"Does it strike you in that way?" asked Amantius. "For my part, I never see her or hear her speak without feeling the most intense pity."

"Well, that is something incomprehensible!" cried Hylas; "I should have said she was born under an unusually lucky star—a traitor's daughter, and the petted darling of an Empress!"

"That is not enough for her happiness."

"Exactly—that is the very reason why I call her Pallas-Athene, for I can imagine a goddess only aiming any higher! To an ordinary mortal, like myself, unaccustomed to the pleasures of Olympus, Gunilda seems a very fortunate individual. Look, by way of contrast, at that poor Sylvina, the daughter of our friend Rufinus, another traitor! she just drags on a dreary existence in that lively spot, Jerusalem, with pilgrims and monks for her only companions, psalms and hymns for her only recreation: *she* is to be pitied, poor creature—but Gunilda!——"

"I should say *she* was happier, and more at rest, than Gunilda," returned Amantius.

"Then they are both ladies of very singular taste! but then it is the privilege of their sex to be capricious. We have just been sacrificed to a lady's whim. Imagine dragging us out there!"

"Why did you go? The Augusta laid commands on no one to join the procession."

"No; but when the whole court, and everybody who stands well with the court, went, I could only stay away at the risk of passing for an Arian, or some sort of heretic: a character abhorred by the Augusta—always excepting the fair Goth."

"She abhors heresy in her, too," answered Amantius; "but she has patience with her, and hope of her conversion."

"There are three great virtues at once!" laughed Hylas; "and therefore we had better say no more about whims and caprice—

eh, my good Amantius? But just tell me: do you suppose this procession will cause a lasting peace? In that case, I shall be reconciled to my sacrifice."

"My dear Hylas, what *is* lasting in this world? We can only hope and pray."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HATRED OF THE WORLD.

Of all Chrysostom's enemies the bitterest, perhaps, was Eugraphia, a lady very high in the Empress's favour. From the very first, she had been prejudiced against him. Nectarius, his predecessor in the metropolitan see, had been her relation and intimate friend: he was a brilliant though virtuous man of the world, not quite capable either of appreciating or fulfilling all the duties of his sacred office: his election was a mistake of the great Theodosius, who was more at home in the choice of generals than of bishops. The deterioration of the clergy during the seventeen years' rule of Nectarius was only what might have been expected. Ambition, avarice, self-indulgence, neglect of duty, were considered no disgrace: interest and money were the means of attaining preferment.

Eugraphia had no children, and her whole affections were centred on a nephew whom she literally idolised, and whom she intended to be the inheritor of her large fortune. She shrank from the thought of Eugenius' entering the army, and risking his life in a campaign against the barbarians. There was no cause for her alarm. The effeminate weak nurture which she had given him effectually prevented the development of any warlike tastes, and he yielded willingly enough to her wish that he should enter the priesthood, in order, as she in her ambitious dreams hoped, to be one day or other, the successor, though hardly the immediate successor, of his uncle Nectarius. Naturally, Eugraphia was violently opposed to the election of Chrysostom. The man whom, before all others, she desired to see chosen as the successor of her friend was Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria, and she formed a powerful cabal to bring this about. But Eutropius was then in the zenith of his power, and he had taken it into his head to please the people in a way that would cost him nothing, by procuring the election of the holy priest of Antioch whose virtues were

always in their mouths. Thenceforth Eugraphia treated Chrysostom as a creature of the detested favourite. It was not long before events occurred which inflamed her hatred still more. Eugenius was now a priest: but his manner of life was unchanged. Chrysostom, who was full of pity and indulgence for young men who had been so unfortunate as to have received holy orders in a time of relaxed discipline, spoke to Eugenius with flattering kindness, and sought by all means in his power to influence him for good: but, when all his remonstrances proved ineffectual, he told him very plainly, that the exercise of sacerdotal functions by a priest of his sentiments and morals would be no less than sacrilege. Eugenius replied insolently that he really set very little value on such functions, that his object had always been the Episcopal dignity, and that as soon as there was a vacant see, he had little doubt of obtaining it. Very sorrowfully and very decidedly Chrysostom replied that this would never happen within the circle of his authority, and Eugenius and his aunt considered this in the light of a deadly insult. One day, the Patriarch met her in the ante-chamber of the Empress. He greeted her courteously, and begged her to use all her influence with her nephew to induce him to change his life: he might very likely pay more attention to her entreaties than to his: and before parting from her he expressed the hope that the noble Eugraphia would give him the powerful help of her example in checking the growing extravagance and impropriety of dress among the ladies of Constantinople.

If the Patriarch had thought to gratify her by hinting that she gave the tone to fashionable society, he certainly failed in his object: she was extremely offended at his presuming to offer his advice, and replied coldly that she did not feel called upon to undertake the part he suggested. It was not towards the inferior clergy only that Chrysostom exercised, when necessary, a salutary severity. During a visitation which he was making in Ionia, such bitter complaints were made to him of the oppression and injustice of certain bishops who had obtained their sees by simony, that he investigated the matter, and the result was the suspension of the bishops. This, again brought fresh enemies upon him.

Every one knew who really ruled the Empire of the East, and that the first step to success in any enterprise was to gain the support of the Augusta. Still, on one point she had always firmly defended the Patriarch, namely, his manner of dealing with the clergy. No matter how loud the outcry was against

him: no matter how bitterly Marsa and Eugraphia complained—Eudoxia stood firm. She was too clever not to see that an irregular priesthood would bring religion into contempt in the eyes of the people: and that respect for the throne would not outlive reverence for the Church.

The Patriarch requested an audience: Eudoxia never doubted that its object was to thank her for the part she had taken in the pilgrimage, and she received him with her most winning grace, expressing her pleasure that his health had not suffered from the exertions of the day.

"God gives strength to do what is for His honour," answered Chrysostom: "and you know He asks harder things of us than bodily exertion."

"I quite agree with your Holiness: the fulfilment of high duties, the undertaking of great responsibility is far, far harder."

"And it is just one of those hard duties," replied the Patriarch, "which brings me now to the illustrious Augusta."

"How can that be, venerable Father?" she said graciously: "you may be quite sure that I am only too glad to meet your pious wishes."

"Those kind words are a great consolation, most noble lady: for I come to appeal to your justice on behalf of a greatly injured man."

"Let me thank your Holiness beforehand for doing so: for what purpose are there earthly rulers, except to do justice and to show mercy?"

"Lady, my heart blesses you for those words: let me lay the case briefly before you. The tribune Nicator is accused by the Proconsul of Cilicia of a treasonable correspondence with the robber hordes of the Isaurians. He is said to have promised them, in return for a vast bribe, to leave the mountain passes of Cilicia undefended. Upon this charge—unproved and uninvestigated—Nicator has been deprived of his office, imprisoned, his property confiscated; and now, though innocent, he is threatened with banishment."

"You have been wrongly informed, venerable Father," Eudoxia interrupted, with ill-repressed anger. "Nicator's case has been inquired into, and he has been found guilty."

"Inquired into by his accusers! found guilty by his accusers! and I will add, robbed by his accusers. That, most illustrious Augusta, is the true statement of Nicator's case," said the Patriarch quietly and firmly.

"Again, venerable Father, you are wrongly informed!" cried

Eudoxia, with offended pride. "It was not the Proconsul of Cilicia who confiscated the property of this Nicator; it was I who did it. I did it—I the Augusta! and it belongs simply to the imperial treasury."

"Judging from the report of the Proconsul," returned Chrysostom, with gentle dignity, "the Augusta could not perhaps have acted differently. But justice demands that the proceedings of the Proconsul be investigated—and not justice alone, but the name of our Empress, on which not the slightest stain must be allowed to rest."

An angry flush kindled in Eudoxia's cheek, and was then succeeded by the paleness of great excitement: "Your Holiness suffers your pious zeal to carry you too far," she said with suppressed indignation; "my name is above all disgrace."

"And therefore, illustrious Augusta, no one must have it in his power to say that the hand of the Empress has taken the property of an innocent man."

"He is not innocent! how often must I repeat it?" she broke out passionately. "The matter has been inquired into, and decided; the property of the offender has become mine. I must confess that I cannot understand your Holiness. I do not believe that any Empress was ever more anxious than I am to promote the pious objects of the Church. Have not vast sums been spent on beautifying the Basilica Eudoxiana, which I raised on the ruins of the idol temple? It was my thought to make the temple that enshrines the tabernacle of the true God more splendid and costly than a heathen temple ever was."

"A thought worthy of an Empress!" said Chrysostom, kindly.

"And that," she went on with increasing excitement, "is only *one* work. I maintain numbers of churches, and I have never refused a single request for this object. More than this, I give without stint to everything that may help in any way to promote the devotion of the people. Would the Saturday evening processions be what they are if I did not give the candles and the crucifixes for them? Your Holiness compels me to recall to your mind all these different works, from the least to the greatest, and then to ask whether it is possible to carry them on without a great expenditure? I should have thought that your Holiness would rejoice at large sums passing into my hands, considering the use I make of them."

"I acknowledge, with joy and gratitude, all the labours of the noble Augusta for the glory of our holy faith," answered the Patriarch; "and my prayers are daily offered to God, that He

may, in His infinite mercy, requite you a thousandfold. But it cannot be pleasing to Him that generosity and mercy should be exercised at the expense of justice. Nicator's guilt rests on the mere word of the Proconsul of Cilicia—the brother of the noble Marsa, who, as everyone knows, enjoys the Augusta's entire confidence. How naturally a suspicion of partiality may arise here; and how important it is to show that such a suspicion is unfounded! An act of justice is just as edifying to a Christian nation as an act of mercy, perhaps more so in the way of inspiring confidence in its rulers; for justice is a virtue which benefits all—to which all have a claim: therefore, illustrious Empress, let justice be shewn by a fair investigation of Nicator's cause; and do not shrink from restoring the money, if his innocence is proved."

"It seems to me, venerable Father," said Eudoxia, white with passion, "that, in addressing such reproaches to the Empress, your expressions are not far from treasonable, as they assume a secret understanding on my part with false witnesses. I request you, therefore, to retire, and I repeat that Nicator's cause is settled."

Silently the Patriarch withdrew, and Eudoxia was left in terrible agitation. "This is the gratitude of the haughty priest for all my sacrifices—all my good works!" she said, as she walked restlessly up and down the room, pausing every now and then to reflect. "To dare to pry into my purse! to defend a condemned criminal! to cast suspicion on persons whom I trust! And all for love of power: such a low motive—above all, in a priest! Now I begin to understand the bitter complaints made of him by the clergy. If he looks into my conduct, how must he watch every step and movement of theirs, and drag every action to the bar of his judgment! I pity them. Eugraphia has reason for her hatred—Eugenius has reason for his bitter complaints; for he is utterly one sided, and lets himself be led blindfold by flatteries. And then there are those Ionian bishops, whom he has suspended, and whose remonstrances I would not listen to in my mistaken reliance on his wisdom and justice! Oh, they were right, and I did them grievous wrong! But all that shall be atoned: it is *his* cause that shall be investigated. He is fond of inquiring into things—this Patriarch—so I hope it may be welcome to him in his own case; but, welcome or not, it shall be done!"

The Conversion of the Visiting Justices.

OUR readers have more than once been reminded of the strange pranks played—not in the remote and less enlightened districts of the country, where prejudice and bigotry are supposed to guard their last strongholds by the aid of portly squires and the civic magnates of what the present Premier has irreverently spoken of as "twopenny-halfpenny boroughs"—but in the full civilisation and liberality of the metropolitan city, which has Mr. Mill himself for its representative, and by the Committee of Visiting Justices under whose care the regulations of the county House of Correction are carried out. The eccentricities, of which we have lately heard the most, consisted chiefly in a very tyrannical method of dealing with the Catholic inmates of the prison in Tothill Fields in regard to everything relating to their religion. Not only were the services of the hardworking priests who in succession had devoted themselves to assisting in every way in their power these unfortunate souls—(who were often confined for crimes of very trivial moral importance, and sometimes for the natural results and simple instincts of poverty)—entirely unrequited, but every possible obstruction met them in the execution of their work of mercy. They were not allowed to collect the prisoners for purposes of instruction, and thus it has happened that a priest, whose not very robust health might have allowed him without risk to address a small audience on the necessary truths of their religion, has been worn out, and obliged to give up his work, by the simple hardship of having to repeat the same lesson hour after hour to a succession of persons who might all have been gathered into a room of moderate size. Then, again, there was a most absurd rigidity about books which the priest

might wish to lend or give, for spiritual purposes, to the Catholic prisoners. One eminent and most devoted priest was cashiered because he had lent a common Catechism, practically identical with a summary of doctrine which the magistrates had sanctioned. Again, the very day of days, the best hope both of the prisoners and of the good friend so interested in their amendment and comfort, was made a blank to both by the prison regulations. Whatever the priest might do on a week-day, he must not expect to do anything on a Sunday; and though the prisoner might, if she chose to ask, see the priest during the week, her cold cell was locked up on the Sunday—unless, indeed, she chose to join in the comparative cheerfulness of the Protestant service. No celebration of Catholic worship was permitted within the walls of the House of Correction; and when application after application was made to the authorities for some relaxation in this Spartan rule, they defended the most impolitic cruelty which they were practising upon so many poor Catholic women by denying that they had the legal power to put them on a level in this respect with their Protestant sisters in misfortune. It cannot, unhappily, be denied that all this intolerance was deliberate. The question was more than once brought before the magistrates in general at their meetings; inflammatory Protestant harangues were delivered, and the majority of the gentlemen present were willing to follow the lead of the stump orator who declared that it was doing God service to prevent Catholics from worshipping Him according to their own religion.

It may, perhaps, be considered as an omen of no slight importance of what may be hoped from the awakening of men's minds generally throughout the country to the iniquities of which Protestant intolerance has been habitually guilty, that a change has, at last, come over these Middlesex magistrates. There is no knowing now what level of common sense and justice may not be obtained: we may have Mr. Newdegate himself bringing in a bill for the punishment of the spreading of slanderous reports against convents and other religious institutions! The

deliberate and cautious manner in which the change has been made may perhaps be thought to enhance the value of the concessions themselves. It is clear that no rash impetuosity of liberality—such as might be supposed likely to ebb again as fast as it has flowed—has influenced the respectable Board of which we are speaking. The Board is composed of "honourable men," who in private life would no doubt shrink from hardship or unkindness to any of their fellow creatures. *Il était très aimable dans la société, M. de Robespierre,*" was the remark with which an old French gentleman, who had lived through the "Reign of Terror," used to qualify his account of the peremptoriness with which the *citoyen* Maximilian used to send any one who crossed him to the guillotine. It has cost some time and suffering, at least to others, for the private amiability of the Visiting Justices to penetrate their public action in relation to the poor Irish women imprisoned in the House of Correction. The change has at last come, and is all the more likely to be permanent on account of the slowness of the process of conversion.

The law, of course, remains as it did before, and it may be important for those who have the cause of the poor prisoners at heart not to forget that the Bill under which the concessions of which we speak have been made is still only permissive. The magistrates, some months ago, avowed their belief that they had no power to allow of the assembling of Catholic prisoners either for instruction or worship. They have since come to think that the law allows both, and that it would be, in reality, against the whole spirit of recent legislation on the subject to forbid either. There was, moreover, within the limits of the metropolis, a patent instance of that very practice which they themselves had declared illegal: for, at the House of Correction at Coldbath Fields, the Catholic Chaplain was allowed those privileges which his compeer at Tothill Fields asked for in vain. From whatever cause, the first concession made took the practice of Coldbath Fields as its model so completely, that the Chaplain at Westminster was only allowed to assemble the same number of prisoners at once as had already been assembled at

the other prison. Gradually, and after repeated refusals, a place was granted for Catholic worship on Sundays, and the ridiculous limitation as to numbers was abandoned. At the time at which we write, there are still some notable and vexatious obstacles opposed to full liberty of worship. The inmates of the Westminster House of Correction are all women, and as such, are of course incapacitated from ministering as servers at Mass. Yet the Chaplain's request that he might have a server was refused, and on the first occasion when Mass was celebrated—Easter Sunday—a magistrate of the county, who, as such, could not be denied admission into the prison, was obliged himself to go and serve the Mass. In the same way, the Chaplain was anxious to provide some sort of music for the embellishment of the service: he procured a harmonium at his own expense, and a lady kindly volunteered to play it. But she was refused permission to enter the prison for such a purpose. It may be added that the magistrates have lately gone to considerable expense to provide one of the Protestant prison-chapels with an organ. It is impossible to say, without more acquaintance with the prison regulations than we possess, whether there may not be some rule against the general admission of visitors which may be quoted as the ground for these instances of obstructiveness: but it is hard to suppose that the law is so stringent that the magistrates "have no power" to allow a server for the Priest's Mass and a player for his musical instrument. Is it too much to hope that the consciences of the Visiting Justices may gradually be enlightened on these points also, and that the poor Irishwomen may be allowed their Mass without the absolute necessity of a magistrate of the county to serve it, and that their simple efforts at hymnody during the Holy Sacrifice may be allowed the sustaining and enlivening aid of instrumental music without detriment to the British Constitution?

Matters of this sort have their ludicrous as well as their serious aspect, and, in conclusion to this short paper, we may be allowed to say a few words on each. The ludicrous side of the business has been cleverly and good humouredly hit off in a little publication with which

many of our readers are by this time, no doubt, familiar, in which the pencil of our most thoroughly comical artist has been called into play to illustrate some verses and a dialogue which, we will venture to say, contain the whole pith of the matter in question. Those who laughed so heartily some years ago at the "*Manners and Customs of ye Englishe*," will be glad to see that the spring of fun and playful satire which amused them so much is not dried up. The sketch which represents the "*Manners and Customs of ye Visiting Justices*" is quite equal to any in the former series. The chairman and his associate magistrates, with the portly matron behind them supplying them with tea, the secretary, the turnkey, the porter—all look as if drawn from the life. Unfortunately, the figure of the workworn Priest who had devoted so many hours to the toilsome instruction, one by one, of the inmates of the House of Correction, who could get no leave to assemble them or to say Mass for them, is no fiction of the draughtsman's fancy—nor, as we have said, is the incident on which the latter part of this amusing little *brochure* is founded, the dismissal of the Chaplain for having given or lent a catechism to a poor prisoner, an imagination in any of its details. We may hope that, in the amiability of their private existence, the Visiting Magistrates may find a smile for Mr. Doyle's graphic sketches, and for the dialogue which accompanies them; but the smile will hardly last long if they are capable of remembering or appreciating the mischief which they may have done to the souls of "Biddy" and her companions by what they have now practically acknowledged to have been an unnecessary and bigoted use of the very ample powers conceded to them by the law.

On the serious aspect of these matters we need only at present say a very few words. The Middlesex Magistrates act even more in the full light of public notice and comment than their brothers of the squire-archy in the provinces of England. They may be assured that at a crisis like the present, when the tie between Ireland and England is being strained to the utmost, and when every act of those who are in any sort of power or respon-

sibility towards the Irish in England is jealously scanned and estimated as an indication of the real purpose of the people of this country as to remedial measures for the sister-isle, their concession has not come a moment too soon. The Irish people need above all things to be persuaded that professions of justice are not intended to remain *mere* professions, and that equitable legislation is not meant to be evaded by the quibblings of narrow-minded administrators. They know that the uncentralizing spirit of our Constitution leaves almost entirely in private hands the practical working of a great part of our social and political machinery, and they are not to be blamed if they are disposed to attribute to the nation at large the intolerance and cruelty under which those of their own race and faith have suffered so grievously. Hitherto, rightly or wrongly, they have looked with feelings of suspicion and dislike on the Government: it will be still worse if further reason is given them for entertaining the same sentiments as to the nation as a whole. And, again, whatever opinions may be entertained as to the value of that feature of our system which consists in the very large use of local administration, and the comparative inaction of the central government, on so many points which in other countries belong entirely to the Executive, it cannot be doubted but at present this part of our Constitution is in many respects on its trial. Theorists as to political matters have long since condemned it, and no one can tell how it may stand when the possibly rough and sweeping criticism of a Parliament elected by operatives comes to call its efficiency to the test. We are not calling out for the destruction of all such Boards as that of which we are speaking, but it cannot be denied that the conduct of the Westminster Justices has been such as to justify a demand that matters of religious equity should no longer be left to their discretion. Those who look upon the prisoner with the eyes of charity must wish for him at least ordinary opportunities of reforming himself, after a course, not necessarily long, of perhaps almost involuntary and very excusable "crime"—in the legal sense of the word—by the only power that can truly heal

his soul, the power of his religion. It is certain, and it is now confessed, that the legislature of England never meant that he should be debarred from this one and invaluable privilege, this single hope on which his future, in this world and in the next, depends. But it is certain also, and it is also confessed, that the intentions of the legislature have been for a long time practically defeated in the case before us, and in others not unlike it. Who can say that the conclusion is unfair, if it be said that you may safely trust a committee of English gentlemen with a great many other important matters of government and administration, but that you cannot leave to them, without the risk of finding your confidence abused, the execution of measures which involve charity to Catholic misfortune, and justice to Catholic poverty?

[As these lines are passing through the press, we are informed that it is the habit at Tothill Fields to allow certain ladies frequently to visit the prison. We fear therefore that the refusal, mentioned in p. 498, to permit a lady to play the harmonium for the Catholic service must be considered as a piece of petty obstructiveness, not necessitated by any regulations.]

A Narrative of the Days of Persecution.

PART IV.

OUR last extract from Father Gerard's Journal gave an account of the failure of the pursuivants and searchers to find him in the house in which he was concealed. He tells us that on emerging from his hiding-place, he was seen by the unsuspected traitor among the servants of his friend. This led to his capture not long after, though still without any compromising of his hostess:

As soon as I had taken a little refreshment and rest, I set out and went to a friend's house, where I kept still for a fortnight. Then knowing that I had left my friends in great distress, I proceeded to London to aid and comfort them. I got a safe lodging with a person of rank.* A year ago it had been Fr. Southwell's abode, before his seizure and imprisonment in the Tower of London, where he now was. I wanted however to hire a house where I might be safe and unknown, and be free to treat with my friends; for I could not manage my business in a house that was not my own, especially in such a one as I then dwelt in. I had recourse to a servant of Fr. Garnet, named Little John,† an excellent man, and one well able to help me. He it was that used to make our hiding-places; in fact he made the one to which I owed my safety. Thanks to his endeavours I found a house well suited for my purpose. The next thing was to agree with the landlord about the rent, a matter which was soon settled. Till the house was furnished, I hired a room in my landlord's own house. There I resolved to pass two or three nights in arranging my affairs, getting letters from my friends in distress, and writing back letters of comfort in return. Thus it was that the traitor got sent to this place, which was only known to a small circle of friends. It was God's will that my hour should then come.

* This was the unfortunate Countess of Arundel, whose husband Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, was at this time (1594) in the tenth year of his imprisonment in the Tower. He died the following year in the same prison, the noblest victim to the jealous and suspicious tyranny of Elizabeth, *non sine veneni suspicione*, as his epitaph still testifies.

† This holy martyr's true name was John Owen. Fr. Gerard speaks at length about him farther on. In those times every Priest and Priest's servant had a *soubriquet* or *alias*, to baffle the persecutors. Fr. Gerard has already mentioned two of his own: he also very commonly went by the name of *Thomson*; and it is under this name that he is spoken of by Tanner.

One night the traitor had to bring a letter that needed an answer, and left with the answer about ten o'clock. I had only come in about nine, sore against the will of the lady, my entertainer, who was uncommonly earnest that I should not leave her house that night. Away went the traitor then, and gave information to the priest-hunters both when and where he had left me. They got together a band, and came at midnight to the house, just as I had gone to sleep. Little John and I were both awakened by the noise outside. I guessed what it was, and told John to hide the letter received that night in the ashes where the fire had been. No sooner had he done so and got into bed again, than the noise which we had heard before seemed to travel up to our room. Then some men began knocking at the chamber-door, ready to break it in, if was not opened at once. There was no exit except by the door where our foes were; so I bade John get up and open the door. The room was at once filled with men, armed with swords and staves; and many more stood outside, who were not able to enter. Among the rest stood two pursuivants, one of whom knew me well, so there was no chance of my passing unknown.

I got up and dressed, as I was bid. All my effects were searched, but without a single thing being found that could do harm to any man. My companion and I were then taken off to prison. By God's grace we did not feel distressed, nor did we show any token of fear. What I was most afraid of was, that they had seen me come out of that lady's house, and had tracked me to the room that I had hired; so that the noble family that had harboured me would suffer on my account. But this fear was unfounded; for I learnt afterwards that the traitor had simply told them where he had left me, and there it was that they found me.

The pursuivant who knew me, kept me in his house two nights; either because those who were to examine were hindered from doing so on the first day, or (as it struck me afterwards) because they wished first to examine my companion, Little John. I noticed the first night, that the room where I was locked up was not far from the ground; and that it would be easy to let myself down from the window, by tearing up the bed-clothes and making a rope of them. I should have done so that very night, had I not heard some one stirring in the next room. I thought that he was put there to watch me, and so it turned out. However I meant to carry my plan out the night after, if the watchman went away; but my keeper forestalled me; far to save the expense of a guard, he put irons on my arms, which hindered me both from bringing my hands together and from separating them. Then in truth I was more at ease in mind though less in body; for the thought of escape vanished, and there came in its place a feeling of joy that I had been vouchsafed this suffering for the sake of Christ, and I thanked the Lord for it as well as I could.

Next day I was brought before the Commissioners,* at the head of whom was one who is now Lord Chancellor of the realm. He had been a Catholic, but went over to the other side, for he loved the things of this world.

They first asked me my name and calling. I gave them the name I passed by; whereupon one called me by my true name and said that I was a Jesuit. As I was aware that the pursuivant knew me, I answered that I would be frank and open in everything that belonged to myself, but would say nothing that could affect others. So I told them my name and calling, to wit that, though most unworthy, I was a Priest of the Society of Jesus.

"Who sent you into England?" they asked.

"The Superiors of the Society."

"To what end?"

"To bring back stray souls to their Creator."

"No, no:" said they, "you were sent for matters of State: and to lure people from the obedience of the Queen to the obedience of the Pope."

"As for matters of State," I replied, "we are forbidden to have anything to say to them, as they do not belong to our Institute. This prohibition indeed extends to all the members of the Society; but on us missioners it is particularly enjoined in a special instruction. As for the obedience due to the Queen and the Pope, each is to be obeyed in that wherein they have jurisdiction; and one obedience does not clash with the other, as England and all Christian realms have hitherto experienced."

"How long have you been doing duty as a Priest in this country?"

"About six years."

"How and where did you land, and where have you lived since your landing?"

"I cannot in conscience answer any of these questions," I replied, "especially the last, as it would bring mischief on others; so I crave pardon for not satisfying your wishes."

"Nay," said they, "it is just on these heads that we chiefly desire you to satisfy us, and we bid you in the Queen's name to do so."

"I honour the Queen," said I, "and will obey her and you in all that is lawful, but here you must hold me excused: for were I to mention any persons or place where I have been lodged, the innocent would have to suffer, according to your laws, for the kind

* Honorarios arbitros seu examinatores.—*MS.* The rendering is conjectural. Peahaps the words are intended to signify some members of the Privy Council. Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere, was Attorney General at this date, 1594, and later on became Chancellor, in which office Bacon succeeded him in 1608. It is not very easy to see whom else Fr. Gerard can allude to as presiding at his examination, although Lord Campbell, in his Lives of the Chancellors, says nothing of Egerton's having been a Catholic.

service they have done me. Such behaviour on my part would be against all justice and charity, and therefore I never will be guilty of it."

"You shall do so by force, if not by good will."

"I hope," I said, "by the grace of God, it shall not be as you say. I beg you therefore to take this my answer; that neither now nor at any time will I disclose what you demand of me."

Thereupon they wrote a warrant for my imprisonment, and gave it to the pursuivants, bidding them take me to prison. As we were leaving, he who is now Chancellor said that I must be kept in close confinement, as in cases of high treason: "But tell the gaolers," he added, "to treat him well on account of his birth."

It seems however that the head gaoler gave orders at variance with this humane recommendation: for I was lodged in a garret* where there was nothing but a bed, and no room to stand up straight, except just where the bed was. There was one window always open, through which foul air entered and rain fell on to my bed. The room door was so low, that I had to enter not on my feet, but on my knees, and even then I was forced to stoop. However I reckoned this an advantage, inasmuch as it helped to keep out the stench (certainly no small one) that came from the place close to my door, which was used by all the prisoners in that part of the house. I was often kept awake, or woke up, by the bad smell.

In this place I passed two or three days of true repose. I felt no pain or anxiety of mind, and enjoyed, by the blessing of God, that peace which the world does not and cannot give.

On the third or fourth day, I was taken for a second examination to the house of a magistrate called Yonge. He it was who had the management of all the searches and persecutions that the Catholics in the neighbourhood of London had to endure; and it was to him that the traitor had given his information. Along with him was another, who had for many years conducted the examinations by torture, Topcliffe by name. He was a man of cruelty, athirst for the blood of the Catholics, and so crafty and cunning, that all the wily wit of his companion seemed abashed into silence by his presence; in fact the justice spoke very little during the whole examination. I found the two of them alone; Yonge in a civilian's dress, Topcliffe with a sword by his side and in a court dress.† He was an old man, grown grey in wickedness. Yonge began questioning me as to my place of abode, and the Catholics that I knew. I answered that I neither could nor would make disclosures that would get any one into trouble, for reasons already

* Fr Gerard was first confined in the Counter, as he tells us later. Fr. Garnet in one of his letters speaks of the Counter as "a very evil prison and without comfort."

† This brutal officer was a Queen's messenger, or pursuivant, as they were sometimes called.

stated. He turned then to Topcliffe and said: "I told you how you would find him."

Topcliffe looked frowningly at me and said:

"Do you know me? I am Topcliffe, of whom I doubt not you have often heard."

He meant this to frighten me. To heighten the effect, he had laid his sword on the table near his hand, as though he were ready to use it on occasion. But he failed certainly, and caused me not the least alarm; and whereas I was wont to answer with deference on other occasions, this time I did quite the contrary, because I saw him making a show to scare me. Finding that he could get no other manner of reply from me than what I had given, he took a pen and wrote an artful and malicious form of examination.

"Here," says he, "read this paper; I shall show it to the Privy Council, that they may see what a traitor you are to the realm, and how manifestly guilty."

The contents of the paper were as follows:

"The examinee was sent by the Pope and the Jesuit Persons, and coming through Belgium there had interviews with the Jesuit Holt and Mr. William Stanley: thence he came into England, on a political errand, to beguile the Queen's subjects, and lure them from their obedience to their Sovereign. If therefore he will not disclose the place and persons with whom he has lived, it is presumed that he has done much mischief to the State, &c."

On reading this, I saw that I could not meet so many falsehoods with one single denial; and as I was desirous that he should show my way of answering to the Council, I said that I also wished to answer in writing. Hereat Topcliffe was overjoyed, and cried out, "Oh! now you are a reasonable man:" but he was disappointed. He had hoped to catch me in my words, or at least to find out my hand-writing, so that some of the papers found in the houses of the Catholics might be proved to be mine. I foresaw this, and therefore wrote in a feigned hand as follows:

"I was sent by my Superiors. I never was in Belgium; I have not seen Fr. Holt since the time that I left Rome. I have not seen Mr. Stanley since he left England with the Earl of Leicester. I am forbidden to meddle with matters of State; I never have done, and never will do so. I have tried to bring back souls to the knowledge and love of their Creator, and to make them show obedience to the laws of God and man; and I hold this last point to be a matter of conscience. I humbly crave that my refusal to answer anything concerning the persons that I know, may not be set down to contempt of authority; seeing that God's commandment forces me to follow this course, and to act otherwise would be against charity and justice."

While I was writing this, the old man waxed wroth. He shook with passion, and would fain have snatched the paper from me.

"If you don't want me to write the truth," said I, "I'll not write at all."

"Nay," quoth he, "write so and so, and I'll copy out what you have written."

"I shall write what *I* please," I answered, "and not what you please. Show what I have written to the Council, for I shall add nothing but my name."

This I signed so near the writing that nothing could be put in between. The hot-tempered man, seeing himself disappointed, broke out into threats and blasphemies:

"I'll get you put into my power, and hang you in the air, and show you no mercy; and then I shall see what God will rescue you out of my hands."

From the abundance of his heart he poured forth these evil words; but by this he raised my hopes, just the opposite effect to what he wanted.* Neither then nor since have I reckoned aught of a blasphemer; and in sooth I have found by experience that God increases the confidence of his servants, when he allows strife to rise up against them. I gave therefore this short answer:

"You will be able to do nothing, without the leave of God, Who never abandons those that hope in Him. The will of God be done."

Thereupon Yonge called the gaoler who had brought me, to take me back to prison. As he was leading me off, Topcliffe addressed him and bade him put irons on my legs. Both then fell a-chiding him for having brought me by himself, fearing perchance lest I should escape from his hands.

When I had crept back to my little closet, my legs were garnished according to order. The man seemed grieved that put the fetters on. For my part instead of grief I felt very much joy, such is God's goodness to the most unworthy of His creatures. To pay the man for the kind turn that he had done me, I gave him some money for his job; and told him it was no punishment to suffer in so good a cause.

Father Gerard speaks most affectionately of the general goodness and faithfulness of his servants. We subjoin his account of them, as well as that of another of his examinations:

Here I stayed upwards of three months. During the first month I made from memory, as well as I could, the Spiritual Exercises; giving four and sometimes five hours a day to meditation. God lavished His goodness on me throughout, and I had proof

* Even the gentle Fr. Southwell could not but show his estimate of this reprobate man. We translate the following from Fr. More's *History of the English Province*: Lib. V. n. 15.—"Though he readily answered the questions of others, yet if Topcliffe interposed, he never deigned him a reply: and when asked the cause of this, he answered: 'Because I have found by experience that the man is not open to reason.'"

that He opens His bounteous hand to His servants most of all, when He has closed up the sources of earthly comfort to them.

While I quietly lodged in prison, without being brought out or undergoing any further examination for many days, they examined and put to the torture Richard Fulwood, whom the traitor had pointed out as my servant, and Little John, who had been taken with me. Unable, either by coaxing or bribery, to draw anything from them that would compromise others, they had recourse to threats and then to force: but the strength of the Holy Ghost in them was too great to be overcome by men. They were both hung up for three hours together, having their arms fixed into iron rings, and their bodies hanging in the air; a torture which causes frightful pain and intolerable extension of the sinews. It was all to no purpose; no disclosure could be wrested from them that was hurtful to others; no rewards could entice, no threats or punishments force them to discover where I or any of Ours had been harboured, or to name any of our acquaintance or abettors.

Here I ought not to pass over in silence God's great goodness and mercy to me, the most unworthy of all His servants, It was shown in this, that there was not a single traitor either among those that were then seized in my house or in the house of the good gentleman, my entertainer, no, nor even among those that in the persecutions which by God's providence afterwards befel me, were imprisoned, tortured, and treated with the utmost cruelty. Not one of them, I say, ever yielded, but all by the grace of God held steadfast through everything. Those whom I used as companions, or the servants I entrusted with commissions to the gentlemen of my acquaintance, as they necessarily knew all my friends, would have been able to do very great mischief, and enrich themselves by ruining others: yet no one of them ever caused any harm either by word or deed, wittingly or unwittingly; nor, as far as I remember, did they ever give any one matter of complaint. On many of them God, in His goodness, poured the choicest gifts of His Holy Spirit.

John Lasnet,* the first that I had, died a Lay-brother of the Society. The second that I had for some little while, was Michael Walpole, who is now a priest of the Society and labouring in England. The third was named Lilly.† He had a vocation, so I sent him to the Society to study in the seminary at Rhemes, where he went through his course of philosophy. His behaviour there was orderly, but afterwards at Rome he joined a turbulent party, thus returning evil for good. He was the only one of my helpmates that walked at all awry. He was however made priest, and sent into England. There he was seized, and condemned to

* Dr. Oliver in his Collectanea quotes this name as Lamet, though he refers to this passage. We have no means of deciding which is right.

† The MS. has *Lillus*. We have not been able to identify this person. He has evidently nothing to do with the John Lilly, mentioned a little later.

death for the faith, and answered unflinchingly before the tribunal; but instead of losing his life, he was kept some time in prison: whence he effected his escape and is still labouring in England.

After him I had a godly man of the name of John Sutton, the brother of three priests, one of whom was a martyr, and another died in the Society. Fr. Garnet kept him in his house for many years, up to the time of his own arrest.

The next that I had was Richard Fulwood, of whom I have spoken above. He managed to make his escape, and during my imprisonment was employed by Fr. Garnet until that father's happy death. He managed nearly all his master's business with strangers, not without the knowledge of the persecutors, who offered a handsome sum for his capture, and were still more earnest about it after Fr. Garnet was taken. In fact they gave the poor man no peace until they drove him into banishment, where he yet remains, doing good service to our mission notwithstanding.*

After him I had John Lilly, a man well known at Rome; he died lately in England, a Lay-brother of the Society. Next came two other godly men, whom I did not take to keep, but merely as make-shifts, till I could get a man every way suited to my wants, and endowed with a religious spirit, I found one at length; and when I quitted England I took him with me, and left him at St. Omer's. There he was well grounded in Greek and Latin, and became a great favourite with all the fathers, who sent him into Spain with the highest recommendations. He still remains there, growing always in virtue and learning. Not long ago I had a letter from the Father Prefect of studies, in which he tells me that he is the best student in his course.

Such were the mercies of God vouchsafed to me his unworthy servant, in answer to my constant prayers. Many gentlemen entrust themselves and their interest to our servants' good faith no less than to ours: so that there could be no greater hindrance to our good work, than any treachery on their part: indeed the defection of such a one would be likely to cause the most frightful ruin among Catholics. For if one servant, and he neither a Catholic nor one of the household, like the traitor of whom I have spoken, made such havoc in his master's family, what mischief could a priest's servant do to the many persons of high rank, that had harboured him and his master! God has hitherto kept me free from the like betrayal.

To return to my story. They could wrest nothing out of Little John and Fulwood; and none of my host's Catholic servants would make any avowal, or own that he knew me. Seeing that they could bring no witness against him, the heretics gradually lost the hope they had of seizing all his chattels and revenue.

Sometimes they would bring me up for examination when they had anything new against me. Once they called me to try on a suit

* Dr. Oliver mentions him as a Lay-brother of the Society.

of clothes, which had been found in my host's house, and which the traitor said were mine. I put them on and they were just a fit, for the truth was that they had been made for me; however I would not own them, nor admit them to be mine. Hereupon Yonge flew into a passion, calling me a headstrong and unreasonable man. He was so barefaced as to add:

"How much more sensible is Southwell, who after long wilfulness is now ready to conform, and wishes to treat with some man of learning."

"Nay," I answered, "I will never believe that Fr. Southwell wishes to treat with any one from any wavering in his faith, or to learn what to believe from a heretic; but he might perchance challenge any heretic to dispute with him that dared, as Fr. Campian did, and as many others would do if you would let them, and appoint proper umpires."

Then Yonge seizing hold of the book and kissing it, cried: "I swear upon this book that Southwell has offered to treat, with a view of embracing our religion."

"I do not believe he ever did so," said I.

"What," said an officer of the court, "do you not believe his oath?"

"No," was my reply, "I neither can nor will believe him; for I have a better opinion of Fr. Southwell's firmness than of his truthfulness; since perhaps he thinks that he is allowed to make this statement to beguile me."

"No such thing," said Yonge: "but are you ready to conform if he has done so?" (To conform in the Protestant sense, means to embrace their deformed religion.)

"Certainly not," I answered; "for if I keep myself free from heresy and heretical meetings, it is not because he or any man on earth does the same; but because to act otherwise would be to deny Christ, by denying His Faith, which may be done by deed as well as by word. This is what our Lord forbade under pain of a heavier punishment than man can inflict, when He said, 'He that shall deny Me before men, him will I deny before My Father Who is in Heaven.'"

To this the heretic answered not a word, save that I was stiff-necked, (a name that was applicable rather to himself,) and bade them take me back to prison.

Another time I was sent for to be confronted with three witnesses, servants of a nobleman named Lord Henry Seymour, son of the Duke of Somerset. They were heretics, and avouched that on a certain day I had dined with their mistress and her sisters, whilst they among others waited at table. The two sisters were daughters of the Earl of Northumberland. One of them was a devout Catholic, and had come to London a little before my imprisonment, to get my help in passing over to Belgium, there to consecrate herself to God. She was staying at the house of her sister, the wife of the aforesaid lord. She wanted to bring back

this sister to the Catholic faith, which the latter had abandoned after her good father's death. I dined with them on the day the witnesses mentioned. It was in Lent; and they told how their mistress ate meat, while the Lady Mary and I ate nothing but fish. Yonge flung this charge in my teeth with an air of triumph, as though I could not help acknowledging it, and thereby disclosing some of my acquaintances. I answered that I did not know the men brought up.

"But we know you," said they, "to be the same that was at such a place on such a day."

"You wrong your mistress," said I, "in saying so. I however will not so wrong her."

"What a barefaced fellow you are!" exclaimed Yonge.

"Doubtless," I answered, "were these men's statement true: as for me, I cannot speak positively in the matter, for reasons that I have often alleged: let them look to the truth and justice of what they say."

Yonge then, in a rage, remanded me to prison.

Dorothy's Roses.

CONSTANTIUS fills the imperial throne, father to Constantine,
He too of mildness not unmeet to found the Christian line.
But Diocletian's code at times yet wreaks its bloody will,
As waves may toss and foam and fret after the storm is still.

Before the ruthless Governor of Cappadocia stands
The high-born maiden Dorothy, serene, with folded hands.
Her brow is fair, her cheek is red, her laugh breaks low and clear,
And young she is and innocent—and wherefore stands she here?

But here are only smiles for her, and counsels kindly meant.
"Blench not, fair maiden,"—smirks the judge—"thou art but hither sent [name
To check those foolish slanderous tales which link thy honoured
With His—the Wretch of Galilee Who died the death of shame."—

—"Who died the death of shame," she cries, "to save the souls He made,
And, for our ransom, on the Tree His last red life-drop paid.
Be glory to the one true God, one God in Persons Three!
Be glory to the Eternal Son, JESUS Who died for me!"

"Hold!" yells the angry Governor, "this impious jargon cease.
Adore the gods whom all adore, and live thy life in peace.
Adore or die!"—"Or die?" she saith: "choose sterner threat
than this,
For Death is but the golden gate to radiant home of bliss—

"That Garden fair whose autumn fruits 'mid flowers of springtime
gleam,
Nor blight nor tempest dares to break the rose's summer dream.
Ah! might I fade from this dark Earth, melt quite away, and flee
To Him, my Lover and my Lord, JESUS Who died for me!"

The young Theophilus o'erhears the Martyr's raptured sighs,
And with a not ungenerous scorn, "O Dorothy!" he cries,
"If flowers and rosy fruits are there in this rude season found,
Send me a few." "I will," she saith. The snow was on the ground.

The girl hath braved the tyrant's rage: all tortures, threats, are vain.
Now butchers eager press, their steel in virgin blood to stain!
While at the last before her kneels yon beauteous, smiling child,
A basket in his tiny hands with fruits and flow'rets piled.

"Take these unto Theophilus: say, Dorothy hath cried
To Heaven for mercy on his soul, ere with glad heart she died.
Tell him I go and he shall come where flowers and fruits abound
Of softer sheen, of sunnier tint."—The snow was on the ground.

The snow shone white o'er all the ground, save where the ruby gush
From that young fearless Christian heart forced pagan Earth to
blush.
Saint Dorothy is throned on high, close, close to Christ her Spouse,
And by her side Theophilus with laurel round his brows.

P.

In Festo S. Dorotheæ, Feb. 6. 1868.

Our Library Table.

1. Bishop Ullathorne's *Lectures on the Conventual Life.*—2. Mrs. Webster's *Literal Translation of the Medea of Euripides.*—3. *Sanctuaries of the Madonna.* By Dr. Northcote.—4. *Country Coteries.* By Lady Chatterton.—5. *The Sarum Missal* in English.—6. *Lectures on Reason and Revelation.* By the Rev. Thomas Preston.—7. Guevara's *Mysteries of Mount Calvary.* Translated, and Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley.—8. *On the Ventilation of Dwelling Houses.* By F. Edwards.—9. *Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual.* By the Rev. James O'Kane.—10. M'Carthy's Translation of Calderon's *Mysteries of Corpus Christi.*—11. Memoir of the late Hon. H. E. Dormer.

1. DR. Newman and other Catholic writers have remarked on the astounding vitality of the "Protestant tradition," in which the people of this country have been nurtured for centuries. It seems almost to be of no use to confute the falsehoods of which that tradition is made up. People may well despair of quelling it. The story, for instance, of Maria Monk, was investigated from beginning to end at the time and in the place when and where it sprang up. It was proved to be not only a lie, but a very stale lie, a fiction without even the merit of originality, to be found in an old book of the last century, which had rotted on the stalls of second-hand traders before the persons and characters to whom it was applied in America were born. And yet there are English "gentlemen" and "ladies" banded together in a Protestant association, actively engaged at this moment in scattering broadcast among the lower classes of our towns this very story of Maria Monk with a few other inventions tacked on to it, in which they do not scruple to assail in the grossest manner the character of the inmates of a Convent not very far from London, to which the daughters of a number of our best Catholic families are sent for education, and in which, in many cases, they choose to remain all their lives as religious. A few weeks ago the papers were full of the infamous story circulated about a Convent near Birmingham, and vouched for as true by a person of some position in that town. The story was investigated by a committee of gentlemen, and was found out, by the confession of the alleged authority, to be an unfounded calumny; but it was remarked that many of the Protestant papers which had given it circulation were strangely silent about its exposure. The Bishop of Birmingham informs us that it has already crossed the "narrow seas," as the tale of Maria Monk went over from Europe to America and then came back to Europe—and is now being circulated in France against the Convents in that country.

In this state of things, people may well ask themselves, whether it

is worth while to confute any lie. But the true answer to such a question is not in the negative. It is, unfortunately, impossible to deny that there are many persons in our time, as there have been in all times, who deliberately propagate lies against the Catholic Church, knowing them to be such. Far larger is the number of those who are impatient of all exposure or explanation of the falsehoods which they have adopted as true without having investigated their character: just as pride or prejudice hinders the half-learned author of some book against the doctrines of the Church from confessing the cogency of some refutation of his arguments which he is far too wise to reply to, or from acknowledging his mistake when it has been clearly proved that he has either simply misunderstood or simply misrepresented the authors he has quoted or the dogmas of which he has been treating—so among the more vulgar herd of anti-Catholic talkers and writers it is by no means uncommon to find too many symptoms of that disingenuousness in the face of a defeat on a matter of fact which can have its roots in nothing but a dislike to the truth which is thrust upon them. But truth always makes its way to some candid mind every time it is put forward, and no lie is ever exposed without doing damage to the party which has put it in circulation over and above its own refutation. The strength of the Protestant tradition proves the dense ignorance of the majority as well as the malice of the few who trade upon it so unscrupulously; and ignorance is cured by light, as malice is silenced by charity. There are signs on all sides that though the English people is still blind enough to be duped by lies, though the trade of the sensational lecturer and tract-monger is still profitable, and though undeniable danger still lurks in the black cloud of ignorance and prejudice which requires so slight a provocation to discharge its bolts on every side, yet on the other hand the presence and working of the Catholic Church in this country has now an influence on the minds and feelings of the generality which had not been obtained at the time when the nation went mad at the instigation of Lord John Russell against the newly established Hierarchy. Attempts have been made, in quarters quite as high as those from which the Durham letter proceeded, to raise the No-popery cry in defence of the Irish Establishment, and, as far as can be seen at present, they have been egregious failures. However this may be, it is certain that the calumnies still current among so large a portion of the population are worth refuting over and over again, and that the pains taken to make the truth about Catholicism known may be multiplied and repeated continuously with the best hope of gradually placing the Church in her proper light before the nation. Some lies are silenced, if not all: some candid minds are enlightened, and recoil with indignation from the poisoned sources of which they have discovered the true character: some writers will not repeat the falsehoods of what they have been convicted, even though they may not have the courage to acknowledge their own refutation. As we see by instances, which will occur to the

minds of all, among the very highest and most famous of Anglican controversialists, it requires a very singular amount of candour and self-command for men of character and name to put themselves to the noble humiliation of confessing that they have made mistakes or misrepresentations on theological subjects: but at all events such persons may be expected not to offend again in the same way.

The activity with which slanders against conventual life have been circulated of late in the midland counties of England—where, unfortunately, such accusations have not been left altogether to persons of low position and contemptible character—has produced the occasion for Bishop Ullathorne's *Three Lectures** on the subject. No one is better able to speak on such matters than the Bishop of Birmingham, and we believe that wherever he is known, even among Protestants, his words will always carry great weight from the English honesty and straightforwardness which is always their characteristic. These short lectures are almost a treatise on the Religious Life, tracing it from its earliest germs in the Apostolic age down to the present time, and giving an accurate account of its details as they are to be seen, happily, in a hundred peaceful homes of charity and prayer throughout the country. Dr. Ullathorne's plain statements are worth more than a thousand sentimental theories, and we sincerely trust that they may be disseminated with at least as much profusion as the libels which have called them forth. Apart from the confutation of these libels, there is occasion at the present time for a clear and popular account of what the conventual system really is, because of the somewhat grotesque imitations of that system which may be found among the latest developments of the higher school among Anglicans. In a certain sense, the "Sisterhood Movement," as it may be called, commands our best sympathies, and many of those who have joined it are deserving of great admiration. As a system of organised work among the poor, the afflicted, and the ignorant, it has won the respect and the homage even of those who look with most suspicion upon everything which resembles Catholic devotion. But "Sisterhoods" must have an inner as well as an outer life, and it is here that the difficulties of all institutions which are founded without traditions and have no written sanction nor supervision from Church authorities begin: and we are by no means surprised at the strange stories that are in circulation concerning the arbitrary rule of self-appointed "Mother Superiors," and the fantastical regulations made by the Founders and Directors of these new "orders." It is quite time that the public should know how careful in its moderation and how gentle in its constitutionalism—to adopt a phrase of Dr. Ullathorne's—is the conventual system of the Catholic Church.

2. As a trial of strength in the two languages, the attempt to trans-

* *Three Lectures on the Conventual Life.* By the Right Rev. Bishop Ullathorne. Burns and Oates, 1868.

late a Greek poet *literally* into English verse is an interesting one, especially in the case now before us,* where the translator is a lady. She seems determined to say of her sex, with the chorus in this very play (we quote Mrs. Webster's own translation)—

> But fame turns too: our life shall have renown:
> Honour shall come to woman's race,
> And envious fame no more weigh women down.—ver. 416.

We certainly would most cordially welcome such endeavours. There is nothing in the Greek language to which the feminine genius is unequal; and perhaps a larger part of the literature might be innocently studied by female scholars than an equal number of specimens from most modern literatures. As for the manner in which the task has been executed, independently of the unfair presumption against a lady-scholar, we should be disposed to indulgence towards an effort which would tax very high powers. The similar attempt of Milton for the Hebrew psalms, "Done into metre wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original," has added little to his reputation, and it is, perhaps, a needless addition of difficulty. We consequently observe a good deal of harshness in some places of Mrs. Webster's version of the Medea. For example, how little harmony is there in these lines—

> Dread are the humours of princes; as wont
> To be ruled in few things, and in many to lord,
> It is hard for them to turn from their wrath.—ver. 119.

In the choral part of the tragedy she appears to us to be the least successful, partly from the fetters she has chosen to work in, partly from her poetical character not being, we think, lyrical. There is a lightness, a grace and ease about the choruses of Euripides which we miss in her version, which, besides, would be found occasionally difficult to understand by the superficial reader, who expects, in taking up a translation, that at least a *crib* ought to be plain sailing. Take, for example, one of the most beautiful passages of the original —σκαιοὺς δὲ λέγων κοὐδέν τι σοφοὺς κ. τ. λ.—Mrs. Webster renders it as follows—

> And sure ye would not err if ye said
> The men of old times were rude and nought wise,
> Who fashioned for revels, and wassails, and feasts,
> Song that make life, by listening, delight,
> While no mortal has yet devised to lull
> By music and chants many-toned the loathed pangs
> When death and strange fates tread down homes.
> And yet to calm these with the measured strain
> Were in sooth a gain unto man. But why
> Raise the vain sound where the feast is glad?
> For the feast with its present fullness alone
> Is itself a delight for men.—vs. 183—194.

* *The Medea of Euripides, Literally Translated into English Verse.* By Augusta Webster. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co., 1868.

'e venture to say, ordinary people will have to read these lines e before they completely catch their meaning. One of Dryden's :eited censors, the Rev. Luke Milbourne, was called "the fairest ritics," because, where he found fault with the poet's translation of il, he set his own version of the passages side by side with his, the reader might judge between Dryden and himself. If the er attempts in like manner to render the above passage, it is by means to presume to compare his poetical abilities with Mrs.)ster's, but only to show that a freer translation will be actually e intelligible (the great object, surely, of all translations) than constructed upon her very excellent, but perhaps exaggerated ciple—

Fools and unwise the men of old
In calling, thou wilt not be wrong,
Because to feasts and revelry
They thought to add the voice of song,
And charm the ears of life;
Yet mortal ne'er devis'd a way,
With music's many-chanted lay,
The hateful sorrows to abate
From which come deaths and dreadful fate
By sudden strokes o'erwhelming homes.
Yet these by melody to bind,
If mortals once the way could find,
Great gain it sure would be.
But why prolong the idle measure
Where banquets rich invite to pleasure?
The present joy's unaided thrill
Doth of itself our cravings fill.

; in spite of the difficulties attending a literal metrical version, . Webster has succeeded as well as she has done, it only shows admirable a translation she could have produced by the more ıt method. There are passages which she has executed so ably they could hardly be surpassed by any translator giving himself ect freedom. Examples are afforded in almost the whole of the e description of the death of Creüsa and her father. We quote a cient number of the lines to give the reader an idea of the merit ıe translation—

She took the shimmering robes and put them on,
And, setting round her curls the golden crown,
At the bright mirror stroked her tresses right,
And smiled on the mute likeness of herself.

* * * * *

But then a sight came dread to look upon;
For a change came on her hue, she staggers back,
Shuddering in every limb, and scarce wins time
To fall upon her couch, not to the ground.

* * * * *

For twofold anguish did make war on her.
For both the golden crown set round her head
Was sending marvellous streams of eating fire,
And the fine-webbed robe, the offering of thy sons,
Was gnawing at the hapless one's white flesh.

But she, sprung from her couch, now flies, ablaze,
Tossing her head and curls this way and that,
Fain to dash off the crown. But all too firm
The golden head-band clave; and still the fire
Flamed doubly fiercer when she tossed her locks,
And, conquered by her fate, she drops to the floor,
Scarce, but by her own father, to be known.
For neither the grave sweetness of her eyes
Nor her fair face was visible; but blood
Mingled with flame came welling from her head,
And, by the secret poison gnawn, her flesh
Dropped from her bones as resin-gouts from the fir—
Direful to see. And none dared touch the dead,
For her fate had we to our monitor.—vs. 1167—1200.

We cannot help remarking that it is difficult to read the second line—

Twixt the dark Symplegades to Colchian lands,

without making the dreadful false quantity "Symplĕgades." However, of such a blunder we do not think of accusing Mrs. Webster, but only of the extreme harshness of the scansion, which obliges us to make an anapæst of "'Twixt the dark."

As to translation, we may note one or two points. In the chorus, verse 419,

No more the staled songs shall be heard
Of muses hymning our deceit,

it strikes us that "staled" rather degrades the original παλαιγενέων. And in the striking and beautiful ode where the Athenian climate is alluded to, we should not consider that the expression ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου βαίνοντες ἁβρῶς αἰθέρος is correctly rendered by—

And through their bright translucent air
Move ever with *proud jubilant gait.*

Mrs. Webster has herself accurately translated the identical phrase, ἁβρὸν βαίνουσα, in verse 1164, "daintily tripping." But these are blemishes hardly affecting the merit of a work like this as a whole. In spite of our objection to the method adopted in it, we can recommend it as a useful aid in the practical study of the original, even if, to use an old and not very safe test, it is hardly what Euripides himself—allowing for difference of genius—would have produced had he written in English.

3. The readers of the *Rambler*, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, may remember a series of interesting articles on "Sanctuaries of the Madonna"—chiefly in Italy and France—contaning an unusual amount of historical information mixed with other lighter and more ephemeral materials. We fear it must be said that the periodical literature of a few years back is almost as seldom consulted as a file of old newspapers; and yet, from the character of the writers who contribute to its stores, and the amount of research often

expended on their production, it contains a great deal which ought not to be so soon consigned to oblivion. In the case of a few great writers of each generation, these ephemeral articles are rescued from their grave and placed in their due position as a part of the collected works of their authors. But, except under these unusual circumstances, the most valuable of magazine contributions are forgotten, unless care is taken to republish them for the sake of the information they contain. The articles on the Sanctuaries of which we are speaking were from the pen of Dr. Northcote; and we are much pleased to see that the President of Oscott has yielded to the request of his friends, and put some of them together in a volume*—adding, moreover, a considerable number of similar pieces written by another author.

A complete account of the Sanctuaries of the Madonna in Europe alone, would, probably, occupy a series of volumes which might remind the reader of the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists. The veneration of our Lady is to be found in the breasts of the people in all Catholic countries; and it has everywhere fastened itself upon special places and particular shrines which have been the scenes of the more remarkable instances of her power and clemency. The histories of these Sanctuaries, and the traditions which have gathered round them, are among the richest and the most beautiful of the treasures of Christian literature or legend. But it would require the devotion and the industry of a number of students as laborious as the Bollandists themselves to do justice to such a subject. Dr. Northcote has thrown together a number of pleasant and well arranged accounts of a few of the principal Sanctuaries, being guided in his choice by circumstances almost accidental. Of the shrines in the Pontifical States, he treats of Loreto, Sta. Maria Maggiore, Gennazzano, and La Quercia; adding a chapter about the "Madonna of Rimini," into which he introduces a remarkable account, condensed from the authentic documents, of the miraculous pictures in Rome at the end of the last century, the phœnomena of which caused the institution of the Feast of the "Prodigies" of the Blessed Virgin. In the rest of Italy, he notices only the "Madonna del Carmine," at Naples, and "Sta. Maria della Grotta," near La Cava. The Swiss shrines are represented by Einsiedlen alone. The work concludes with a very interesting chapter on "English Shrines of our Blessed Lady." The work appears opportunely just before the beginning of the month of May. Let us hope that it is only the first-fruits of labours which may be devoted hereafter to the same most important subject.

4. Without being a "sensational" novel in the bad sense of the word, Lady Chatterton's new story, *Country Coteries*,* is perfectly packed with the stock in trade in which the authors of such novels

* *The Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna.* By J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., President of St. Mary's College, Oscott. Longmans, 1868.

usually deal. There is a false heir to a baronetcy and an estate who succeeds to them for a time, and a real heir whose true claim is vindicated before the close: a child, and afterwards a young lady, supposed to have been burnt, a haunted chamber, an apparition, a scoundrel of rank who nearly marries one of the heroines while he has a wife living at Naples all the time, and who is convicted at the last moment in the vestry-room of St. George's, Hanover Square; a cabinet with a secret drawer which reveals important and long lost documents in consequence of the dream of an old lady; a castle in Styria with caverns underneath it in which a grand ball is held, and in which the lights are accidently extinguished, and a charming young lady who was to have been married the next morning to a Venetian Count is spirited away, in company with a young Englishman, no one knows whither; and a good deal more of what we may call "raw material" of the same kind, not very commonly to be met with in ordinary life. This profusion of incidents of a startling character is the chief defect of the book, for it puts us somewhat out of breath. At the same time the interest is well kept up, and the characters are well conceived, and in several cases, well developed. In this, we think, Lady Chatterton's power lies. Perhaps she may have had some special object, sly or serious, in conforming to so great an extent to the prevalent passion for "strong" incident: at all events she has made us wish that she could have given a little more play to her characters. *Country Coteries*, which seems to have taken its name from a desire of the writer to stand up for the old English custom of country hospitality and good neighbourship, has matter enough in it for half a dozen ordinary novels.

5. *The Sarum Missal, in English*,* owes it existence and publication to that growing interest in the liturgies of the past in this country which has become such a marked feature in earnest-minded Protestants during the last thirty or forty years. At no other period since the Reformation have mens' minds been so attracted to the study of the origin of the English Church, and, as a natural concomitant, to the origin and history of the liturgical rites of that Church. Such black-letter antiphonaries, processionals, manuals, hymnals, prymers, and missals, as could be anywhere found, were rooted up from their forgotten places, and their grimy covers and dusty leaves cleared from the cobwebs and dirt in which they were often enough found embedded. Happy then did he deem himself who, on diving into the long-closed recesses of his library, was so fortunate as to fish up the wished-for volume, especially if in good condition. Such books were scarce, because, at the change of religion

* *Country Coteries.* By Georgiana, Lady Chatterton. 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett. 1868.

The Sarum Missal, in English. London: The Church Press Company, 1868.

in the sixteenth century, a liturgical book—new, both in form and in doctrine—was compiled in English out of the old Latin missal and breviary, and to this compilation was given the title of the Book of Common Prayer. The old missals and breviaries then became an eye-sore to the Protestantism of the day, and contained obnoxious names and allusions, which offended its ears and feelings. Two names, especially, drew down upon themselves the wrath of the Reformers. The word *pope* they could not endure. Was not that title and office an impious usurpation? So, under heavy penalties, that simple word was ordered to be obliterated from every missal, breviary, or other prayer-book, to be found in the kingdom. And the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury shared the same fate. Hence in nearly every ancient liturgical book that belonged to the English rite, the word pope (*papa*), and the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury, are found erased from the page where they occurred, even in the calendars. Sometimes the owner of such books seems to have been loath to make the requisite obliteration, and thus spoil the fair appearance of a page or leaf—for we must bear in mind that many of these were goodly volumes, sumptuously printed or beautifully written, and magnificently, at times even gorgeously, illuminated; their covers adorned with wrought ornaments of gold or silver, and decked with precious stones—and so we find that, instead of erasing the word *papa*, and thus defiling the page, they would artfully change it into *epūs*, the contracted form of *episcopus* (bishop). Many of these books are found with this substitution neatly effected, so that an ordinary eye does not at once detect it.

But by far the greater number of these books were wilfully destroyed; and in spite of the great number, as is proved by the many editions, that must have existed at the close of the reign of Henry VIII., comparatively few are at this day anywhere to be found. Of course, now that there has been so great a demand and search for them, copies have turned up in most unexpected quarters. Still, few persons can boast of being in possession of any of the ancient copies, and whenever such are offered for sale, they carry off very high prices. The last time—perhaps, both first and last—that the Missal for the use of the church of York, printed in 1516, was offered for sale by public competition, it fetched the almost incredible sum of £390. From this fact alone we may gain a notion of the esteem in which such books are held.

It is well known that before the Reformation there were in England alone three different *uses*, they are called, of liturgies; that is, three systems, which, though having much in common, still differed in detail. They are the uses of Sarum, of York, and of Hereford. The first-mentioned was the most extensively followed. Even now there are extant copies of upwards of fifty editions of the Missal for Sarum use; whereas there are only three of that for York, and one of that for Hereford. The Sarum Missal then, being the one from which principally the Book of Common Prayer was compiled, is naturally of

most interest to Englishmen, and has, therefore, been selected by the editor and translator to be placed in the hands of the public. In his *Introduction* he gives a condensed account of the origin and development of this missal, as far as the haze that hangs about its history could be cast aside. Some facts that he groups together will prove interesting. He says that the earliest notice of the existence of a liturgy in England is involved in the inquiry addressed by St. Augustine to Pope Gregory (A.D. 601)—what should be done when the Roman and the national missal disagreed? To which query the answer was returned, that he was to pick out what was pious, religious and right, in each church, and use that.

We know hardly anything of the Anglo-Saxon rite. The Norman conquerors took little notice of it, and mercilessly displaced nearly all the Anglo-Saxon saints: some say, because they could not pronounce their names. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that they took no notice of them, they did not know them, they ignored them. However this may be, St. Osmund had a great hand in constructing the Sarum liturgy. Being originally a Norman count, he naturally would look to Rouen, the primatial see of Normandy, for a model of what he wanted; and, accordingly, we find that the use of Rouen and that of Sarum were identical in the eleventh century.

In the performance of his task, the editor and translator has been strictly conscientious. As the book was got up for Protestants, he has used the Common Prayer Book version of the Psalms, and the Protestant translation of the Scripture, as being household words to most English readers; so again, he has retained so much of the Common Prayer Book collects and prayers as is evidently derived from the Missal. The sequences, of which there are very many, have been translated into English verse, the particular metre, where discernible, being reproduced. Many of them are of exceeding beauty, and deserve to be read and pondered over and over again. We notice that one stanza of the sequence for the feast of the "Conception of Blessed Mary" (Dec. 8), has not been translated. The Latin lines are as follows:—

Triste fuit in Eva ve,
Sed ex Eva formans Ave,
Versa vice, sed non prave,
Intus ferens in conclave
Verbum bonum et suave
Nobis, Mater Virgo, fave
Tua frui gratia.

It is not surprising that a translator should have given this stanza up in despair. It is right to add that the publication before us will disappoint anyone who desires to use it *devotionally* in one important particular: the Epistles and Gospels throughout are not printed at length, but merely indicated by references, the few first and last words alone being inserted.

6. A plain, unvarnished, matter of fact statement of the connection

between reason and revelation will, at the present day, be received with welcome. In a series of five lectures,* the Rev. T. S. Preston has explained from the stand-point of common sense and reason the claims of the Catholic Church to be the Church instituted by our Lord. In the first lecture he explains the office of reason; showing that we are bound to use it, and to follow its guidance, just as we are bound to use the knowledge given to us by our senses. In the affairs of everyday life we do thus conduct ourselves: why then should we not act in the same way where revelation forces itself upon our attention? The convictions of conscience necessarily claim obedience. The second lecture examines the relations in which reason and faith stand to each other. As faith proceeds from the principle of grace assisting nature, and rests upon the authority of God, its sphere is in the supernatural order; on the other hand, truths within the order of nature lie within the domain of reason. But the service of religion is also a reasonable service; hence reason and faith can never stand in each other's way. They must always be in agreement. The third lecture investigates the conditions of revelation, establishing its possibility, and even its necessity. The important point to prove is the fact itself; and here we have our reason and our conscience leading us unmistakeably to that assurance. In the fourth, the several claimants to the possession of revealed truth are examined, as they appear under the generic name of Protestantism. The author shews that Protestantism can lay no claim to be our teacher; for it teaches nothing clearly, pretends to no authority, and is able to present us with none. Lastly, he examines the claims of the Catholic Church. He shows that she is a teacher; that in her method there is clearness and distinctness; and that she teaches without fear of falling into error. Does she not also teach the whole world; sending her ministers into every clime, teaching one and the same code of doctrine? Every human power has been arrayed against her, yet she is still triumphant. She satisfies the cravings of the human mind as no other church has ever pretended to do. Therefore, she is the Church instituted by Jesus Christ.

7. Antonio de Guevara, chronicler and court preacher to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, was a famous man in his own day, and several of his numerous works were, in the sixteenth century, translated into various European languages—our own being among these. If we remember rightly, his *Chronicles of the Lives of the Emperors of Rome*, which were translated from a fictitious original, brought upon him a good deal of censure, as having imposed upon the public. Most of his works were historical or political; but he wrote an

* *Lectures on Reason and Revelation*, delivered in St. Ann's Church, New York, during the season of Advent, 1867. By the Rev. Thomas S. Preston. New York: Catholic Publication House, 1868. London: Burns & Co.

Oratorio de Religiosos y Exercitatio de Virtuosos—of which no English translation exists—as well as some *Commentaries on the Prophet Habacuc.* His last work seems to have been a devotional book on the passion of our Lord—*The Mount of Calvary*; on the second part of which—treating of the "Seven Words on the Cross"—he was engaged when he died. An old English translation of this—from the Spanish—exists; which has been made the foundation of a publication now before us,* called *The Mysteries of Mount Calvary*; which, however, is said to be translated from the Latin version of the original.

The Editor of this volume, Mr. Orby Shipley, tells us in his preface that very considerable liberties have been taken with the old Spanish author. "The present," he says, "is not to be regarded as an exact reproduction of Guevara's beautiful work. It was found to be too quaint, and even in many places too extravagant for devotional reading at the present day. In some parts of the book, also, a certain exaggeration of sentiment, and in others a repetition, which is apt to become wearisome, pervades the original. All this has been omitted." Then, when Guevara's thoughts are based upon the Vulgate: where that differs from the English version—"a text which answers the purpose has been substituted, and the Bishops' words have been adapted to suit it." Again, the translator has occasionally ventured "to add a few words; taking them chiefly" from other mystic writers of Spain. Then, "rearrangement of the text has been made." Quotations which have "strayed," have been "restored to their proper position." Finally, as might have been expected, whole pages, near the end of the volume, have been expunged. It is hardly necessary to say that these pages contain matter connected with our Blessed Lady. Some day, perhaps, we shall have an "adapted history of the Passion, drawn from the Gospels, in which certain verses from St. John will be 'expunged.'"

In a literary point of view, it was perhaps hardly worth while to republish Guevara, at least in a translation. He may have his value as a good writer of the Spanish of his time, but if he is to be republished at all, he ought to be given as he is, not as Mr. Shipley may think he ought to be. Considering his work on the Passion as a book for devotional reading, it would not have been difficult to find its superior among the Spanish writers of a little later date; and the selection of this work by Mr. Shipley strongly illustrates the literary, and, as we may say, the amateur character of the school of religionists to which he belongs. Nevertheless, there are of course, many good and beautiful things in this volume; though, as a whole, it is confessedly mutilated, and even garbled. We are sorry to see the bad example, set many years ago by the earlier "adapters" among the Puseyite clergy, followed at the present time,

* *The Mysteries of Mount Calvary.* Translated from the Latin of Antonio de Guevara. Edited by the Rev. Orby Shipley. Rivingtons, 1868.

by one who, as we suppose, belongs to that new generation of "advanced" Anglicans, who claim in so many ways to have improved upon their predecessors. The practice of mutilating Catholic books of devotion was then defended on the ground that the authorities of Anglicanism had done the same thing with the Missal and the Breviary. This was, perhaps, an answer to objectors from the Anglican side—provided that the "adapters" of private devotions followed the same doctrinal line in their mutilations as the compilers of the Prayer-book. Had this been the case, the Anglican editors would at least have had whatever sanction their own Establishment could give them. But this was not the case. The "adapters" of Catholic devotions were not content with the limits laid down in the Prayer-book. It may be questioned, indeed, whether in some respects they did not do things more odious than what had been done by their authorities, who had at least the excuse of a sort of necessity to shelter them, and who took on themselves the parentage of their own progeny. No Anglican authority ever published an edition of the *Sarum Missal*, "adapted;" but we have had even so practical a book as Scupoli's *Spiritual Combat*, not a line of which is superfluous or without some connection with the rest, "edited," with the omission of the chapter on devotion to our Lady; and, in the same way, Pinart's *Suffering Life of our Lord*, with a similar omission. On the other hand, however, the "adapters" went beyond the Establishment in certain points, notably in all that relates to the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, which had been carefully and deliberately expunged from the Prayer-book; and in the comparatively exaggerated prominence—to say the least—given to Sacramental Confession and Absolution; a prominence not at all in keeping with the Prayer-book. The result of the adoption of an arbitrary and elastic standard on the part of the "adapters," who have been guided mainly by their own ideas of what was Catholic and primitive, has been the production of a set of books which are neither Anglican nor Catholic; but simply as sectarian in their tone and principle as any compilation of Irvingites or Methodists. Thus they have a literary and historical value, as illustrating more than any other productions of their school the extent to which it rests upon the private judgment of a few students. To those who are not acquainted with the originals, and who are content with just as much and no more of Catholicity as it pleases their self-appointed guides to give them, these volumes may be acceptable; but they cannot be looked upon without dislike and disapproval by those who are of the same faith with the authors who are so unfairly treated.

7. In the first chapter of his book on Ventilation,† Mr. Edwards gives a brief history of his subject from the time that it began to

† *On the Ventilation of Dwelling-houses, and the Utilization of Waste Heat from open Fire-places.* By Frederic Edwards, Jun. London. Robert Hardwicke. 1868.

attract the notice of scientific men. One principal reason which he assigns for the fact that the great cry for fresh air, of which we now hear so much, is quite of modern date, may be comprised in the remark, that our forefathers had no need, or rather, no lack of it. Ventilation, as a science, they never dreamt of; they simply left it to itself. It is almost entirely from our improved method of building, and from the comfortable rooms we manage to construct, that a necessity for paying peculiar attention to the means of purifying our halls and chambers has been forced upon us. In former times rooms ventilated themselves. Fire-places were larger and more open than our present refinement can brook; window-frames hardly fitted as closely as our modern cabinet-maker's work; and there were a score of other passages both for the inlet and outlet of air that we now keep hermetically sealed up. With our improved conditions of constructive architecture and building, we are compelled to study the means of getting rid of foul, and procuring pure, air; and Mr. Edwards' desire is to aid us in our meditations.

He tells his readers that the first attempt at ventilation of public buildings was made by Sir Christopher Wren, in the House of Commons. After him appears Dr. Desaguliers, a French emigrant, a distinguished philosopher and mechanician, who made great improvements upon the contrivances of his predecessor. Then there appear upon the scene Dr. Hales, Mr. Sutton, Sir Humphrey Davy, and the Marquis de Chabannes. The account given by Mr. Edwards of the struggles of these inventors with the red-tape officials of the day, who, of course, as a rule, opposed all improvements, is exceedingly amusing. The last-mentioned personage seems to be the first who actively employed himself in introducing the system of heating buildings by hot water into this country. Dr. Reid contributed more than any other man of our time to enunciate the scientific principles of ventilation. He succeeded admirably in the temporary House of Commons after the great fire, but in his arrangements for the new Houses of Parliament he fell foul of Sir Charles Barry, and as they could not come to terms on the question, he was obliged to abandon his labours.

The second chapter is taken up with a description and enumeration of simple appliances for ventilating dwelling-houses, contrivances, that is, which provide for the entrance of fresh air, and for the exit of foul air. These descriptions are rendered intelligible to anybody who chooses to take the trouble of examination, by more than a hundred figures printed on plates which are placed at the end of the book. The third chapter is devoted to considerations on the utilization of waste heat from open fire-places, and to a comprehensive scheme for the supply of heat to dwellings. The author thinks with Dr. Arnott that there is much waste of fuel now going on in this country, but he would not go the full length of asserting all that Dr. Arnott does on that point. The fourth chapter is taken up with concluding observations. To architects, builders, and health-seeking house-*holders* the work will be of great service and interest.

8. We are glad to find that the very useful manual, published in the course of last year by the Rev. J. O'Kane, the Senior Dean at Maynooth, has been so well received by the clergy in general that a new edition has already been called for.* Having expressed a high opinion of this work at the time of its first appearance, we have little to do with regard to this second issue but to announce the fact. There are however one or two things of some importance to be mentioned for the benefit of those who may already have received the first edition. Dr. O'Kane has spent some time in Rome since the publication of his work, and it has been carefully examined by a Censor of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The result has been most favourable to the accuracy of the author, as a few sentences only have been found to need emendation. As they refer to matters of some interest, we may simply mention them. It had been in the first place laid down in the book that the practice of the conditional re-baptism of converts from Protestantism was now universally prevalent, at Rome and elsewhere. This statement is too general: at Rome, according to a decree of the Inquisitor, investigation is made in each case as to the validity of the original "baptism": and the book is corrected accordingly. The other emendations relate to regulations as to the administration of Holy Communion. The practice of giving Communion with preconsecrated "particles" in Masses of the Dead is declared to be not yet established by any final decision, and the custom of each diocese is still to be followed. The rubric is to be exactly observed in the private carrying of the Blessed Sacrament to the sick.

10. Mr. M'Carthy has added a fourth volume† to the series of translations from Calderon, which he began in 1853. The present instalment consists of two of the principal of the *Autos*, or Sacramental Mysteries, to which the great dramatist consecrated the maturity of his genius. *Belshazzar's Feast*, the first of his seventy-three *Autos*, is supposed by the latest editors to have been written as early as 1638, when Calderon was in his thirty-seventh year, and still a layman; and almost half a century later, death found the old poet-priest putting the last touches to the *Divine Philothea*, the second *Auto* in this volume.

The translator has aimed at a rigid fidelity with regard to the form as well as to the substance of these poems. Thus he has imitated carefully all the beautiful varieties of versification which distinguished the Spanish drama. Of these, the most difficult to reproduce is the *asonante*, or (if we may give it a "name" in the language in which it

* *Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual*, regarding the Sacraments in General, Baptism, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. By the Rev. James O'Kane. Dublin: Duffy, 1868.

† *Mysteries of Corpus Christi.* From the Spanish of Calderon. By Denis Florence M'Carthy, M.R.I.A. Duffy: London and Dublin.

has now a "local habitation,") assonant verse. This, to use Lord Holland's definition, is a word which resembles another in the vowel on which the last accent falls, as well as the vowel or vowels which follow it, while every consonant after the accented syllable must be different from that on the corresponding syllable. Thus, *tos* and *amor*, *orilla* and *delira*, *álamo* and *pájaro*, are all assonants. In the present volume, Mr. M'Carthy has been successful in avoiding a fault into which English assonantists have frequently fallen, on account of the capriciousness of our vowel sounds. He appears to have only once or twice forgotten that the ear, not the eye, must be the judge in this matter, and that, therefore, for instance, such words as *succeeded* and *effected*, *hopeless* and *torments*, cannot be paired together. Yet Archbishop Trench's versions furnish these spurious assonances in abundance.

After all, this minute material accuracy of form seems to be hardly compatible with the higher attributes of translation. In short poems it is, indeed, well to strive after an exact rendering both of thought and measure, as in the late Mr. Worsley's *Dies Iræ*. But a drama is less susceptible of such treatment. The most fluent assonants remind one disagreeably of *Hiawatha;* and the lighter metres, which in this version imitate very skilfully all the subtle changes of the original, are to the uninitiated ear essentially undramatic. This is said only of a reader unused to the peculiar subjects and spirit of Calderon, who takes up one of these "allegorical dramas in one act" as a poem on its own merits, and not in its special character as a translation from a most difficult original. Under this latter aspect the work before us is the best in our language.

Mr. M'Carthy has illustrated his text with loving care, not only borrowing from all that Spain has recently done for her poet, but also giving, in their German exhaustiveness, the Introduction and Commentary of Dr. Franz Lorinzer.

11. Many who were the schoolfellows or friends of the late Hon. H. E. Dormer, will be grateful for the publication of the short *Biographical Memoir* (Burns and Co.) of that gentleman, which now lies before us. Mr. Dormer must certainly live in the memories of all who have ever known him, as a model of a perfect Christian officer; and the few pages in which his memoir is contained, give a very interesting account of his habits of piety and charity. He died in Canada in 1866, just after he had finally made up his mind to leave the army and join the Order of St. Dominic. It is particularly gratifying to find, in the short account before us, nothing that might lead us to suppose that Mr. Dormer's very holy life attracted any sort of persecution from his brother officers, many of whom subscribed after his death to place a tablet to his memory in one of the London churches.

We must confine ourselves to the simple announcement of the republication (by Mr. Washbourne) of the useful little volume, *Protestant Principles examined by the Written Word;* and of a very valuable *Manual of Devotions in Honour of our Lady of Sorrows.*

Christian Women and English Women.

A FEW months ago we drew the attention of our readers to the vigorous efforts made by the Bishop of Orleans to direct the attention of Catholics in France to the improvement of female education. It would appear, from recent manœuvres on the part of the Minister of Education in that country, who seems to represent in its worst phase the Universitarian and Voltairian spirit which pervades so much of the intellectual society of France, that the Bishop is not the only person anxious to improve—whatever sense we may attach to the term—the branch of education of which we had to speak. M. Duruy, encouraged by the applause of the anti-Christian press, and of some of the more advanced representatives of the Liberal party in the Legislative Assembly, has proposed a plan for revolutionising the whole of female education. He modestly avows the desire to found "what does not exist"—the secondary instruction of women. There are no schools and no teachers at all in France, says the minister, who give to girls from twelve to eighteen the education which is desirable for them. Of course we rub our eyes, and wonder where we have lived. It was the impression of most people who have visited France that there was a good deal of activity among educators in that country, and that young ladies and young women were certainly not the class most neglected in this important respect. The pamphlet of the Bishop of Orleans, which bears the significant title, *Femmes Chrétiennes et Femmes Françaises*, explains a good deal of the mystery created by M. Duruy's announcement. The object of the minister is to get the education of girls generally under bureaucratic control. There is, in fact, a great deal too much of education, in the Christian sense of the word, for M. Duruy. It is

very much in the way of a certain active school of anti-Christian propagandists that the women of France are so Christian as they are. These men find the influence of mothers, sisters, and wives, fatal to their attacks on the faith and morals of husbands, brothers, and sons. So all this Christian education must be suppressed, and that it may be suppressed without being directly attacked, its existence must be denied or ignored, and a new and strictly guarded system must be introduced, under which all the power of an inquisitive administration, and all the resources of a national budget, may be brought to weigh in the scale against the old schools, which may be persecuted or rivalled out of existence. M. Duruy, in fact, wants to establish a sort of "Godless college" method of education for French women, and gradually to force it on the acceptance of all. After this explanation, we cease to wonder at Monseigneur Dupanloup's indignation, and at the support given to him by the universal adhesion of the Bishops of France.

The attempt to vitiate society by poisoning the education of women is nothing new on the part of the enemies of faith, virtue, and social order. The family is the centre and the heart of Church and State alike, the inmost shrine of faith, the citadel of morality and justice. At the heart of each family is the mother, as the father is at the head; both parents are charged by God with the training up of their children, both have been children themselves, and both have learnt their first and their most ineffaceable lessons at their mothers' knee. Woman in society at large fills a place analogous to that of the mother in the home. Much nonsense has been written and talked by those who seem to believe that piety, devotion, charity, purity, tenderness, compassion, and other kindred virtues, are the exclusive possession of women; or that, if men attain to them at all, it is in consequence of the softer influences around them that these graces are planted in their hearts. This is a mischievous delusion, consistent neither with the doctrines of the New Testament, nor with the history of Christian society. The Christian virtues are Christian, and not feminine; but, as a matter of fact, it is often the case

that the cause of Christian virtue is most powerfully sustained by the influence of Christian women, and it is one of the most beautiful and beneficent achievements of Catholicism for the advantage of mankind, that it has raised woman to that position in society in which it is possible for her to exercise such influence. When we see the enemies of religion and of society attacking female education, we need not, perhaps, imagine that they think they have won their game with the men. They push their attacks where they can, and do the mischief that comes to their hand, if they are allowed to do it. They have done a good deal in the course of the last hundred years to ruin education all over Europe. Their triumph began many years before the Great Revolution, for which they had prepared the generation which carried it out in all its excesses. When the reaction set in, it was found that a gap as long as an ordinary life had been made in the traditions of Catholic education in its highest and best form. Education was restored—we are speaking, of course, chiefly of the Continent—on un-Christian principles, and for many years a battle had to be fought for the natural liberty of the fathers and mothers to give their children a good education at the hands of the Church. The un-Christian spirit still lives in rampant vigour, it will live until the end of time, and its tactics will always be, more or less, the same. Marriage and education are its two great battlefields, whether in Austria, in Italy, in England, or in America, for the home and the family are the strongholds of society and religion—

> Fœcunda culpæ sæcula nuptias
> Primùm inquinavere, et genus, et domos,
> Hoc fonte derivata clades
> In patriam populumque fluxit.

The most important thing for the friends of Christian education is to inquire whether there are any signs in the present condition of society which may be considered as encouragements to the ever-watchful foes of good in this their latest attempt. We may remind ourselves, in the first place, that France is not the only country in which

men whose names are connected with very suspicious opinions have come forward with a professed zeal for the intellectual education of women. It cannot be doubted that there are many sincere and benevolent Christians everywhere who have taken part in the movement for this general object; as, indeed, Monseigneur Dupanloup himself has put himself at its head in France. But everywhere also there are men who desire to see classes of young ladies collected round them with a distinct view of "emancipating" them, as it is termed, from the thraldrom of a traditionary belief, and enabling them to take what is deemed a more philosophical view of the great questions on which the welfare of humanity depends. Is there anything in the tone of society generally which gives a special importance to the warnings addressed to those who have the care of the young, by writers like the Bishop of Orleans—anything to make it especially dangerous that just at this time the vain glitter and sonorous emptiness of an un-Catholic system of instruction should woo the attention of those who are to be the mothers of the next generation? We suppose that the frivolity and childishness, the utter want of real mental training and cultivation, the consequent unfitness for serious occupations and incapacity to take interest in the loftier ranges of thought, and in all nobler intellectual pursuits, which form the ground of Monseigneur Dupanloup's complaint against the present system of female education, must answer to some features in the society for which young ladies are educated, and in which they look forward to moving as their mothers are moving before them. We can hardly fancy it possible that a society in which intellectual taste, mental culture, serious thought, simplicity and purity of manners, and other like characteristics predominate—a society in which there is little luxury, or extravagance, or immodesty, or ostentation of the more vulgar kind—would have created, or would tolerate, a style of education more congenial to the latter set of qualities than to the former. It is very unfair to complain of the schoolmaster or schoolmistress, when the home influences, which ought to support them in their efforts to train up children in the severe and simple

requirements of Christian education, are in reality brought to bear in an opposite direction. There are, happily, many instances in which Christian educators are enabled to triumph, even against un-Christian and worldly homes; but there is no difficulty which they have to contend with which can be compared to that which meets them in such cases. As a general rule, home and society not only overpower most of the influences of an education which is at variance with their own dominant maxims and habits, but they regulate or modify most importantly the training itself, which is mainly but a preparation for them. When these dominant maxims and habits, from whatever cause, become lax and debased, the young generation cannot be secured against their tyranny unless their parents themselves first throw off the yoke.

It is curious to compare the remarks made by serious and religious thinkers on the subject now before us with the attacks on the "manners and customs" of the ladies of the present day which emanate from cynical and, we may almost say, Voltairian writers. A certain portion of our periodical press has long been distinguished for a succession of articles in which, to use a slang expression, "the girl of the period," her ways of dressing and acting in society, the aims of her ambition, and her methods of gaining them, have been made the subject of minute and patient analysis. Whether these writers are few or many, it may be considered certain that every article of this sort represents a certain indefinitely large amount of talk—if not of thought—on the same subjects, in certain classes of society, and we may presume that the evident relish with which the authors dissect their subject, and expose, as it were, its every limb to a microscopic analysis, must correspond to some kind of similar delectation on the part of their readers. If we believe their statements, nothing can be worse than the maxims and fashions which reign among the ladies of the present day. We take no pleasure, and we imagine that our readers would take none, in following these writers into details. There is a cynical *blasé* tone about them which makes them appear much more like Juvenal or some other heathen satirist than

any of the numerous Christian writers who may have had occasion to speak severely on the follies, extravagancies, and effronteries of their time. This kind of hard, sharp, and unsparing raillery is done much better in French than in English. No one of the writers of whom we speak is to be compared for trenchant acrimony to M. Louis Veuillot, and their compositions are but a poor Belgravian adaptation of the *Odeurs de Paris.* We do not consider them as allies of those who on the highest grounds lament the decay of Christian simplicity and strictness of manner among Englishwomen, because it never seems to occur to them that the "fastness," and frivolity, and indecorum of which they complain, are as disgraceful and as unlawful in one sex as in the other. This is a semi-pagan view of the virtues to which these faults are opposed, quite in harmony with the false and cruel rules of a world which proscribes the slightest taint on the one side while it tolerates and sometimes even applauds successful vice on the other.

We may, however, take the evidence of writers such as those of whom we are speaking for what it is worth on the question of fact. We may entirely dissent from the accuracy of the analysis which they pretend to give of the interior of the gay and empty-hearted butterflies of society whom they criticize, and we may disbelieve the deliberate intention which is ascribed to ladies, of making themselves agreeable and attractive by imitating in the externals of demeanour, conversation, and dress, the still more pitiable victims whose existence society does not recognize. Still there remains the fact that we appear to be in one of those periods, when, from whatever causes, extravagance, luxury, freedom of manners, and laxity as to such matters as costume and the like, have reached a dangerous pitch. Such periods are not unfrequent in the annals of Christian society, and they often live in history from their connection with the names of great men who have lifted their voices to protest against or to reform the manners of their time. St. Chrysostom fought this battle at Constantinople, Bourdaloue in Paris, and, almost in our own day, Père de Ravignan, in the

same gay and elegant capital. We may well suppose that there is a danger of the same kind now, when we call to mind the strong words used a few months ago by the Holy Father in Rome itself. Every one knows the great tolerance as to such matters which exists at Rome—a city which is always singular in the great proportion of foreigners whom it contains as occasional residents, who are interfered with very little indeed by the authorities. The Romans put up quietly with a great amount of what are to them bad manners, even when they are displayed in holy places or with reference to sacred things. The *forestieri* are allowed to do much as they like, and a quiet shrug is often the only criticism, meted out to things which in an Italian would seem absolutely scandalous. We are not able to say whether the censure lately expressed by Pius IX. was provoked by foreign ladies, or by Roman women who had become their disciples; but we may conclude, without much fear of contradiction, that nothing was seen in Rome which might not have been seen in London or in Paris. People do not invent these offensive excesses for themselves; they would transgress the very rules of the bad code which they obey, if they went beyond the fashion. There is nothing so contagious as fashion. The rapidity with which a new feature in dress runs from one end of Europe to another is perfectly amazing, at least to the uninitiated; there seems a sort of freemasonry or even instinct, like that which exists among bees or ants, by which the edicts of the invisible authorities who regulate the monthly or fortnightly changes of the fashion, are registered at once all over the western world. The leaders of society know them only a few days sooner than the budding girl in the Convent-school or the quiet maid of all work below stairs; and the obedience which their laws receive at all hands is a phenomenon which spiritual and political rulers look for in vain on the part of their own subjects. There is doubtless a good deal that is clumsy, grotesque, and barbarous in the manner in which the behests of the rulers of fashion are sometimes executed: but good will is everything, and good will is perhaps more touchingly evinced

when a poor girl takes a hoop off a barrel to serve the purpose of a crinoline than by the easier though costlier obedience of the great lady. It is the greatest triumph of those who arrange the phases of what is supposed to be the public taste, when they force their sway upon those whose intelligence, virtue, and general position render them independent of almost all other influences essentially worldly. The highest evidence of the power of such influences is when the charitable, the innocent, the devout do what they would otherwise hate to do, and wear what they would otherwise be ashamed of wearing: not when the thoughtless children of pleasure deck and disport themselves as if they had no more of soul inside them than the flowers or muslins by which they adorn their persons, but when some good and pious and beneficent lady sweeps up the aisle of a Parisian or London church to pray at the Quarant' Ore *cum bis ter ulnarum togâ*, rustling as she moves like Athené in Æschylus, and making the startled worshippers whom she brushes by wonder how it is that in the midst of May they seem to be listening to the wind of October, as it whirls into heaps the fallen leaves of the forest. *Etiam in Ecclesiam venit: fit publici sacrificii particeps*—as Cicero might have said if he had been a Catholic, and Catiline a fine lady of the nineteenth century.

We have already reminded our readers that a voice more powerful than that of Cicero has been lifted within the last few months to reprove the extreme licence of modern dress as it has been exhibited even in the churches of Rome. When, as we have said, we take into consideration the general disinclination which reigns at Rome to interfere with matters that bear being left alone, the fact that the Pope should have written so strong a letter to his Cardinal Vicar on this subject becomes doubly significant. The authorities of the Church are usually content to leave topics of this sort to be dealt with in the ordinary intercourse between pastors and their flocks, and a public pronouncement of a character such as that lately made is not an every-day occurrence. It implies, moreover, —and it is in this light that we shall here use it—that

those whom it most directly concerns are not indisposed to listen to its warnings. The Pope's letter may be looked upon as an encouragement to a certainly very timid and uncourageous class—the unwilling victims and slaves of a fashion against which their own Christian feeling, if not their own conscience, revolts. It is surely quite possible that the time may come when it may be necessary for the Church to speak even more formally in condemnation of the manners of the day. European society has been for some time exposed to the working of various influences the ultimate predominance of which might issue to the restoration of a pagan standard of manners and style of life. We shall not pause to analyze the various principles which may combine to produce this result. It matters little whether the tendencies of the present day establish themselves in permanent effects, or whether their influence may be reversed by a speedy and triumphant reaction. In either case their character is the same, and it may call forth the positive denunciations of the Church, as indeed individual bishops and the late Plenary Council of Baltimore have strongly condemned certain fashionable dances. But there is a remedy for evils such as that of which we speak, which is capable of anticipating the action of authority and making the last exercise of its prohibitive powers unnecessary. This remedy lies in the spontaneous, energetic, and resolute stand made by the virtuous, serious, and religious-minded portion of the community against fashions and habits which are a disgrace to the Christian name. It cannot surely be too difficult an enterprise for Christian women, in whose veins, perhaps, runs the blood of those who have endured the rack and the scourge, and death itself, rather than join in a schismatical worship or take a forbidden oath of supremacy, to set up, and adhere to, a Christian standard in matters as to which the instincts of moral purity speak with a plainness which needs no external authority to enforce it. The penalties for disobedience to the fashionable code are, doubtless, almost too dreadful to think of. But is it impossible to oppose fashion to fashion, and, by a vigorous combination of influences,

to secure toleration, if not predominance, for an imitation of the simple and modest elegance of older and purer times?

History contains many instances in which whole classes and even whole nations have foregone the luxuries and amusements to which they had been accustomed, because they have accidentally become connected with some foreign and detested tyranny from which they were unable to free themselves by force. This sort of passive resistance has been instanced in a late Hungarian novel, in which a sturdy old Magyar gives up one after another his tobacco, his wine, his cards, his sporting, and his riding, because the tobacco had to be bought of the Austrian Government, the wine paid an excise to the Austrian revenue, the cards were stamped with the Austrian eagle, and because licence had to be asked of the Austrian authorities even to shoot game and use a saddle. It can hardly be thought that Catholic and Christian ladies would do less for the sake of morality and decorum than this old Garanvolgyi for the sake of the cause of Hungarian patriotism. It cannot be denied that society seems at least to be drifting in one direction so fast, that it requires but a little more to break altogether with Christian decency. As it is, the rules laid down in St. Paul's Epistles, and the descriptions of the lofty purity and modesty of the early Christians which are to be found in such authors as Mamachius, seem almost as if they were written for a different society from that which at the present day professes to be moulded by the precepts of the Apostle and to inherit unbroken the traditions of the first Christian centuries. It might seem as if Babylon had been set up on the foundations of Jerusalem, and that the one call that had to be made to the children of the latter was to deliver themselves as soon as possible from all communication with the former. We know that it is not so—that the ages have not returned, if they ever existed, when salvation was only to be secured by flight from the world. The good, virtuous, and religious element in modern society is immensely large and immensely powerful, if it knew its own strength, and would be content to use it. It is powerful as the loyal and

moderate party in France at the time of the Revolution, when a little courage and combination would have been enough to prevent all excesses, and carry out the necessary changes to a happy and glorious termination. It is as powerful as the Catholic party in England at the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, when, if the country had been polled, nine-tenths of it at least would have declared for the maintenance of the ancient faith. In both these cases irreparable mischief was done in consequence of want of courage, and those who ought to have prevented it were the most conspicuous victims of the catastrophe.

We think it is Butler who says that if all the good men in the world were drawn up on one side, and all the bad on the other, the latter would have no chance in the conflict which would ensue. Without professing the power of entirely fathoming that mysterious subject, the attraction of fashion—even when the fashion is bad,—we may venture to say that if all the unwilling and recalcitrant victims of such a fashion were pitted against all its devoted and deliberate partizans, while those who follow it without caring a pin's head for it stood out of the way, the great majority would be against the moral enormity of which complaints are now made. Like the freedom and purity of religious education, this is a matter in which Catholics may reckon on sympathy and support from the whole multitude of well-disposed and right-minded Christians who, by accidents of birth or education, are without fault of their own outside the pale of the visible Church. The movement in defence of Christian simplicity and modesty is not to be considered as a woman's question only: but if it were so, the three kingdoms of Queen Victoria contain as great a number of educated, intelligent, virtuous, and sensible women as any part of the civilised world. Wherever the Christian faith lingers, even in a fragmentary form, and wherever the tradition of ancient manners survives—however they may have been impaired or contaminated by the influences of periods in the life of modern society which have been conspicuous for corruption and licence, such as the times of the Regent Orleans, of Louis XV, of the Directory, and, we fear it

must be added, a still more recent epoch in certain neighbouring countries—there we may hope that the assertion of the claims of Christian morality to dominate the customs and the costume of a world which still calls itself Christian, will meet with an echo of encouragement and imitation.

Although the great work of the Church has always been to prepare souls for heaven, she has equally shown her divine power, and she would not have been the Church of Christ if she had not shown it, by her influence in re-moulding, re-establishing, and creating anew human society in this world. She began by the home and the family, by establishing the law of mutual charity, of conjugal equality and faithfulness, of parental authority and gentleness, of filial dutifulness and respect; she raised manual labour to its place of honour, she set free the slave, she revealed the dignity of human life, the possibility of a bond which should unite strangers as well as neighbours, races as well as families, in the confederation of peace and good will, and in the unity of a faith and law no longer national or local. But the essence of her work was the renewal of domestic and social manners, by the transformation of the inmates of the home and and of the members of society. Many corrupt traditions of paganism lingered in the social atmosphere even after the Church had nominally conquered the world, and were far more dangerous to her supremacy and to the souls of her children than the pompous shows and superstitious delusions by which it was from time to time attempted to restore the departed polytheism of the Roman Empire. These seductive corruptions addressed themselves to the senses and to the passions; they drove the Christian ladies of the days of St. Jerome to Bethlehem and the desert, and they were perhaps never quite chased out of Rome till she fell under the sword of the barbarians. But Christian society conquered them at last, and we may say again that no part of the working of the Church in the world is more noticeable than this. At the present time Christian society, instead of being the assailant, is on the defensive: the old pagân world is waking up anew as well with its superstitions and its necromancies, as with

its extravagant luxury disguised as magnificence and its voluptuous shamelessness disguised as elegance. The "Syrian Orontes" is pouring its waters into the Seine and into the Thames. The polluted tide must be beaten back now as in old times, by the serene and severe virtues of the Christian home, with its simplicity and frugality, its well arranged occupations, its charity, its modesty, and its purity. As Christian women bore so noble a part in the first regeneration of society, so it is to them that we must look for its reformation in all periods when laxity may have to any extent obtained a temporary triumph. Without some such reaction as that of which we speak, improvement in education has of itself only a partial effect. The first and the most natural of all schools is the home, and no instruction that the child can receive is half so powerful, for good or for evil, as the example of the parent.

Milton and Hageníus.

A VERY curious piece of literary history is connected with the controversy which raged for a short time in the middle of the last century, concerning the justice or injustice of a charge of gross plagiarism made against no less celebrated a poet than John Milton, and no less famous a poem than *Paradise Lost*. At the time of which we speak, the mastership at the Dublin Grammar School was in the hands of a certain Lauder, the first mentioned of the persons whom Goldsmith's bitter lines have held up to such well-merited contempt.* He was a Scotch critic of great ability, and favoured with flattering testimonials from the authorities of Edinburgh University. His first literary exploit was the publication of Arthur Johnston's Psalms, and appears to have met with little success. Disappointed in a pecuniary point of view, he next turned his not inconsiderable powers to a more aggressive purpose, and, in a magazine of the period, published a short and sufficiently well-tempered essay, accusing Milton of the most flagrant plagiarisms in his *Paradise Lost*, and supporting his statement with various parallel passages, purporting to be extracts from the works of different modern Latin authors.

The accusation was sweeping and complete: it left Milton almost nothing of his own. "The originals of his comparisons," writes a contemporary critic, "of his descriptions, his speeches, and his other ornaments, are to be found in other modern poets, who have been either copied by the author of the *Paradise Lost*, or imitated by him in a manner which amounts to plagiarism." Lauder went so far as to declare that it was hardly unjust to Milton to say that his whole poem did not contain a single idea of which he was the inventor; that he had done nothing but arrange the ideas of others according to his own taste, and that he had some-

* "New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover,
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.
—Goldsmith's *Retaliation*.

times adopted even their *defects*. We may be inclined to think, however, that even if Milton were not original, he deserves the greatest admiration for his power of assimilation and arrangement. There are some men in every generation who live, and succeed, mainly by their use of the wits of others. Their faculty is of a peculiar kind, and they deserve the greatest credit when they employ it judiciously and inoffensively. But to return to Lauder. The attack on Milton professed, we are told, to verify the charges against him, by a number of parallel passages, taken from his poem on the one hand, and from the poets he was said to have pillaged on the other. The chief of these writers was a German Jesuit, Masenius, the author of a poem on the Fall of Man, called *Sarcotis*. The two first books of the *Paradise Lost* were said to follow exactly the two first books of this poem. The instances of copying were numerous, and embraced the most important features and descriptions in Milton. Then Grotius was brought on the stage. He had written a tragedy under the title of *Adamus Exul*, from which Milton took, among other things, the conversation of Adam with the angel about the creation of the world, which is to be found in the seventh book of the *Paradise Lost*; the description of the serpent who beguiled Eve; the prayer made by Eve to Adam after her fall, that he will not abandon her; and the account of the exit from Paradise. In his sixth book, Milton was accused of having robbed Taubnamm, a German professor, the author of a poem called *Bellum Angelicum*. The fight of the angels is to be found there, and even the invention of firearms by the demons. Other poets were introduced into this attack on Milton, such as Du Bartas, Andrew Ramsay, Alexander Ross, and Gaspard Staphorst.

The controversy raged for a year, and then it was discovered that, as far as Lauder was concerned, it might have been put an end to at once. The story reminds us of the anecdote about Charles II.'s question to the Royal Society, as to the weight of the tub of water with the fish in it, which puzzled the brains of the philosophers till they examined into the alleged fact, and found it to be no fact at all. No one for many months thought of looking into the *Sarcotis* of Masenius to see whether Lauder had quoted it rightly. When Dr. Bowles at last did so, he found that the assailant of Milton's fame had spiced his quotations with liberal extracts from a Latin translation of the *Paradise Lost*. Milton's own verses had been turned into Latin, and then he had been charged with having pilfered them from a Latin author. Dr. Bowles communicated his discovery to Dr. Douglas, rector of

Eaton Constantine in Shropshire, who completely exposed the fraud of Lauder. A letter, containing a full confession of his guilt and repentance, was subsequently addressed by Lauder to Dr. Douglas. It is but fair, however, to state that the reputed author, in another pamphlet, denies the authorship of the letter, although he acknowledges having empowered his best friend to write it for him. He bitterly complains that his representative, in place of acknowledging that such and such passages only were interpolated, gave up the whole essay against Milton as a delusion —thereby imposing more grievously upon the public than he had done himself. His clamours for justice fell, however, dead upon the ears of the righteous public, which had been roused to indignation by the temporary downfall of its poetical Dagon, and was now too glad to put a stop to further inquiry, by a blind acceptance of Dr. Douglas' solution of the question, to care to apply a microscope to the niceties which it really involved.

It is but fair, also, to mention the kind of justification alleged by Lauder for the trick itself, which he had attempted to play upon Milton's fame. He declared that he did it in order to show, practically, the enormity of a similar fraud perpetrated by Milton himself, to the detriment of the fame of Charles I., in relation to that book of much-disputed authorship, the Icon Basiliké. Milton had the credit of having, in company with Bradshawe the regicide, forced upon a printer, whom they had caught at work upon an early edition of this book—which ran through seventeen editions within a year, but was, of course, highly obnoxious to the Cromwellian government—an interpolation into the text of a prayer taken from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. Thus the "martyred King" was made to pour forth as his own composition the effusion of a heroine named Pamela; and the apparent "plagiarism" gave a most opportune handle to Milton and his friends, who wrote against the book, either to deny its royal authorship altogether, or to cast a stain on the King, if he wrote it. Lauder declared that he had only dealt with Milton in Milton's own way. If he was so great a culprit for putting forged "quotations" from Masenius to the credit of Milton, what was Milton for having forced a poor printer to interpolate the royal journal of devotions with a prayer from a romance, that he might have the opportunity of exposing the interpolation?

It is easy to understand how the fraud of Lauder brought entire discredit on the opinion that Milton owed a great deal to foreign sources. There can be no doubt that, like other great poets, he was an extremely learned man in his own line. Nor

again, with the examples of Virgil and Shakespeare before us, can it be denied that the very greatest poets have often helped themselves with no grudging hand from the works of their predecessors. A study of Milton, which would trace out all his quotations, all his allusions to earlier poets, and all the passages in which he has imitated them more or less closely, would be a most interesting and instructive occupation, and it would require a vast amount of poetical lore to follow out every detail. Many pages could be filled at once with passages in which he is more or less deeply indebted to Homer and Virgil alone. This kind of free use of predecessors does not amount to plagiarism, and it would be absurd to expect a great writer in any department of literature—poetry, history, science, or theology—not to use the treasures of other authors before him. It is different when particular touches of beauty are directly copied, or when a plan or character is adapted without any attempt at assimilation. The interest of the subject is, at all events, quite enough to excuse us if we examine a little more closely the case before us, as it is borne out, not by garbled quotations, but by real passages; and as to these, we shall confine ourselves almost exclusively to Masenius and his *Sarcotis*.

The *Sarcotis* was published in 1654, and Milton's epic in 1661. The former was therefore certainly extant when the latter was given to the world. The first book of *Sarcotis* explains the origin of the title, as Adam and Eve are blended together under the name of Sarcothea—that is, of human nature; or, more literally, the Goddess of Flesh. The pith of the poem is found in the argument prefixed to each book. In the first we find "Adam and Eve represented as the parents of the human race, and established in a Paradise of pleasure, but Satan (Cacodemon), being envious of their happiness, plots its overthrow. Against Sarcothea (the embodiment of human nature in its highest perfection) is arrayed Lucifer, under the Greek designation of Antitheus (the enemy of God). Sarcothea is supported by different protecting powers, likewise distinguished by Greek appellatives—Areté, or Virtue; Agapé, or Charity; Themis, or Justice; Elpis, or Hope; Dianœa, or Reason and Mind; Metanœa, or Sorrow and Repentance. On the other hand, leagued with Antitheus, are the Furies, Fraud, Death, Sickness, Old Age, Toil, Poverty, Hunger, &c., upon whose intervention the issue of the matter depends.

In the second book of *Paradise Lost*, some of the allegorical figures mentioned above are faintly delineated, but not in a

sufficiently marked manner to prevent their present introduction here appearing an irrelevancy in the question at issue. Our readers are probably aware that Milton's original intention was to give *Paradise Lost* to the world in the form of a tragedy. In the Cambridge manuscripts are to be found two different sketches of the early design to the following effect—

THE PERSONS.

Michael—Chorus of Angels—Heavenly Love—Lucifer—Adam—Eve —Conscience—Death—Labour—Sickness—Discontent—Ignorance —Faith—Hope—Charity.

The second plan is identical with the first, with the exception of the introduction of the Evening Star, Divine Justice, and one or two more allegorical characters. In the plan of the fifth act, which is to represent the banishment of our first parents from Paradise, they are presented by an angel with Labour, Grief, Envy, War, Famine, Pestilence, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, and Death; whilst Faith, Hope, and Charity, are given for comfort and instruction.

The second book of *Sarcotis* contains the demon's fraud, and the temptation of Sarcothea to eat the forbidden fruit. Man subsequently flies the face of God, and covers his nakedness with leaves, is punished, and ejected from Paradise to till the ground with the sweat of his brow. The serpent is accursed by God, and the infernal hosts are led by Lucifer into Paradise.

The poem opens with the following lines—

Principium culpæ, stygiæque tyrannidis ortum,
Et quæ sera premunt miserandos fata nepotes,
Servitio turpi scelerum, poenaque malorum,
Pandimus. O sacræ moderatrix, Diva, poesis,
Quæ citharæ quondam nervos artemque regebas
Jessiadæ, faciles ad carmina suffice vires.
Non mihi Pieridum Nymphæ, Cirrhæque recessus,
Nec Phœbea placet laurus, nec oliva Minervæ,
Pegaseusve liquor, priscorum somnia vatum.
Pro Musis Divina parens, pro culmine Cirrhæ,
Major Olympus erit; fundet mihi dulcior undas
Gratia; Palladium vincet Sapientia Numen.
Tu cœptis, O Diva, fave, nostrosque labores
Dirige inoffenso per secula pristina cursu.
Quo me cunque rapis, sequar impiger: omnia namque
Te ductrice patent, rerumque occulta tueris,
Prima opifex, nostræ spectatrix prima ruinæ.

The opening lines of *Paradise Lost* will instantly suggest themselves—

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste

Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater name
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse! that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning, &c. &c.

Parts of the Latin passage seem likewise imitated in the ;enth book—

Descend from heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar
Above the flight of Pegasean wings, &c. &c.
Thou with eternal wisdom didst convene,
Wisdom, thy sister, &c. &c.

Milton's exquisite picture of Paradise in the fourth book would :m to have drawn its copious imagery from the following—

Est locus Auroram propter, roseumque cubile
Tethyos, et nati clara incunabula Phœbi,
Protopatris natale solum, quo primus in agro
Lusit, et innocuæ libavit gaudia vitæ.
Hortorum decus hic, et amœni gratia ruris
Vernat, inoffenso nunquam spoliata decore.
Quidquid Achæmenio nares demulcet odore,
Blanditurque oculis, verisque meretur honorem,
Hoc Charites posuere loco: domus ipsa Favoni est
Plaudentis levibus per aprica silentia pennis.
Exulat omnis hyems. Nullis vexata procellis
Hic rosa succumbit; nullo expallescit ab Euro
Nascendo moriens; non Sirius ardor anhelam
Decoquit, aut rapto flaccescit languida succo.
Inviolatus honos violæ est, et tota juventus
Chloridis æterno pandit labra florida risu.
Nullus Hyperboreo Boreas glacialis ab axe
Infestas ventorum acies, niviumque procellas
His infundit agris; nullis hic cana pruinis
Arva rigent, nullo coalescunt frigore lymphæ.
Aurea perpetui surgunt palatia Veris:
In medio laxatur humus, fontemque perennis
Spirat aquæ, lateque sinum telluris inundat,
Infundens avidis felicia balnea pratis.
Flumine quadruplici manat fons, divite ripa,
Quem vehit illimes complectens alveus undas.
His fecunda vadis atque obstetricibus arvis
Tellus læta parit, nullisque exercita rastris
Respuit agricolas, et duri vomeris usum,
Naturæ contenta bonis, Zephyrique favore.
Pomiferis late sylvis, et fructibus omnem
Implet ager campum, nec marcescente vigore,
Poma sub æternis nutant argentea ramis.
Blanda voluptatis concessaque munera, vitæ
Præsidium, facilisque neci medicina fugandæ.
Hic indulta Diis verum mortalibus arbor

Interdicta viret: pulchros habet aurea fructus,
Præsagosque malique, bonique, omnisque futuri.
Heu! comperta nimis memoro, dudumque probata.
Posteritas mihi testis erit, magnusque Parentum
Ordo docet: tantis etenim pulcherrima campis
Sarcothea, infelix virgo et lacrymabile nomen,
Sarcothea his præerat custos, heresque perennis,
Ni male consultas pandisset fraudibus aures,
Hostibus auscultans, et fœdera pacta relinquens.
Hanc consanguineam terræ, massamque rubentis
Informem limi, primo Sapientia rerum
Artifici finxisse manu, formamque dedisse
Creditur ipse suam, Disque immortalibus unam
Æquasse, ut dignam patriæ transcriberet aulæ.

In the third book of Masenius, the monarch of hell assembles his states, and divides the world amongst different members of his sacrilegious troop. In the fourth and fifth books the poet abandons the plan previously formed of following the destiny of Adam and Eve, and occupies himself entirely with the action of his embodied passions, such as Avarice and Pride, besides introducing several mythological characters. In the third occurs the following passage—

Quantus erat Xerxes, medium dum contrahit orbem
Urbis in excidium, et Salaminia litora complet
Classibus? angustus nimium est, trabibusque ferendis
Deficit Oceanus: sitienti flumina Marti
Decrescunt, tantumque capit vix Græcia ferrum.
Ventis jura dedit, durosque infamibus Euros
Increpuit flagris, &c.

And in the tenth of *Paradise Lost*—

Xerxes, the liberty of grace to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia join'd,
And scourg'd with many a stroke the indignant waves.

Sarcotis contains, in addition to these curiously similar passages, one which is perhaps the most singular of all. Milton, in the last book of *Paradise Lost*, makes St. Michael relate to Adam and Eve the history of what shall succeed the flood, and say, concerning the Tower of Babel—

God (who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings), them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct Heaven-towers; and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raze
Quite out their native language, and instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud

Among the builders: each to other calls
Not understood; till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mocked, they storm: great laughter was in heaven,
And looking down to see the hubbub strange
And hear the din; there was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

And in *Sarcotis*—

Hinc instant centumque viis, centumque lacertis,
Partitimque urgent operam molimine magno,
Donec opus tollant immensum; audacia factum
Juvit, et excelsi tentarunt atria Cœli.
Excordes animi! quisquamne impunè Tonantem
Provocet, aut paribus tentet certamina nervis?
Riserunt Superi, facilique errore loquentes
Involvunt, cœptumque ingens vox dissona solvit:
Et jacuit vacuo confusa Superbia nisu.

These are only a few of the endless comparisons we might exhibit did time and space permit. In case, however, that anyone should still cling to the notion that Milton never availed himself of any previously published work, we will quote a passage from Ramsay's *Poemata Sacra*, one of the works mentioned by Lauder as having helped to furnish the materials for our great epic. In the serpent's address to our first mother, Milton makes use of the remarkable and far-fetched simile of a ship working into port against wind—

With tract oblique
At first (as one who sought access, but fear'd
To interrupt,) sidelong he works his way.
As when a ship by skilful steersman wrought
Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail:
So varied he, and of his tortuous train
Curl'd many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
To lure her eye.

Ramsay applies the same to Satan tempting our Saviour—

Ut sanctum pectus non hoc penetrabile telo
Viderit; ut vento portum qui forte vetante
Non potis est capere, is malos et lintea vela
Carbaseosque sinus obliquat, tendere rectâ
Qua nequit, incurvo radit vada cærula cursu:
Sic gnarus versare dolis, et imagine falsâ
Ludere Tartareus coluber, contingere metam
Se non posse videns primo molimine, cursum
Mutat, et ad palmam converso tramite tendit.

We think it also extremely possible that Milton should have had access, through his foreign communications, to many Latin works, unknown then, and still unknown to the world at large.

To some this may appear to account for Milton's avowed preference for *Paradise Regained*, since parents ever set most value on their genuine offspring. The most interesting part of the question, however, to the admirers of the poet, is that which relates to the process of assimilation by which he made his own the ideas and expressions of earlier writers. Still, after the parallel passages adduced above, it can, we think, hardly be said that the question raised by Lauder must be dismissed as an utter absurdity, and that we are not forced in some measure to qualify Milton's own account of his poem, as dealing with—

Things *unattempted yet* in prose or rhyme.

A Visit to the Isle of Man.

BY CAPTAIN W. C. DE VERE, R.N.

(*Concluded from Page* 484.)

OUR next visit was to Peel, the castle of which—now in ruins—was the scene of so many interesting events described in *Peveril of the Peak*. The distance between Ramsey and Peel is about sixteen miles, and we took a jaunting-car. It was a lovely morning. The first part of the drive took us through Lazayre and Sulby. Next we came to Ballaugh, a small, scattered village, with a fine modern church. Formerly, a lake existed in the neighbourhood; and from a turf-bog hard by was excavated, some years ago, a splendid specimen of the Irish elk, which measured—according to the account given to me—thirteen feet in height, and eight between the points of the horns. Other relics of the past, interesting to the antiquary, have also been discovered in this locality. From Ballaugh we soon reached Bishop's Court; and as the scenery is very pretty, we stopped to wander through the grounds. On the right hand of the road stands the Bishop's palace, surrounded by pleasure-grounds and flowers. On the left, an open gateway invited us to the glen to which it gave entrance. I have already described these glens, which have many features in common; but I cannot take leave of this one without bearing testimony to the magnificent rhododendrons—the largest and finest I ever saw—under the shade of which the walk winds for a considerable distance, until it reaches a pretty piece of artificial water, which rolls down the dell under the deepest of shades, embraced by banks of the bluest of blue bells, and fringed by the delicate lady-fern, the growth of which is most luxuriant in haunts such as this, in which it delights to dwell—

> Where the copsewood is the greenest,
> Where the fountain glitters sheenest,
> Where the morning dew lies longest,
> There the lady-fern grows strongest.

This lovely glen is wooded thickly on each side, a pathway winding along beside the stream for its whole length. The lower

part is a rare picture of natural and artificial beauty. In the upper, Nature reigns without the rivalship of her fair sister.

In the vicinity of Bishop's Court are three Runic crosses, one of which is said to be the finest in the island. They are in very good preservation, among other carvings displaying the figures of warriors, horses, and boys; and on one is the representation of what appears to be a stag-hunt. They are stated to be of the eleventh century, and bear inscriptions.

Proceeding onward towards Peel, the road crosses the Vale of Glen Willin. Looking down it to the right, a scene of great beauty opens to the view. It is narrow in extent, and thickly wooded. The rivulet, which threads its way in music through the vale, is small also—a mere brooklet. Here and there were patches of pasture, upon which sheep and goats were dotted about. At the extremity, between two rising headlands, was an exquisite glimpse of the blue sea. Having reached the summit of Cray Willin—a long and toilsome ascent—upon which stands the Church of Cronk-y-Voddy, another most picturesque view presents itself. The road descends on the opposite side with many windings, through a valley, the steep sides of which are densely hung with borders of larch. It was different in character from anything we had yet seen, and we looked upon it with delight, almost fancying that we had lit upon some Swiss pass. At the bottom of the hill appeared the opening to the Glen of Rhenass, and the broad river foaming along under a suspension bridge. Alas! that it was not a stone one—the only fault that the eye could detect was one of man's making! Leaving our car at the bottom of the hill, we walked up the glen by a pathway through the wood, feasting our eyes upon the sparkling river that rolled its waters tumultuously down to the plains, with many a leap and bound over its rocky bed. It was on this side that we expected to see the cascade of which we had heard so much, and we stopped and listened frequently for the thunder of its waters—but in vain. The cataract was no more—a narrow thread trickling down the scarred cleft in the hill's side was all that remained of it. The glorious summer weather in which we had so delighted had done its work; and until the rains returned to their home in the hills there was no chance of seeing the Fall of Rhenass.

Following the course of the river through valleys, and with mountains around us everywhere, ere long we emerged upon the road which leads between Douglas and Peel, at a spot called Ballacraine. There we turned to the right, and, before

long, came upon the handsome new church of St. John, which boasts remarkably well-proportioned spires. Close to this church is old Tynwald Hill, a conically shaped mound of no great size, in all probability an ancient tumulus, or Norse barrow. It is cut into a succession of steps, or small terraces, from the bottom to the top, which, though not now very clearly defined, are nevertheless sufficiently traceable. From a very early date in the history of the island, it was the custom to proclaim the law from this mount; for which purpose the ruler used to proceed thither, surrounded by the court and great officers of state. He mounted to the summit, and thence published aloud to the multitude assembled at his feet each new edict. It must have been a striking ceremony, and singularly enough, it exists to the present day. Upon any new enactment, the lieutenant-governor has to read it from that spot in state. Such ceremonies are called "Tynwald Courts;" and "Acts of Tynwald" is a term synonymous with "Acts of Parliament." It is a curious relic of ancient custom.

Bidding farewell to this remarkable spot, we saw before long the ancient towers and walls of Peel Castle, looking down upon the sea from the black rock which they so majestically crown. A gentle descent takes us into the town; and leaving our car at the inn we start off to visit this venerable and romantic relic of the feudal times—a most interesting monument of the past greatness of the "Lords of Man." It is the only thing in Peel to call for particular notice; the town itself being now nothing but a fishing village (though of old a renowned place for smuggling), a fact our olfactory nerves did not long leave us in ignorance of, after entering its narrow, ill-ventilated, and worse cleansed streets. It is picturesquely situated on the shores of a small, semi-circular bay, with a sandy beach, upon which were hauled up numerous fishing-boats; while the offing was alive with craft of the same nature, shadowing the blue sea with their brown sails.

Rising abruptly from the sea, a narrow channel running between it and the land, across which a causeway stretches, is the castellated rock forming the western boundary of the bay. Dark, frowning, and austere, it is a grand object to look upon. The waves thunder round its base, throwing clouds of spray all over it in the north-west gales, that so frequently sweep over this coast in winter. A fine stone pier extends from the town to within a short distance of the rock, giving just sufficient room for small vessels to run inside, and

moor securely in the little harbour thus formed, the causeway before mentioned, further off to the west, forming a perfect protection in that direction. At the end of the pier are steps, and boats always in readiness to take visitors across. Jumping into one of these, a few strokes of the oars land us at the base of the worn and slippery steps that lead up to the old gate by which we gain admittance. Here we are taken possession of by a bombadier of artillery, the sole garrison of this once well-manned and formidable fortress. He instantly begins his well-learned and oft-practised lesson, and we know what we have to expect and endure from the first utterance of his "Here you will observe."

Forcing back the ancient gate, studded with iron bolts, upon its rusty hinges (an antique relic which does honour to the heart of oak of which it was formed centuries ago), we enter these venerable walls, and a flood of thoughts in connection with its history rush upon the mind. Here reigned the early Norse Kings of Man, whose fleets rode in the bay at their feet, ready at all, times, for war or predatory excursions. Here lived in late times the rulers of the house of Stanley, by one of whom, in the year 1500, the massive walls were built, which still, though in ruins, surround the castle, cathedral, church, &c., enclosing five acres within their embrace. Then rose on our memory the principal personages of the historical time of the Stuarts, associated with whose stronghold we have such vivid pictures in the delightful pages of *Peveril of the Peak*—James, seventh Earl of Derby, and tenth Lord of Man of that house, who fell a victim to his loyalty, and to the treason of those who thought it no crime to dethrone and murder their king; Charlotte de la Tremouille, his countess; the "fair-haired" William Christian, her betrayer and her victim; and Fenella, that exquisite conception of Scott's, the elfin sprite with soul of fire. There is an old mullioned window still here, which, of course, we were directed to "observe," as the traditionary spot at which that wildest and most spiritual creation of the poet's genius used to stand gazing down upon the roaring waves, her heart burning with visions of hate and vengeance, or breaking with a love hopeless, unutterable, and more impassioned than that of Juliet. It was from this spot that she took that desperate leap into the surge beneath, for the purpose of following the boat that carried away him she loved! The creation of the poet has already gained her a place among the characters of history.

Passing through this massive postern, the walls of which are

many feet in thickness, we enter a green enclosure of softest turf. In the centre is a large square grassy mound, from which the ivy-clad, dilapidated walls can be traced all around. The purpose of the mound has never been satisfactorily explained. Close by, rises the ancient tower and keep of the castle, mossy and ivy-grown, in the dark recesses and caverns of which luxuriate ferns of many kinds in profusion, the rare and beautiful "Asplenium marinum" in particular. Near it stand the venerable remains of the two churches—one, that of St. Patrick, said to be the oldest in the island; the other, dedicated to St. Germain, its first bishop, who lived in the sixth century, and once the cathedral. The first is of an unknown antiquity; the last dates its restoration, or its existence, as others affirm, from the year 1245. Further to the westward, stands a comparatively perfect round tower of the Irish type. On the side facing the sea it is faded and worn, by the action of the air upon its surface—the opposite side being smooth by contrast. The fact of its close proximity to both the churches affords a strong presumption in favour of the "Campanile" theory. I am not aware that this very striking specimen of the Round Tower has been observed by writers on that subject, and it may be worthy of their notice. Within the sacred walls of the churchyard are many gravestones; and it is still a favourite place of burial. Many of them mark the graves of shipwrecked mariners, whose bodies have been cast upon these desolate rocks. Here they have found a home, and rest in peace, while the wintry gale drives through the ruined walls and towers above them, and the sea rages beneath.

* * * * * * *

Taking the road by the seashore for our return, we halted for a few minutes at the top of a hill, about two miles from the town, to gaze once more upon a scene of touching beauty and historic interest. The sun was setting in a cloudless, burning sky. The wind had gone down, and the slumbering sea lay panting in the light of his slanting beams, which glanced along in one broad track to the shore, where, dispersing, they lit upon the crests of the faint ripple that danced unceasingly in a flashing curve along the whole line of the white strand, here and there wet, and reflecting in brilliance the rosy tints of the western sky. The fishing-boats lay almost motionless, just heaving upon the gently undulating glassy swell, upon which their long shadows wavered serpentlike. From the sea, separated from the mainland by a belt of gold, rose the rocky islet, surmounted by its pile of dark

ruins, their outlines standing out, clear and distinct, from the glowing background, and their battlements tipped with light by the sunbeams which sparkled on the polished ivy leaves. The great shadow of the whole mass, rock, ruin, tower, and turret, stretched towards us across the bay, as if to recal us, or to bid us a mournful farewell.

* * * * * * *

The reader has gone with me, I trust, far on the road to Douglas already. We have left behind us Laxey, its pretty valley, and rich mines, its giant overshot water-wheel, two hundred and twenty-six feet in circumference, perpetually whirling round and round, and forming an artificial cascade nearly seventy feet in height. Continuing our road, up hill and down valley, and gaining new views both of country and coast at every turn, we at length reach the hill of Kirk Onchan, from which we obtain a commanding view of Douglas, and its noble bay of semi-circular shape, with a diameter of two miles between its extremities of Douglas Head and Bank How.

The town, which is clean and handsome-looking, is built at the southern extremity of the bay, extending along about one-third of its sweep, and reaching to about the same distance up the gradually rising hills inland. If its bay is wide, its harbour is small, being formed by a deep creek just inside Douglas Head, which runs some distance inland, and into which a pretty river, wide and shallow, flows. It is protected from the sea by a pier, and many vessels line its quays. Close outside is Douglas Head, a fine rocky promontory, with its lighthouse and tower. The scenery surrounding Douglas is of a very different character from that of Ramsey. There the mountains and glens are near, and the effect is romantic; here the mountains are only seen in the distance. The views are more extended, and of a more pastoral character. The waving outline of the land yields the eye a constant variety. The neighbourhood is pretty, rather than grand or imposing, though there are spots where, by the co-operation of nature and art, great beauty is obtained. Such is Kirk Braddan, half buried amid its old oaks, and the Nunnery, where the ruins, though small, throw an air of antiquity over a scene, rich and varied.

Both these places are within an easy walk of Douglas. In the former is an old church, which the surrounding trees seem to rival in antiquity. Under their shadow flows peacefully along, with many a winding turn, a dark stream, its level course unbroken by aught save at the banks, where the roots of the

trees have been laid bare by its action, and amongst which its waters flow with a soft murmur. In the gloomy graveyard are some of the finest Runic headstones we had yet seen.

Pursuing a path, partly by the river, and partly across some lovely fields, filled with wild flowers, and happy, shouting children gathering them—a spot which recalled the line,

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own—

we crossed the pretty stream, here grown more swift and noisy, by a picturesque bridge, and entered the grounds of "the Nunnery."

Though it retains the ancient name, nothing now remains of its sacred character, save a small part of the chapel, which includes a timeworn gateway, and some windows of Gothic architecture. It is sad that it should have been allowed to fall into such a state of decay; but the hand of man has been its most relentless enemy. Time would have dealt gently with it, but bigotry would not endure it. Alas! that history should have to relate that what was intended to stand for ever to the glory of God, should have been purposely mutilated and destroyed by men calling themselves soldiers—yet such was its fate! The same history bears undying testimony against them for the barbarities they practised towards the unfortunate, unoffensive, and innocent nuns. Imprisonment in caverns was the mildest form of their malice. They exposed them to the elements in clefts of the rocks by the seashore during the ebb and flow of the tide. Lastly, rivalling the Turks in cruelty, they tied them up in sacks and flung them from the rocks into the sea!

The town of Douglas calls for no particular remark. It seemed to be thriving, and a good deal of building in the neighbourhood is going on. It is becoming a fashionable watering-place. Beautifully situated as it is, possessing such good houses, villas, and streets, full of handsome shops, the wonder is, that it should not attract a great many more of our pleasure-seeking community. The Castle Mona Hotel, standing in the midst of its pretty, well-kept grounds, at a considerable distance apart from the town, above the shore to the eastward, and commanding beautiful views, is an imposing object. It was originally the palace of the Duke of Athol, and built at great cost.

Another pretty walk from Douglas is that to Port Saudric, about three miles on the old road to Castletown. Crossing a few fields that intervene between the road and the coast, and following the direction of a stream, we come to the cliffs (down which it

rolls in picturesque cascades) that surround a beautiful horseshoe-shaped little bay—bold headlands bounding its entrance on each side, and the blue sea looking lovely in the distance. The cliffs —principally red sandstone—worn by the action of the air and water upon their surface, are profuse in vegetation. From their numerous clefts and crannies spring bushes of the green and gold gorse, or tufts of purple heather. Here and there a screen of shining ivy climbs up the warm-coloured rocks, half-concealing them from the view, and mingling with the grass and briars at the top, falls over in heavy masses and long wreaths that wave in the wind. On every ledge is a thick cushion of the sea pink. Almost every little chink seems to harbour a plant of the wild snapdragon, with its bright yellow blossom, tipped with pink, or the curious-looking sedum, with its circle of thick fleshy leaves, and tall spikes of greenish flower.

Scrambling down a precipitous path, we reach the bottom, where are a few fishermen's huts. Here is a steep pebbly beach, upon which, on its side, lies the fishing-boat, overspread with nets, and through which the rill channels its way to the sea—that insatiable monster which cries, "More, more!" to all the rivers in the world. On each side were giant rocks, hollowed-out caves in the cliffs, and the crisping wave murmured at our feet.

A foot-path winding along at the top of the cliff, I determined to follow it all the way to Castletown, instead of pursuing the road. Many were the lovely spots I saw in consequence, to enjoy which, the beaten track must be left for the still lone solitude. The fresh sea-breeze blew in my face as I walked round steep St. Ann's Head, and descended to the bay into which the Santon river flings itself.

The wide bay that lay spread out before me was Derby Haven. It is a mile across, and the islet bounding it to the east, upon which stands a fine ruined tower, and what appear to have been the walls of an abbey, is St. Michael's. The isle is only separated by a narrow channel, dry, I believe, at low water, from the broad, low promontory of Longness, which stretches far to the southward, and is connected with the mainland but by the low sandy isthmus that separates Derby Haven from the wide and beautiful bay of Castletown.

Between King William College and Castletown is Hangs Hill, the spot upon which William Christian, before alluded to, was shot at the instance of the Countess of Derby, after the return of the Stuarts, but not before he had been tried in the legally-constituted courts of the island, and found guilty of having

deserted her cause, giving up her territory, her army, which he commanded, and her person, to the army of the Parliament. There are various opinions upon this matter; some affirming that he was not a traitor, but the saviour of his country, and that the cause was hopeless. Be that as it may, the fact is incontrovertible that he abandoned the cause he had sworn to defend, without firing one shot in its defence. The noble lady, whose murdered husband's blood was hardly yet dry upon the block at Bolton, whom he had vowed to protect with his very life, and whom, if he had had any manhood or chivalry in him, he ought to have died joyously for, he gave to the dungeon, and, for all he knew to the contrary, to an ignominious death. Truly I think he met his just reward! At the time, it was stated, his execution caused considerable excitement, and was thought a too high-handed measure on the part of the countess. He belonged to an ancient and powerful family in the island, and there are many of his descendants to be found to the present day.

Castletown, built upon the shores of the noble bay of that name, is of considerable size and importance, and not so modern in appearance as Douglas, though far inferior to the latter in point of size, wealth, and position. It is the capital of the island, and was long the residence of the governor. The great object of interest in it is Castle Rushen, that grim and venerable keep, whose battered walls have withstood so many sieges. With a short notice of it, I shall bid the town farewell.

Crowning a rock which rises in the centre of the town—frowning down upon it, and looking far away over the extensive bay and open sea in the distance—stands the solid pile of Castle Rushen. It is said to have been erected about the year 960, by a Danish prince called "Guttred," whose bones to this day lie within its walls. First, exteriorly, extends a fine stone glacis, which history attributes to Cardinal Wolsey, during the time of the guardianship of Edward, sixth Lord of Man. Within, is the moat, surrounded by a battlemented wall of solid masonry, not less than twenty-five feet in height, and nine thick. At regular intervals along the top of this massive wall are built towers, no doubt with a view to flank its approaches. Behind this wall, but with a space between, stands erect, to the height of about eighty feet, and in the form of an oblong square, flanked on each corner by four other larger and stronger towers, the keep, the walls of which are in many places no less than twelve feet thick. In size it is one of the largest specimens now remaining in this

country of Gothic castles, and its aspect is grand. In remote times, when Man was an independent kingdom, its sovereign used to reside in this castle, keeping state in warlike and barbaric splendour. Its subsequent history was one full of romance and vicissitudes. Passing through the town, I walked round the shore by Scarlet Head to the celebrated marble quarries of Poolvash. At Scarlet Head, the coast, though not very lofty, is singularly rugged and wild. This aspect is probably caused by the protrusion from below, through the lime and sandstone strata, of quantities of igneous rocks. Trap dykes traverse the shore in parallel directions; and Scarlet Head is one mass of basaltic rocks, tumbled and heaped about in every variety of form and position.

The Poolvash quarries present nothing remarkable. The marble, however, is pretty — grey, and full of shells. The neighbouring limestone rocks on the shore contain beautiful fossils of that formation. I did not regret my visit to them when I looked across the bay to Port St. Mary—between two and three miles off—a little bay within a greater one, behind the shores of which the green hills rise in gentle undulations. It was a scene deeply impressive in its tranquil beauty—a gentle breeze just darkening the surface of the bay with a touch light as an angel's wing. Steering in from the sea in the direction of the port—

> Her sails
> Giving their bosom to the buxom wind,

was a fine merchantman, the only ship visible upon that broad expanse.

I stood for awhile upon the summit of the high land above the quarries, to gaze upon this fair scene, and upon the bold outline of Spanish Head and the Calf of Man, that precipitous rock, separated from it by a narrow sound, through which the tide runs tumultuously, whirling and foaming round Kitterland, a low islet in the midst. The western coast of the Calf is steep, and its cliffs rise to a height of between four and five hundred feet. Spanish Head is a stern bluff of nearly the same perpendicular elevation. The two grand masses of rock frowned upon each other, and upon the setting sun at their base. Many a tale of shipwreck and disaster their rocks could tell—they have often echoed the shriek of despair, mingled with the thundering of the mighty waves at their feet, and the roaring of the tempest overhead.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Marquis de Villiers had taken leave of his cousin an hour sooner than usual, and was walking home very fast, when it suddenly occurred to him, just as he was going to cross the Park, that it was only ten o'clock, and that it might still be possible to ascertain that evening what truth there was in the report he had seen in the newspaper. He thought of calling for that purpose at a house in a small street at the furthest end of Pall Mall, the same which we have already had occasion to mention. It was not ostensibly a place of resort for the *émigrés;* but, from the fact that it was entirely inhabited by Frenchmen, it naturally became one of their habitual haunts, and it was always there that the earliest intelligence as to news generally interesting to their party was sought for and obtained. The Marquis hesitated a little about going so far out of his way; but just as he was debating the point in his own mind, somebody coming from the Park passed him very quickly, and in doing so looked hard at him, as if trying to make out who he was. He also cast an investigating glance on this person; but it was too dark for them to see each others' faces, and the stranger went on. The Marquis watched him for a moment, and then, having made up his mind to go to the house near Pall Mall, he crossed the road and walked very fast in that direction. The moon was now shining on the side of the pavement he had taken, and it was almost as light there as if it had been day. Suddenly, he perceived that somebody was following him; at any rate, he heard steps behind him which seemed to be measuring their pace on his. He hurried on, carefully listening to ascertain if this was really the case. To test the matter, he went on slower for a little while, and then whoever was behind him went slower also; he then almost ran, and the footsteps likewise changed to a run. Upon which, the Marquis stopped short and turned suddenly round. London

was at that moment full of agents of the French police, whose business it was to watch the proceedings of the *émigrés;* and he had no notion of arriving at the house of his friends thus escorted. Turning, therefore, as we have said, suddenly round, he confronted the man who was dodging him, and at once recognised the person who had passed him before. He went straight up to him, and, though very little inclined just then to merriment, he could hardly help laughing when he saw a well known red-faced individual, panting with the effort of keeping up with him.

"What! is it you, La Mothe!" he exclaimed. "Thank God! This is providential. I need not go any further: you can tell me all I want to know."

Our readers will remember that it was in M. de La Mothe's room that the last interview between Guillaume and the Marquis had taken place. The chief business in life of that good man was to find out and retail amongst the French exiles all the news that could interest them.

When he recovered his breath, he stammered out—"And who the deuce did you think was at your heels?"

"Why, my dear friend, I thought it might be somebody whom I had no wish should see me go into your house. It was for your sake I went slow and then fast, and then ended by coming suddenly back upon you. And it was lucky I did so, for you are the very person I wanted to see."

"And I wanted, too, to see you. I did not know you again on the dark side of the street. I was longing to tell you all I have heard, and to know if you have had any further details. Good God! was there ever such confounded ill luck!"

"I know nothing but the dreadful report," the Marquis said. "I want to hear the truth of it." They were standing together, near the railing of the Green Park, and glanced around them to see if they were alone. There was nobody on that side of the pavement. "Is the news as bad as I have heard?" M. de Villiers asked.

"Bad?" La Mothe repeated. "Why, it is as bad as anything can be. They are all taken; no doubt, by this time, tried, which means, of course, condemned to death."

"All of them?"

"All but two."

"Which two?"

"Des Aubrys and Saulny."

The Marquis seemed hardly able to make out the sense of

those last words. His heart was beating violently, and the blood rushing to his head. La Mothe went on—"It was that first terrible catastrophe that saved Saulny; otherwise, he would have been taken with Cadoudal and the rest, and poor Guillaume also. So that, on the whole, it was better perhaps as it was."

"What do you mean?" the Marquis said, controlling his agitation.

"Well, that it was better for poor Des Aubrys than to be executed, even though in such good company."

"But I thought you said that Saulny and Des Aubrys were safe—that they were come back?"

"Saulny is come back. I have seen him. But Des Aubrys—then you don't know what happened?"

"No, I told you I know nothing. Good heavens! can't you speak! For God's sake, don't keep me on tenter hooks!"

"Well then—but I suppose, of course, you know when and where our poor friends were to land in France?"

"Yes; on the coast of Normandy, by the cliff——"

"Exactly; by the cliff at Biville. Three hundred feet high! It is dreadful to think of. And you know how they ascend?"

"Yes; by means of a rope with knots, I suppose. It has often been done."

"Yes; a rope is fastened at the top of that perpendicular rock. It is wonderful, really, how many people have been able to make the ascent. And to think that the boldest, the most active—and we might well add, the bravest—who tried it——"

"For heaven's sake, no digressions," the Marquis ejaculated. "I want facts—only facts."

"Now don't be impatient with me, my dear friend. Let me give you the sad account in my own way. I am unhappy enough as it is. This is exactly what Saulny told me. He will not get over it for a long time, I can assure you. Well, it seems that the weather was dreadful that night; so dreadful, that when they got near to the cliff, all of them, and even the leader himself, thought that it was impossible to attempt the ascent that night, and that they ought to wait till the next day. Guillaume alone urged that they would be losing precious time; and that if they could not all scale the cliff in that fearful gale, there was no reason why one of them at least should not accomplish it, and give notice of the approaching arrival of the rest to their friends, who might otherwise be discouraged and disperse. He said that, being the youngest and the lightest of the lot—ah! he might well have added the bravest, too—he begged to make the trial. They all

objected at first, and tried to dissuade him; but at last his urgency prevailed, and it was agreed upon that he should attempt the ascent. He was put in possession of the necessary passwords; the most important documents were secured within a belt round his waist; and then, laying hold with his hands and his feet of the fatal rope, the signal was given, and in a second he was drawn up out of sight." Here poor La Mothe covered his face with his hands, and murmured, "It is too shocking."

"Go on, go on!" the Marquis cried, deeply agitated.

"It seems that at that moment a tremendous gust drove the vessel away from the coast. The wind was blowing from the land, fortunately for those on board of her, but not for poor Guillaume, who was twice lifted up by the violence of the hurricane, so that those who were looking down from the top of the cliff saw him in an almost horizontal position, holding on by the rope, but unable to climb. They made, on their side, the most desperate efforts to draw up the cable with his weight attached to it—but they were struggling against the hurricane, and the wind was more powerful than all their united strength. With horror, they saw him raised a third time in that terrible manner; then a cry was heard—only one—and all was over."

"O my God! my God!" the Marquis moaned, with his face hidden in his hands. He who, a moment before, had felt it difficult to resist a painful feeling when he thought Guillaume had come back, was now weeping—yes, bitterly weeping—over the certainty that he would never return.

La Mothe was sobbing also. However, he soon added the few remaining details he had to give. When the storm subsided, and daylight came, poor Guillaume's corpse was found. His companions committed the care of his lifeless remains to M. de Saulny, his friend, and, except himself, the youngest of their number. He conveyed them to England, and sadly and reverently consigned them to a humble grave, at the place nearest to the coast where a Catholic priest could be found to perform over them the offices of religion. The papers Guillaume had taken with him were removed; but the little crucifix which was hanging round his neck was buried with him. It was found clasped in his right hand, a token, no doubt, of what must have been his last act and his last prayer at the moment when he loosed his hold of the rope, on which the fate of his young life depended.

M. de Villiers remained for some time silent after the narrative was ended. He seemed oppressed, bewildered, and in a state of

gloom so much resembling despair, that La Mothe was quite frightened, and told his friends that if he had had the least idea that the Marquis was so much attached to Des Aubrys, he would never have informed him of his death in so abrupt a manner.

CHAPTER V.

After a night of the most intense agitation, during which he had not even attempted to lie down, and when he had somewhat recovered from the bewilderment into which La Mothe's account of Guillaume's tragical end had thrown him, M. de Villiers thought with terror of the duty which had devolved upon him. Every word and circumstance connected with his last interview with poor Des Aubrys recurred distinctly to his mind, and every other feeling was absorbed in that of a profound compassion, deepened, or rather, perhaps, sharpened by remorse at the remembrance of thoughts and wishes which he had indeed struggled against and repelled, but which, nevertheless, seemed to upbraid him now with having in some sense desired the catastrophe which it was his terrible task to break to Charlotte. He was tempted to curse the strange fate which had made him, of all people, the depository of Guillaume's last wishes and the bearer of this appalling news to the woman he loved. He had, however, accepted the charge, and perform it he must. Des Aubrys' words, which had so often rung in his ears, seemed to haunt him now with fearful distinctness—"You will take care how you tell her of my death, for she loves me, and the blow will be a terrible one."

There was no time to lose: the blow must be inflicted on one whose happiness he would willingly have died to secure. He felt he must provide against her hearing suddenly what it might kill her so to learn. In a few hours the news would be in every one's mouth. The newspapers had already adverted to it. The newsmen might be even then vociferating it aloud. He trembled as this occurred to him, mused for a minute or two on the best course to pursue, hesitated a little, and then made up his mind. About two hours after sunrise, he went down to his sitting-room, opened his bureau, took from it a sealed parcel, and went out.

It was a fresh bright morning. Charlotte, delighted with the beauty of the weather, was sitting, at about nine o'clock, at the

window, paying apparently more attention to the trees and to the sky than to the book in her hand. Louisa was writing at a table near another window, which looked on that part of the garden on the side of the entrance door. The room which the two girls jointly occupied was a pretty one; large, cheerful, and sunny. It bore, as rooms sometimes do, the stamp of the tastes, pursuits, it might almost be said of the characters, of those who inhabited it. There were plenty of books on the shelves on both sides the chimney. The blue-papered walls were adorned with religious pictures, and between two little white beds stood a beautiful ivory crucifix, and a *prie-dieu* before it wide enough for two persons to kneel on it at the same time. An abundance of flowers on the tables mingled their perfume with the sweet scents which a soft autumnal breeze was wafting from the lawn; and everything in this peaceful home-sanctuary seemed to speak of piety, study, youth, and happiness.

The bell of the garden-door rang. Louisa looked up from her writing, and saw that it was the Marquis coming in. He said something to the servant, and then, with his back leaning against the wall, and his arms crossed on his chest, he stood waiting. Louisa was quick-sighted, self-possessed, always more mindful of others than herself. These qualities gave her a good deal of presence of mind, and a power of perceiving promptly, and acting judiciously, in cases where there was a need to be met or a danger to be guarded against. The very moment she set eyes on M. de Villiers, a sudden terror shot through her mind. She could see him from where she sat, though he could not see her, and was at once struck with his paleness, the strange look in his face, and a sort of gloomy despondency even in his way of standing. All this, together with the unusual hour of his visit, made her suspect that something was amiss. But she did not utter a word. Two thoughts were uppermost in her mind Charlotte in the full security of her happiness, and Mrs. Percival always more or less ailing and suffering from a disease which the least emotion increased. She had to consider how to deal with them both, in what, as a presentiment told her, was going to prove a terrible moment. She got up, but before she could reach the door, a servant opened it. Before he had time to speak, she said, "Show M. de Villiers into the library. My father is out, but I will go down to him directly. Do not on any account let Mrs. Percival know he has called."

Upon this, Charlotte exclaimed, quite surprised, "What do

you mean, Louisa? Is there anything you know that you have not told me?"

"No, nothing whatever, I assure you. I give you my word of honour, I have not," Louisa answered; but as she was going out of the room, one of those sudden instincts of the heart, which are almost like inspirations, made her turn back and say, "Charlotte! dearest Charlotte, I know nothing. I have heard nothing. But in case, dearest, in case we should be about to hear of some great misfortune, let us ask of God to give us strength to submit to His will, whatever it may be."

She kissed her sister, and left the room. But those words were not uttered in vain. It sometimes happens that persons are saved from death by a branch which breaks their fall, and though it wounds them on the way, they reach the ground bruised, indeed, and perhaps with broken limbs, but alive. And those words of Louisa's served the same purpose. They precipitated Charlotte from her pinnacle of security and happiness, and threw her into an agony of apprehension, of which Guillaume was of course the object. For it is ever thus: the mind flies to whatever is most dear and precious; it passes in an instant through every stage of fear and hope, terrified, but yet refusing to admit to itself the possibility of a misery, by the side of which all other miseries would be as nothing. The unhappy girl kept repelling with all her might the bare idea of such a grief as was, alas! hanging over her head; but it was, perhaps, those minutes of cruel suspense which saved her life under that crushing blow.

Louisa stayed away about half an hour. Then she came in with a face as white as a sheet, and red swollen eyes. Charlotte was kneeling before the crucifix. When the door opened, she started up. The two girls looked at each other, and Charlotte gave a fearful cry. Louisa threw her arms around her, forced her back to the *priedieu*, and fell down with her before the crucifix. It was there Charlotte received from her trembling hands the sealed parcel; it was there she heard from her quivering lips the fatal news. It was there that the flood-gates were opened, and the full tide of sorrow poured its deep and bitter waters over her young head. It was there that for many a long hour she remained, prostrate and almost lifeless, in a deep swoon or in speechless anguish. When she opened her eyes again it was almost dark. Above her, the white form of our Lord on the cross was faintly visible. It seemed to be looking down with divine pity on His child, weeping and suffering at His feet.

A writer of our day—Alfred de Vigny—has said that there is

not a more fearful encounter than that of youth and despair, when they meet in a human heart. Fearful, indeed, is such an encounter; but it can never exist when faith has not first died away. Faith sanctifies and consecrates the hard and painful union of youth and sorrow, and sometimes makes it lasting in this world, for faith is the guardian of holy affections as well as of eternal hopes; it forbids us to forget, it sets its seal on all the sacred treasures of our lives. But from every soul where it ripens it banishes despair; despair, the gloomy tenant of mean and effeminate hearts; despair, with its ghastly train, crime, madness, and suicide, or its less dark but miserable sequels, reckless dissipation, contemptible weakness, wretched oblivion of past joys and past sorrows.

No, despair never came near Charlotte de Nébriant's heart. In the midst of her anguish she heard those mysterious accents which from the heights of Calvary descend into the lowest depths of affliction, and bring to the soul not consolation only, but, we might almost say, a strange nameless joy, which the world does not dream of. But that awful and divine language is never heard but when the shattered heart is utterly desolate, and not even a ray of human consolation shines on its darkness.

There is little to relate concerning the year which followed that sad day. Guillaume's death did not bring about any apparent change in the habits of the dwellers at Elm Cottage. To the eyes of indifferent persons it was just the same peaceful quiet abode it had always been. A landscape, in the same way, is not changed because the sun has ceased to shine upon it. The brightness of Charlotte's smile, which had been the sunshine of that home, had for ever passed away. After a long illness, she had recovered both her strength and her beauty, which had been for a short time impaired. But, like her life, her beauty had undergone a great change. She had wished to wear mourning for Guillaume, as if she had been his wife; and when the Marquis saw her again, for the first time after his death, she was dressed like a widow. She did not seem to him a whit less lovely in that mournful garb: her sorrow only served to increase the affectionate respect, the silent worship, he paid her. No change took place in their mutual intercourse, or in his daily visits. They were his only enjoyments in life, and he felt so persuaded that an unguarded word, or even look, might lead to the loss of that happiness, that he kept a strict watch over himself, in order not to betray the least token of a feeling beyond that of friendship.

Henry Devereux, also, continued to come every evening to

Elm Cottage. He was always speaking of leaving London, but never seemed able to fix a day for his departure. The Marquis and he became much greater friends. They were, indeed, as intimate now as was possible for two persons of such different ages and position.

Charlotte, though she did not sing any more herself, was fonder than ever of music. When Louisa played on the pianoforte, she liked to withdraw into a dark corner of the room, where her tears fell unobserved. Henry would then sit a little while by the instrument, and when, after Louisa had done playing, he talked to her rather longer than usual, a momentary gleam of pleasure shone in Charlotte's blue eyes. One day, when this was the case, the Marquis' eyes happened to meet hers. She glanced at Henry and Louisa, as if to communicate to him her impression, in hopes he would confirm it. But he read more truly Devereux's heart than she did, and shook his head. Though she did not perceive the meaning of the look he at the same time fixed upon her, she felt disappointed that her mute question had not received the answer she wished, and the animation, which had for a moment appeared in her countenance, passed away, and gave place to its now habitually sad expression.

Notes on Early Irish History.

"THE position of Ireland," says a distinguished French writer of the present day, speaking of what may be called the prehistoric ages of the West, "had saved her warriors from the sword of Cæsar, and her children from the rod of the pedants who were to follow in his train. It was not there, as in Britain, that the chieftains of clans were seen aping the orators of the Forum, and paying rhetoricians for teaching their children a *patois* of Latin, or, as in Armorica, the descendants of the Druids sueing for and occupying the chairs of the public professors, and teaching their fellow countrymen the language of those conquerors by whom their own had been drowned in blood."* The singular isolation of Ireland enabled it, whether for good or for evil, to escape in great measure the influence of the civilisation, such as it was, of the Roman Empire; and this fact may probably lie at the foundation of many of the characteristic customs of the race which thus preserved unbroken the traditions which it had brought with it in its earliest migrations. This consideration may well be thought of a more than merely antiquarian importance; and, at all events, it comes in to add fresh weight to the many overwhelming reasons for desiring that the publication of the existing documents relating to the ancient history of Ireland should be urged on with all possible industry.

Professor O'Curry, in one of his instructive and exhaustive lectures on "The Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History," delivered at the Catholic University of Ireland during the Sessions of 1855 and 1856, remarks that "the History of Ancient Erinn is yet entirely unwritten"; and that "in fact there is no History of Ireland save in name." Since those words were written, much has been done to put the materials which are accessible to ordinary research into a popular and instructive form: but the writers who have done us this great service would be the first to confess that more still remains to be done—the work, in fact, of a whole generation of scholars is required to give us in detail

* Villemarqué: *La Légende Celtique.*

what we already know partially. It is in the hope of awakening the curiosity and exciting the attention of some amongst those who have the power and the will to cause the void to be filled, that the present notes are thrown together. It will, we think, appear that the character of what is known is far too interesting and attractive for us to be content with a half-knowledge on such subjects. There may be some nations whose early records, however full of detail, are in reality as uninteresting to the philosophical historian as if they were the stories of mere battles of "kites and crows," as Hume, we believe, contemptuously and foolishly called the Anglo-Saxon history. But Hume himself could hardly have ventured to speak thus of the early records with which we are concerned.

The History of Ancient Ireland or Erinn may be said to terminate with the death of Brian Boroimhe (pronounced Boru) in the year 1014. From that year to the landing of Henry II. at Waterford in 1171, regular government seems to have been in abeyance, no central authority controlled the provincial kings, territorial chiefs waged war upon each other, until intestine strife and national profligacy invited and facilitated the work of the foreign Conqueror. The History of Ireland, thus understood, is the History of an ancient race, with a language, customs, literature and polity perfectly unique, whose civilisation and development were suddenly stopped at the point where the other nations of Northern and Western Europe commenced their career. The materials for this history exist in an immense number of miscellanies of undoubted authenticity and antiquity, preserved in the public libraries of England, Dublin, and the Continent. These miscellanies are written chiefly in the Gaelic language in every stage of its development, from the dialect which was already obsolete when St. Patrick arrived in Ireland, in 432, down to that of the year 1650, when the Rev. Geoffrey Keating composed his History in the language as it is at this day spoken and written. The chief depositories of these treasures are the libraries of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin; that of the British Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, the Imperial Library at Paris, the Burgundian Library at Brussels, and that of St. Isidore's and others at Rome. They comprise the annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, genealogies of its kings, pedigrees of its chiefs, historical tales, tales of pure imagination, and tracts relating to religion and the ecclesiastical state of the country, as well as to the laws and customs of Ancient Erinn. It

is scarcely possible to over-estimate the value of these collections to the historian, the philologist, or to those whose special duty it is to legislate for Ireland. Their importance in the two first aspects is now to a certain extent recognised in the world of letters, but by the statesman they have not yet been appreciated as they deserve to be.

The customs of England form the common law of England;—whether these customs approve themselves or not to educated reason and modern discoveries matters not. From them spring the municipal laws which regulate our lives and our relations with our fellow men. These customs, and this common law, have their analogies in the customs, and common law of Ancient Erinn, which still influence the habits and modes of thought of the great body of Irishmen at the present day. They are to be found, for the seeking, in these ancient records, and when found and considered in a spirit of fairness there is little doubt but that they will explain apparent anomalies in the national character, dispel prejudices, and materially influence legislation on questions relating to Ireland. Much has already been done in discovering, deciphering, translating, printing and editing the manuscripts to which reference has been made, by men now living or but lately passed away. Amongst the foremost of those to whom thanks are due, four stand pre-eminent:—Eugene O'Curry, late Professor in the Catholic University of Ireland, and John O'Donovan, both dead; the Rev. Dr. Todd, Senior Fellow of Trinity College Dublin, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Graves, Bishop of Limerick. These four gentlemen long worked in harmony together, in what to them was a labour of love, and by their cooperation brought to bear upon the object of their research an amount of industry, varied knowledge, scientific attainment and truthfulness rarely combined. It is surely an encouraging symptom—this hearty union between the most distinguished members of the two Irish Universities, for the attainment of an object of the utmost importance to Irish interests.

Eugene O'Curry, in his capacity of Professor of Irish History and Archæology in the Catholic University of Ireland, delivered a course of twenty-one lectures, in the years 1855 and 1856, on the manuscript materials of Irish History. These lectures evince extraordinary research and patient investigation in fields of literature hitherto unexplored, and whilst they disclose an almost inexhaustible supply of matter of the deepest interest to the philologist and historian, they convey great general information, in an unstudied style, totally free from obscurity save such as is inseparable

from the subject of which they treat. Many extracts might be made from these lectures to prove the truth of the foregoing description; the few following, however, taken at hazard, must suffice for the readers of this paper. To deeper students we recommend the perusal of the entire work from which they are taken.

In his lecture on Genealogies, the 10th of the series, O'Curry quotes largely from a celebrated Irish writer, Donald McFirbis, who lived in the seventeenth century, who was a historian by profession, and, according to the custom once prevalent in Ireland, by hereditary descent. This writer's works are all composed in the Irish language, and are in great part transcriptions from treatises of a date many centuries preceding his own time. McFirbis, after enumerating the three kindred tribes by which, in ancient times, Ireland was successively invaded and colonised, namely, the Fir-bolgs, the Tuatha-de-Danaans, and the Milesians, gives, from very old authorities, the following descriptive particulars of each.

"Every one who is white of skin, brown of hair, bold, honourable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of property, wealth and rings, and who is not afraid of battle or combat; they are the descendants of the sons of Milesius in Erinn.

"Every one who is fair-haired, vengeful, large; and every plunderer; every musical person; the professors of musical and entertaining performances; who are adepts in all Druidical and magical arts; they are the descendants of the Tuatha-de-Danaan in Erinn.

"Every one who is black-haired, who is a tattler, guileful, tale-telling, noisy, contemptible; every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh, and inhospitable person; every slave, every mean thief, every churl, every one who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and of every assembly and the promoters of discord among people, these are the descendants of the Fir-bolgs in Erinn. But, however, the descendants of the Fir-bolgs are the most numerous of all these."

McFirbis goes on to say, "this is taken from a very old book."—(O'Curry p. 224, ed. 1861.)

A little further on O'Curry gives an account of the rebellion of the mere rent-paying and unprivileged classes of Erinn,—the *Aitheach Tuatha* (incorrectly anglicised Attacots)—against their lords, in the first century of our era. The rebellion was successful, the king and the chief part of the nobility were destroyed, and the leader of the rebels placed upon the throne. However, after an interval, Tuatha, the sovereign *de jure*, was gladly welcomed back to the the throne by the people "who were tired out by the inability of the usurping ruler to govern the nation in peace and order." It was this Tuatha who imposed on the

people of Leinster the tribute which, consisting chiefly of cows, was called "Boromean,"—"Bo" being the Gaelic for a cow. The levying of this tribute, which was the cause of much war and bloodshed, was abolished in 680, at the solicitations of St. Moling, but was revived by king Brian—who hence received the title of Boroimhe—to punish the adherence of the men of Leinster to the cause of the Danes. The Danes—by the Irish annalists named "Lochlanns," which is interpreted to mean "skilled at sea"—came to Ireland about the year 820, nearly contemporaneously with their first descent upon English shores. For more than two hundred years they laid waste the country, plundered religious houses, destroyed books and national records, oppressed and enslaved the natives; until, as in England, they set up a monarch of their own race in 866, and ruled the land which they had desolated.

Whenever the history of Ireland is written, an interesting chapter will have to be devoted to this Danish period—for though we now know little, and hear less, of their connection with Ireland, undoubtedly they left their mark upon it for much evil and perhaps for some good. Keating thus speaks of them: "Before these ravages of the Danes, there were four flourishing universities of principal note in the kingdom of Ireland: one at Armagh which was filled with seven hundred students, as appears expressly by an old roll discovered lately in the library of Oxford; the university of Dunda-Leath Glas, the university of Lismore, and the university of Cashel, with many academies and colleges of smaller account; but they felt the destroying sword of these barbarians, who had no regard for learning or learned men."—(Vol. 2. p. 162, ed. 1809.) On the other hand, they built and made permanent settlements in the cities of Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford, and there engaged in commercial pursuits. After many a hard fought field, they were at last vanquished at Clontarf, by the great Brian Boroimhe who was killed, at the very time of victory, in the year 1014, at the age of eighty-six.

We might illustrate our remarks upon the great promise of interesting matter to be discovered by further research into the old documents, by what we are already acquainted with in the case of this great man. We know something about him, but not as much as we could wish. He was truly a representative Irishman: as a warrior, legislator, and administrator, he stands very high, and the story of his achievements in peace and war, if told as it ought to be, would shed a bright light upon

the period immediately preceding that of national disaster. This is not the place to enlarge upon the life and times of this Irish hero, but allusion may be permitted to one matter connected with him, which, though trivial in itself, has done more to ear-mark the Irishman of the present day than any other act of his eventful life. The matter is thus related by O'Curry, page 214. "Previous to the time of the monarch Brian Boroimhe (about the year 1000) there was no general system of family name in Erinn ; but every man took the name either of his father or grandfather for a surname. Brian, however, established a new and most convenient arrangement, namely, that families in future should take permanent names, either those of their immediate fathers or of any person more remote in their line of pedigree. And thus, *Muireadhach* the son of *Carthach*, took the name of *Mac-Carthaigh* (now Mac Carthy); 'Mac' being the Gaedhlic for son. Turloch the grandson of Brian himself, took the name of O'Brian, or the Grandson of Brian, 'O' being the Gaedhlic for grandson, and so as to all the families throughout the kingdom."

In the enumeration of ancient Irish miscellanies, the purely imaginative tales in prose and verse should not be overlooked. From such sources lessons may be learnt of the inner life, the modes of thought and feeling, the objects of popular love and aversion, and all the thousand incidents making up the every day life of the people to whom they are addressed. How much will not the historian owe to the works of Thackeray and Dickens? How much has he not already learned from Fielding and his contemporaries? The reader will therefore hear with pleasure that the supply of ancient authentic Irish tales is so abundant, that it would if printed fill 8000 folio pages. Their dates range from the commencement of our era down to the year 1000 : many of them have already been translated into English. A large and separate section of these tales is now, and from time immemorial has been, known by the designation of "Fenian," because they relate to the exploits of the soldiers of Erinn,—in Gaedhlic, "Fiana Ereann"—or to those of their most distinguished chief Finn Mac Cumhail—pronounced Mac Cool. The name of Fenian, now so portentous, has been borrowed from these ancient warriors, who flourished and became extinct in the third century, and it cannot be doubted that the recital of their exploits, however imaginary, influences at this day the thoughts and conduct of many of those who have assumed the long-forgotten name. The famous Finn Mac Cumhail died in the year 280.

We believe that we may also expect, from further research into these Irish documents, to learn a good deal more than we at present know upon the interesting subject of Druidism. The miscellanies to which reference has already been so often made, offer a rich mine to the explorer in this branch of knowledge. In the records of ancient Erinn already published and in print, we catch incidental glimpses of the Druid. He interprets omens, reveals future events, controls and directs the elements, and revels in incantations and magical arts. But we find no systematic or detailed account of his position, his functions, his system of doctrine, his relation to the masses, or his influence in the society among which he lived and exercised his office. This omission ought to be supplied now that the means of doing so are within reach of the investigator. It is certain that Druidism existed in Ireland long before Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries*, or Tacitus his *Treatise on German Customs*, and that the Gaedhlic word "Drouad" was the name of the Druidical priest, familiarly used in Erinn centuries before the Latin or Greek language was heard in the island. It is also certain that whatever may have been the system of Druidism, whatever may have been its hold upon the Irish people and their chiefs, and however it may have blended with, and moulded the laws and institutions of Ancient Erinn, it succumbed, apparently with wonderful facility, before the preaching and labours of St. Patrick and succeeding Christian missionaries.

St. Patrick commenced his mission in 432, and closed it at his death, in 493. In the interval between his coming to Ireland and his death, he overthrew an ancient and long established religion, he introduced a new one which he succeeded in making part and parcel of the laws and institutions of an ancient and not unlettered race, and he left behind him a name which, after fourteen centuries, has still a magic power among millions of the human race. These are facts to be pondered on, explained, and written about by some future historian, who, holding aloof from modern polemics and sectarianism, shall draw from our archives the story of a career which has a special interest for every one who loves greatness and admires those who achieve it. A careful examination of those Irish records will doubtless settle some points of controversy which have been started by the prejudiced and sceptical. For instance, some of the moderns affect to doubt that St. Patrick derived his commission from Rome or acknowledged the supremacy of the Holy See. O'Curry, at page 373, quotes from the Book of Armagh a portion of a Canon copied from a book written by St. Patrick, which is conclusive on the question.

The original is in Latin, of which the following is a translation :— "Moreover if any case should arise of extreme difficulty and beyond the knowledge of all the judges of the nations of the Scots (the Irish were so called), it is to be duly referred to the Chair of the Archbishop of the Gaedhil, that is to say of Patrick and the jurisdiction of this Bishop of Armagh. But if such a case as aforesaid, of a matter at issue, cannot be easily disposed of by him with his counsellors in that investigation, we have decreed that it be sent to the Apostolic See, that is to say, the Chair of the Apostolic Peter, having the authority of the city of Rome."

Another extract given by O'Curry (p. 377) from the "*Leabar breac*," (*Anglicé*—"Speckled Book") sets at rest two questions controverted by modern writers. The quotation is a translation from the ancient Irish; it is as follows,—"Another division of that pledge which has been left with the Church to comfort her, is the Body of Christ and His Blood which are offered upon the altar of the Christians. The Body, even, that was born of Mary, the Immaculate Virgin, without destruction of her virginity . . . . and which was crucified by the unbelieving Jews; and which arose after three days from death, and sits upon the right hand of God the Father in Heaven, in glory and dignity before the angels of Heaven."

It may here be remarked that the only word used to signify the Mass, in Irish, both in ancient and modern written documents, and in the language as still spoken, is "*Aifrionn*," evidently a word imported from the Latin, and the same as the English word offering. There are few places in Ireland, where the peasant cannot point to the "*Pare na n'aferin*" (the field of the offering) as the hallowed spot where the priest, in the days of persecution, offered up the Sacrifice of the Mass.

Among other subjects of interest treated of in the ancient Irish documents, are the colonisation of Scotland by the Milesians with the transfer of the name of Scotia from Erinn to its northern neighbour; and the invasion of Ireland, some centuries before the Christian era, by the Picts. We may confidently expect that new light will be thrown and new views suggested upon these questions—both of national import—by a thorough investigation of these ancient manuscripts.

In the year 1852, the Irish Government issued a commission to several noblemen and gentlemen distinguished for their literary attainments, appointing them to direct the transcription, translation, and printing of the ancient laws of Ireland,

and the preparation of the same for publication. Under the auspices of this Commission much has been effected; but much more remains to be done. Additional agencies should be set to work, with ample means, in order to realise an object which should be accomplished with the utmost speed—the collection, arrangement, translation, and publication of the entire body of Irish literature, both prose and verse, which now exists in a fragmentary state, in the various capitals and public libraries of Europe. In considering the means adapted to this end, it should not be forgotten that whatever illustrates the history of the Celts, throws a light upon the ancient history of every portion of the United Kingdom. The Celtic element is large in the population of England and the Lowlands of Scotland, and at this present day it is predominant in Ireland, Wales, and the Highlands of Scotland. It advances to and permeates every country in the globe where the British flag waves, or to which British commercial enterprise penetrates.

The complete elucidation of Celtic literature and history may be mainly promoted in three different ways: first, by the establishment in all our universities of a Chair of Celtic History and Archæology; secondly, by collecting into one central establishment—from abroad by means of diplomatic agency, and from home archives by means of persons competent to the task—the various Celtic manuscripts scattered throughout Europe; and thirdly, by the appropriation of funds from the national purse, sufficient to secure the arrangement, translation, and publication of these ancient records, and to give effect in all other respects to this truly national object. Let us hope that even at the present moment, when attention is so strongly drawn to the urgent necessity of remedial measures for Ireland, which must be allowed to have a still more vital importance than can be claimed for literature and archæology, the great object which we have been endeavouring to present to public notice will not be forgotten.

The Roman Cardinals.

THE course of public events has lately caused a good deal of attention to be directed to questions connected with the character in which the present Pontiff claims, as his predecessors have always claimed, the headship of the Catholic Church. We cannot but be glad that matters of this kind are receiving some consideration; for inquiry will lead to a knowledge of the truth; and in this, as in every other point of Catholic doctrine and practice, the best defence of the Church against her enemies is that the truth should be widely known. At the same time it is true that the good which results from the discussion of questions of Theology and Canon Law by non-Catholic writers is by no means unmixed with evil. Much error is sure to be mingled with the truth thus propagated. Men are induced to write upon deep subjects, of which they have acquired none but the most superficial knowledge; the views they express are often distorted by prejudice—either the genuine growth of the author's own mind, or the result of his deference to the taste of the readers whom he addresses; and, even where conscientious study has been given to the matter, and no prejudice interferes, there is still a curious fatality at work, which often seems to lead the well-informed and well-disposed author into blunders little short of preposterous. Even the most respectable of our opponents are rarely above that line of hostile tactics which consists in putting forward and magnifying the imperfections necessarily found in every institution in the working of which the agency of man is employed. This argument may be effective against Catholics, if any such there be, who conceive that the Church is compromised by every want of ideal perfection in her dignitaries; but the conclusion to be drawn is,

that that Church must needs be divine where, though pride, ambition, and other passions may hold sway in the breasts of her ministers, all is yet so over-ruled and directed that the holiness of the Church itself remains ever free from contamination. We hear a great deal about "bad Popes;" but all the badness which is imputed to them cannot be shown to have influenced their conduct as Heads of the Church. So, again, we are told of the secular and political negociations which led to the elevation of some particular person to the Chair of St. Peter. But it is not proved that after his elevation he showed any want of that thorough independence which is a chief requisite of his position.

Again, it is not uncommon to find a writer bringing forward, as new and important discoveries, facts which are sufficiently familiar to all who have paid any attention to the matter in question. It is hinted, or perhaps boldly stated, that a jealous watch has been kept to prevent these facts coming to the knowledge of any but those who can be trusted to make a discreet use of the information; for, it is said, "the rulers of the Church feel the danger of allowing too many persons to participate in secrets of so delicate a nature." A reader to whom the subject chances to be new will be ready enough to believe that he is now admitted to knowledge which has hitherto been kept secret from the world at large; and, although he may not see what reason there could have been for the observance of such secrecy, he will feel sure that there must have been some reason, and that the disclosure is very damaging to the Church. There is a good deal of ignorance on certain points, even among Catholics, and many persons are really surprised when they are told that the discoveries of Protestant writers are often made by dipping into very elementary Catholic works, which do not happen to be generally studied.

We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of a little book which is the result of the recent turn of public attention to questions regarding the nature of the Papal office, and which supplies answers to many of such questions, especially in relation to the mode of supplying a vacancy in the Holy See. The substance of Mr. Cart-

wright's *Papal Conclaves** appeared originally in the shape of an article in the *North British Review*, which is now reprinted, with additions, and some corrections, and in a very attractive form. Mr. Cartwright, as we learn from his preface, has had the benefit of a lengthened residence in Rome, which has rendered him familiar with the course of recent events in that city. He has also had access to some little-known sources of information, especially papers discovered in the Naples Foreign Office; and these have furnished him with a few illustrations, but not, as far as we have observed, with any substantially new matter. The source from which his materials are drawn seems to have been the voluminous *Dictionary*† of the Cavaliere Moroni. The subject is one on which attempts at originality would have been out of place; and, to whatever source Mr. Cartwright was indebted for his materials, he appears to have used them with less misconception or unfairness than is commonly met with in the writings of a Protestant upon a subject so closely connected with the position of the Pope. He sometimes treats the errors of individuals as if he imagined the Church to be responsible for them; he sometimes assumes the air of one disclosing a new and important discovery, when he is only making known some point of law or history, which seems elementary and familiar to all who have paid any attention to these studies:‡ and in one instance he has, on insufficient

* *Constitution of the Papal Conclaves.* By W. C. Cartwright. Edinburgh, 1868: p. 236.

† *Dizionario di Eruditione Storico-ecclesiastica.* 103 vols., 8vo. Venice, 1840. The compiler was a member of the household of Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. This dictionary is once or twice mentioned in the notes, and is characterised as "A crude jumble of good, bad, and indifferent matter, of value so far as it may be regarded to express what are considered in Rome to be orthodox views on the topics treated." We have no wish to call in question the justice of this severe sentence; nor to vouch that the high compliment with which it concludes is well deserved; but we think that the charge comes with rather a bad grace from an author whose own work contains passages literally translated from the "crude jumble," the source being, nevertheless, unacknowledged.

‡ Thus, he characterises (p. 123) as a "Curiosity of Papal history little borne in mind," the scandal caused by the private conduct of Pope Adrian II., in 868, as recounted by Adrian's opponent, Hincmar, and the authorities for the story are mentioned with some parade. Yet stories parallel to this are to be found in some very common Catholic histories. For instance, in that

authority, made a serious charge against the Roman Court, of which we may have to speak hereafter.* Our present purpose is not to criticise Mr. Cartwright, but rather to go over for ourselves the ground that he has trodden, and lay before our readers some account of the proceedings by which a vacancy in the Chair of St. Peter is supplied. In the course of our narrative we shall see something of the sagacity with which God has inspired the rulers of the Church, and which forms part of the supernatural gift of prudence conferred upon her by her Author and recognised in her even by her enemies.†

The Pope, it is universally known, holds the primacy in the Church as the successor of St. Peter, on whom Christ conferred the office, not as a mere personal privilege, but to be continued in a line of successors to the end of time. The successors of St. Peter are the bishops of the city and see which was held by St. Peter at his death, namely, of Rome. Hence it follows, first, that Rome will never cease to be the episcopal city of a line of bishops, wherever individual Pontiffs may from time to time fix their residence; and, secondly, that the successive Bishops of Rome will always enjoy the plenitude of authority in the Church which was originally conferred on St. Peter. An inquiry, therefore, into the proceedings consequent on the decease of a Pope is, in fact, an inquiry into the mode of supplying a vacancy in the episcopal see of Rome.

common school-book, Reeve's *Church History*, we find a character of the Popes of this period, and an anecdote of one of them, which might well prepare us for all that Mr. Cartwright has to tell on the subject. This is no place to inquire how far the common stories are worthy of credit.

* The charge is that of having granted to King Henry IV. of Spain a dispensation allowing him to separate from his wife and marry again, on condition that he should return to his first wife in case no issue were born of the second marriage within a limited period. It is of course incredible that such a dispensation was ever granted; and we think we shall be able to show what gave rise to the mistake.

† We shall make free use of Moroni's *Dictionary* and of the *Kirchen-Lexicon* of Wetzer and Welte; and we shall not give particular references to these two works. The reader who wishes to pursue the subject, will have no difficulty in finding the articles which bear upon it. For statements derived from other sources we shall generally quote our authorities at the bottom of the page.

At the present time, in by far the greatest number of dioceses, the appointment of new prelates is in the hands of the Pope, who makes the promotion in Consistory. In making these appointments, regard is had to the recommendations which have been forwarded by persons on whom the right has been conferred of making their suggestions known; such is the right enjoyed by the clergy of many dioceses, and by the Civil Governments which have entered into Concordats with the Holy See. The ancient course was election by the Chapter of the vacant cathedral, and confirmation by the Metropolitan or by the Pope; which confirmation could not be refused except on some canonical ground. This course is held still to be the common law of the Church, although, we believe, that it is in actual use nowhere but in the Rhenish Provinces. The change was effected gradually, in the course of the fifteenth century, by an exercise of the supreme power of the Pope. To bear in mind the supremacy of this power will help to clear up many difficulties in connection with our subject. The Pontiff can at his sole discretion validly abrogate any part of the Canon Law which is of merely human institution, and the change may either be confined to a particular instance or be perpetual. Thus, Pius IX., in the Brief* by which he established the Catholic hierarchy in England, expressly abrogated all the then existing peculiar law in force in this country, which had continued in abeyance from the time of the Reformation; and, by the same instrument, he made provision for the new arrangements required by the altered circumstances.

As the successor of St. Peter acknowledges no superior upon earth, confirmation never could have had place after an election to the Roman See. The right of election to that See is now, and for many centuries has been, in the Sacred College of Cardinals, and we will at once proceed to say something upon the name, origin, duties, and privileges of that august body, reserving to a subsequent article some account of the practices of the

* "*Universalis Ecclesiæ regendæ potestas.*" Sept. 29, 1850.

earlier ages of the Church. The question on which we enter has been involved in great complication and obscurity by the endeavours of Presbyterian and Jansenist heretics alike, who in combating the divine supremacy of the episcopal order, or of the Holy See over all, have endeavoured to show that the title of Cardinal belonged of old to all parish priests, and that the preeminence claimed for the Cardinals of the holy Roman Church over all ranks of the hierarchy, including even Patriarchs, had no foundation in antiquity; it was, they said, "the offspring of the ambition of the Roman Court." On the other hand, men have been found who have thought that truth and right stood in need of forgery for their support, and accordingly we have a letter in Gratian's collection,* where Pope Anacletus, about the year 84, is made to give the title *Cardo* to the Roman Church; and Bellarmine has fallen into the error of quoting on this subject the authority of a spurious council, supposed to have been held at Rome, under Pope St. Sylvester, in 324. A document belonging to the Pontificate of St. Damasus, 366—384,† affords us the first unsuspected use of the now familiar expression "Cardinal Deacon of the Holy Roman Church," and in the following century the term is frequently met with. The controversy regarding the meaning of the expression has turned principally upon the usage of St. Gregory the Great. The Abbé Bouix, in his *Treatise on the Roman Court*, has collected all the passages of this Pontiff's letters wherein the words *Cardo*, *Cardinalis*, *incardinare*, occur, and has submitted them to an elaborate discussion: the result is that, in this writer's judgment, Cardinal, in the time of St. Gregory signified any of the clergy permanently attached to a church. In later times the name was restricted to the clergy of cathedral churches, who formed the bishop's council; while about the middle of the eighth century the use of it became the peculiar privilege of the Roman Church.

The first genuine monument in which "Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church" appears to designate any peculiar

* *C. Sacrosanctus, dist.* 22. † Tamagna: *Origini de' Cardinali*, i. 88.

and exclusive dignity belongs to the year 769, when a Council held at Rome, under Stephen IV., forbade the promotion of a layman to the Pontificate, unless he were first raised to the rank of a Cardinal Deacon or Priest. From this time forward the instances are frequent in which the title is used in the sense which it now bears. It is clear, however, that the Cardinals from the very first were not the parish clergy of Rome, but were the standing council of the Pope; for although regularly each Cardinal was attached to some one of the parishes of the city as his Title, yet two or more Cardinals often belonged to the same titular church; many were Cardinals without any Title at all; and the dignity is often found to have belonged to persons not in priests' orders, who assuredly did not enjoy the spiritual charge of a parish. The use of the name Cardinal was long continued by the canons attached to the Church of Constantinople and in many cathedrals of the West. It fell gradually into disuse, and the right to it was, by a constitution of St. Pius V., in 1568, formally taken away from all but those who had been expressly raised by the Pope to this eminent dignity. It is said, however, that in some very few cathedrals the title is still retained, and we have seen a statement that it is claimed by some of the dignitaries of the English Protestant Establishment, which in this, as in many other points, retains some fragments of the ancient discipline—dead, fossilised, and preserved for the study of the curious. But we have said enough concerning the antiquities of the Cardinalate; we must turn our attention to the existing usages regarding it.

The College of Cardinals is, according to the exact definition given by writers on Canon Law,* a College of Clerics appointed for the purpose of assisting the Roman Pontiff in the government of the Universal Church while the See is full, and of supplying the defect when the See is vacant. The number of members of this College has varied much at different times, those who had attained the dignity being often anxious to prevent the depreciation of it by the admission of a large number of colleagues. Thus, on the death of Clement VI., in 1532, the existing

* Bouix: *Tract. de Curia Romana*, p. 55.

Cardinals came to a resolution that the number of their body ought not to exceed twenty; and a formal representation to the same effect was made to Pius II. But it was found that a small number of electors was slow in coming to so much agreement as the law required for the election of a new Pope; and the City and the whole Church suffered great evil from the prolonged vacancies in the Holy See. Sixtus IV., therefore, about 1471, introduced the practice of enlarging the number of Cardinals, and Leo X. went so far as to create thirty-one at a single promotion. Finally, Sixtus V., in 1585, fixed the limit to the number of seventy, which subsequent Pontiffs have not in fact transgressed, although, of course, it is free to them to do so; for the ordinance of one can in no way bind his successors. The Sacred College is seldom full, vacancies being purposely kept, in order that there may be no difficulty in the way of making any promotion which may seem desirable. The number of Cardinals at the opening of the present year was fifty-three. We see then that the dignity of Cardinal can be conferred by no power but that of the Pope; but the pontifical will, however expressed, is sufficient for the purpose. No particular form of words is essentially necessary, nor any peculiar rite or ceremony; although in practice the ceremonial which we shall presently describe is seldom departed from. There is, indeed, a decree of Eugenius IV., that no person shall enjoy any of the privileges of Cardinals before receiving the hat and other ensigns of the dignity: but the decree, of course, has had no binding effect on the successors of Eugenius, who have been accustomed, on making known a nomination, to dispense with all such requirements.

The discretion of the Sovereign Pontiff is absolutely free from all control; and to illustrate his thorough independence in this matter, Canonists teach that he is no way fettered by engagements upon the subject into which he may have entered before his elevation to the Chair of St. Peter. This entire freedom in making a choice is the natural consequence of the responsibility which weighs upon him by whom the choice is to be made. How weighty this responsibility was felt to be by Pope Paul III.

we may gather from his words, as given by Raynaldus:* "If in other business the Roman Pontiff may be a man, in the appointment of bishops he should be an angel: in adding members to the Sacred College, he had need to be a god. Sin in the one function is impious; in the other, devilish." And the Council of Trent terms the function of which we are speaking the principal among those belonging to the Papal office. In the same spirit, Pope Sixtus V. enumerated the qualities which should be found in those who are promoted, and which are even now regarded as ordinarily necessary, unless it be deemed that there is ground for a special dispensation. These qualifications are in general the same as those required in bishops, with this addition, that to have an uncle or a nephew a Cardinal, is ordinarily an impediment. No doubt frequent recourse is had to dispensations in this matter; but the rules which render such recourse necessary sufficiently illustrate the spirit of the Church, and the sense entertained of the vast importance of the interests involved.

In the choice of Cardinals the Popes are accustomed to attend to the recommendation of the Council of Trent, that, as far as may be found convenient, and provided fit persons can be met with, the Sacred College should embrace representatives of all the nations of Christendom. It is also usual that some members of the principal religious orders should be found among those who are in enjoyment of the dignity. We may notice in this place the ancient customary right of the six great Catholic powers—Austria, Poland, Venice, France, Spain, and Portugal—to nominate, with the consent of the Pope, one of their subjects on whom the Cardinal's hat is conferred. Cardinals who have gained their nomination in this manner are not necessarily identical with the Cardinal Protectors, of whom we shall speak hereafter. The reader may be surprised to hear of the privileges of Catholic sovereigns having been enjoyed by a King of England during the reign of George II. Yet the fact is so. The person who was known in this country as the "Old Pretender" enjoyed

* Ad ann. 1471, n. 63.

at Rome the style and dignity of "James III., King of England." The Pope, Clement XII., allowed him the nomination of a Cardinal; and he, with the gracious condescension so characteristic of his family, remembered the handsome reception which he had met with on occasion of a visit to the city of Urbino, and he nominated for the purple Mgr. Rivara, who occupied an influential post in that place.

We have said that no particular ceremonial is requisite to the valid promotion of any person to the Cardinalate—any expression of the Pontifical will is sufficient. The formalities actually observed have varied at different times, but a short description of the existing practice will be sufficient in this place. The greatest secrecy is generally observed with regard to the promotions to be made. In illustration of this we find two anecdotes in Moroni. The names of the new Cardinals are published in an allocution addressed to the Consistory, and thus are necessarily made known to the Secretary by whom the draft of the allocution is prepared. In one instance, under Gregory XIV, the Secretary Vanessi, after having given a pledge of inviolable secrecy, received from the Pope's mouth the necessary instructions, and orders to insert his own name in the list. Vanessi was overjoyed: his joy was too great for his prudence; and during the short interval which elapsed before the Consistory, he allowed the secret to be snatched from his mouth by the wiles of a Cardinal, himself nephew of the reigning Pope. Once divulged the news quickly spread, and reached the ears of Gregory: he summoned Vanessi to his presence, and forced him with his own hand to erase his name from the list. On another occasion, when there were twelve vacancies to be supplied, Pope Alexander VIII. dictated eleven names to his Secretary of Briefs, Albani. Alexander then ceased speaking, but continued to walk up and down the room, unable, as the writer supposed, to recollect the last name. "Well, put down the twelfth," at length said the Pope. "How can I," replied the Secretary, "if I do not know what it is?" "Do you not know your own name?" was the answer. So Albani be-

came a Cardinal, and in 1700 succeeded to the Pontifical throne under the name of Clement XI.

Immediately before the ceremony a private intimation is commonly sent to those who are about to be promoted, in order that they may make all needful preparations. But several instances have been collected where no such intimation was given, and in the list we find the names of two well known English Cardinals, William Allen and Philip Howard. The recently published life of the last-named relates at length the circumstances under which he received the news of the honour conferred upon him. It is told also of Galbrelli, a general of the Cistercians, that he received no previous intimation of the honour about to be conferred upon him, and that he was engaged in a theological disputation when he received notice that Innocent XII. had that moment created him a Cardinal; he put the letter into his pocket and calmly continued his argument, until the matter getting wind the assembly broke out into eager congratulations.

The allocution on occasion of the new creation is delivered in a Consistory of the Cardinals. Having dispatched the other business, the Holy Father formally consults the assembly, with the words "*Quid vobis videtur,*" "what think ye?" Their Eminences having signified their consent by rising and removing the violet biretta which they wear, the Pope proceeds: "*By the authority of Almighty God, that of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and by our own, We create N. and N. Cardinal Priests of the Holy Roman Church, and N. and N. Cardinal Deacons of the same, with all necessary and fitting dispensations, derogations and clauses.*" If he reserves the names of any Cardinals *in petto*, a term to be explained directly, he proceeds: "*We reserve other* [*two*] *in our own breast, whose names shall be declared when it shall seem good to us.*" Then thrice making the sign of the cross with the right hand, he concludes in the usual manner in the name of the Holy Trinity. When the name of a new Cardinal is reserved by the Pope in his own breast, *in pectore* or *in petto*, of course no privileges whatever accrue to the person; but if the name be subsequently declared, the nomination takes

effect in regard to seniority from the time when the reservation of the name was mentioned in Consistory. Moreover the Pope will often commit the reserved name to a secret writing, which in the case of his death will come to the hands of his successor and will operate as a strong recommendation, to which effect is generally given. But such a recommendation has no binding force, and is sometimes neglected.

Much confusion of thought regarding the position of Cardinals has arisen from the use of the titles Cardinal Bishop, Priest, and Deacon: it is supposed that the terms here employed are used in their ordinary sense, so that it seems difficult to understand how the Archbishop of Dublin can be a Cardinal Priest. In truth the terms in question merely mark different degrees of precedence within the Sacred College, and do not imply any difference of order nor even of privilege. As to the original meaning of the terms, the labours of numerous searchers into antiquity seem not to have led to any certain conclusions, the subject being obscured by not a little fable.* At present, six of the Cardinals have the name of Cardinal Bishops, and are in fact the Bishops of six cities in the neighbourhood of Rome.† Next after these in order of precedence come the fifty Cardinal Priests, who among themselves take rank according to seniority. These, like the Cardinal Deacons, of whom there are fourteen, forming the lowest order, are not necessarily even in priests' orders, although they are often in fact bishops. To each is assigned one of the ancient churches of Rome, which is called his title, and in which he enjoys certain honorary privileges.

We return to the proceedings upon the creation of a Cardinal. Immediately upon the termination of the Consistory in which the names have been pronounced, an official notice is sent to each of the newly promoted, by the hands of a servant of the Cardinal Secretary of State, and one of the Papal Masters of Ceremonies summons

* See the notices collected by Bouix. *Tract de Cur. Roman.* Pars Prima, Cap. II.

† They are, in order of dignity, the Bishops of Ostia, Porto, Albano, Tivoli, Sabina, and Preneste.

each to the Palace to receive from the hands of the Pope the red biretta which is a distinguishing mark of their new dignity. A third messenger, belonging to the department of the Chancery, brings to each an authentic copy of the Consistorial Decree or formal record of promotion. The authorities on the subject go into great detail in regard to the next stage of the proceeding, prescribing the place, dress and posture of receiving the usual visits of congratulation from various high officials of the city. It would be tedious and useless to mention minute points like these: but the care taken in regard to them illustrates the light in which the subject is viewed. Every point is regulated so as to impress upon all the exalted nature of the Cardinalitian dignity, and to prevent any compromise of the independence so necessary for the proper performance of the high duties which it involves. From the moment of receiving the Consistorial Decree the Cardinal is forbidden to uncover his head to any person whatever; and the same attention to the honour of the Sacred College is exacted from him throughout his life. No points are trivial where interests of such importance are at stake. But we must not omit all mention of the ceremony of giving the Red Hat, which has become a familiar language identified with the Cardinalate itself. This Hat must not be confounded with the biretta which is usually given on the very day of the promotion, and which forms part of the ordinary dress of Cardinals. The giving of the Hat commonly takes place, a few days after the promotion, at the hands of the Pope himself. The formula of putting the Hat on the head of the new Cardinal is worth transcribing. "To the praise of Almighty God, and the ornament of the Apostolic See, receive the Red Hat, the special emblem of the dignity of the Cardinalate, by which is signified that to death, and even to the shedding of blood,* thou must show thyself fearless for the exaltation of the Holy Faith, for the peace and repose of the Christian commonwealth, and for the increase and welfare of the Holy Roman Church. In the Name of the Father and of the

* Usque ad mortem et sanguinis effusionem inclusive.

Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." An allusion to this form seems to be found in the words by which Cardinal Bonaparte recently expressed to the Holy Father his sense of the duties to which his new dignity specially obliged him, and of the peculiar need of the divine assistance which they entailed.

According to old custom, the front of the residence of the new Cardinal was ornamented with allegorical figures and lights on the evening of the day on which he had received the Hat. This custom was dropping out of use, when in 1743 it was revived by Benedict XIV. Clement XIV., however, introduced the practice of commuting the obligation of thus decorating the mansion, for that of giving five hundred crowns to a charitable object. On the evening of the creation of the Cardinals in Consistory, illuminations are still in use. The Hat of a Cardinal can regularly be received nowhere but in Rome and from the hands of the Pope himself. If the person raised to the dignity be absent from the City, he must ordinarily repair thither for the investiture. Occasionally however, as a mark of peculiar favour, the Pope sends the Hat to the destined prelate by the hands of some person specially deputed to confer it. The earliest recorded example of this practice is in the year 1312. Among those who were thus honoured we find the name of Henry Beaufort, Archbishop of Canterbury, who exercised so much influence during the reign of his grandnephew, Henry VI.

No one can fully exercise all the functions of the Cardinalate until he has actually taken his place in the Consistory, and has received from the Pope the right to take part in the deliberations of the assembly. This form is called "opening the mouth" of the Cardinal. Before this ceremony, he is said to have "his mouth shut,"* and should the Holy See become vacant, he is not admitted to the Papal Conclave. In former times instances of this kind were not unfrequent, although now they are of course comparatively rare. We may remember the fate of that apostolic prelate, John Fisher,

* Ore clauso—ore aperto.

Bishop of Rochester, who, after a long captivity, received the crown of martyrdom in the Tower of London on June 22nd. 1535. Pope Paul III. in compassion for the aged prisoner, and hoping, it is said, to gain for him some pity from the tyrant in whose gripe he was, raised him to the honour of the Cardinalate. The humble old man received the news with regret; he had no desire of dignities and titles. Henry VIII. broke into a brutal jest, declaring that though the Pope had given Fisher a hat, he should not have a head to wear it. The prisoner was accordingly at once brought to trial, and within four days executed. The charge was simply refusing to take the oath of supremacy, to which refusal the name and penalties of treason had been arbitrarily attached by a Parliament too compliant with the imperious will of Henry.*

The Red Hat was first granted to the Cardinals by Pope Innocent IV. at the first General Council of Lyons, in the year 1245. The red colour symbolising the duty of the recipient to shed his blood for the Roman Church, if need arose, pointed at that time to no remote contingency, for the Emperor Frederick II., the unscrupulous enemy of the Holy See, was then just at the height of his power; he had succeeded in waylaying several of the Bishops on their way to this Council, and some of the Cardinals were at the very time detained in his prisons. Not long before he had with cruel mockery put to death many persons for no crime but that of fidelity to Rome.† If faith were weak, it might well have seemed that to accept the Red Hat was nothing but to mark oneself out as an early victim of the triumphant schismatic. One member of the Sacred College,

* In Moroni's *Dictionary* (FISCHER) it is stated that St. Charles Borromeo was accustomed to say and show that he felt towards Cardinal Fisher no less devotion than towards St. Ambrose himself, the great glory of the see of Milan. We should be glad to know the foundation for this statement, for if its truth be established, it appears to be of no little interest and importance at the present time when so many hopes are entertained that some victims of the Tudor and Stuart persecution may be admitted to the public honours of the Church. Even Burnet has a kind word for Fisher, though he seems to think that he alone was to blame for his own fate.

† See *Rohrbacher, Histoire de l'Eglise Catholique.* Livre 73, Sec. 1.

a Colonna, was base enough to betray his trust, and to go over to the enemy of that Pontiff to whom he owed both spiritual and temporal allegiance. The traitor was soon called to face death in prison: the Emperor fell from his power, and died covered with the disgrace of having abandoned the faith and allied himself with the infidel, in the hope of gaining some support for his falling fortunes. When a Cardinal is raised to the Popedom, it has been usual for him to "restore his hat," to the family from which he received it; this phrase means that he raises to the purple some one of the kindred of the Pontiff to whom he was indebted for his own advancement, or some member of the order to which his predecessor, if a religious, belonged.

But we must not dwell longer upon matters relating to the creation of Cardinals, but must proceed to consider the position which they hold in the economy of the Church. Various privileges are enumerated as belonging to them—precedence before all patriarchs and inferior prelates; the title of Eminence, the use of the Red Hat and biretta, and the dignity of Prince of the Church. The Canon Law provides that credit be given to a Cardinal without further proof when he gives testimony with regard to business dispatched in the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. If a schism arise through a double election to the Roman See, it is said to belong to the College of Cardinals to convoke a General Council of the Church, by which alone the controversy can be decided,* and this seems to belong to them as a part of the business of electing the Roman Pontiff. We shall speak hereafter of the powers and duties of the Cardinals during a vacancy of the See; at present we shall only say a little of their functions as counsellors and assistants of the Pope in the government of the Church.

Many and diverse are the opinions even among Catholic writers as to the existence of any obligation binding the Pope to seek the advice and consent of the Sacred College as a condition of the exercise of his functions. The treatises on the subject discuss many intermediate shades

* Ferrari's *Bibliotheca Canonica* s. v. CARDINALIS, n. 4, art. 50.

of doctrine between the two extremes, which hold respectively that not even the most trivial act of the Pontiff is valid unless the consent of the Cardinals has been obtained: and that not even the counsel of this body is needed to render the gravest acts both valid and lawful, however unadvisable a deviation from the ordinary course may generally be. We do not know that the first of these opinions has ever been seriously maintained, and it seems to be discussed merely by way of illustration of the subject. Those who decline to go the full length of accepting the second opinion rely mainly on the undoubted practice of expressing in all important utterances that the consent of the Cardinals has been obtained: but they are hampered by the difficulty of producing any law, human or divine, as basis of the limitation which they seek to impose upon the freedom of individual action in the Pope; and still more by the declaration of the Council of Florence that *full* power of feeding, ruling, and governing the Church has been conferred upon the Roman Pontiff by Christ:* full power seems not to admit any limitation. Whatever the truth may be regarding this point, the Popes are certainly in the habit of seeking the advice of the Princes of the Church in regard to all affairs of weight; and hence arises the rule requiring the Cardinals to reside in the Roman Court, that is, in the place where from time to time the Pope may have his residence. As early as the time of Leo IV. in 853, a Cardinal Anastasius was brought to trial on a charge of having failed for five years together in his duty of residence, and being found guilty was solemnly deposed. Residence near the Pope being inconsistent with the duty that binds every bishop to reside in his diocese, bishops were not in early times raised to the purple, the first undoubted instance being that of Conrad Wittelespach, Archbishop of Mentz, in 1163; and many years elapsed before the practice became as frequent as it now is. Of the two conflicting obligations under which a Cardinal is placed

* Ipsi (Romano Pontifici) in beato Petro pascendi regendi ac gubernandi universalem Ecclesiam a Domino nostro Jesu Christo *plenam* potestatem traditam esse.

when he is at the same time a bishop, that which binds him to his diocese is esteemed the more weighty, and a canon of the Council of Trent expressly requires that it be preferred. Thus the Pope, although ordinarily deprived of the personal presence and counsel of these Cardinals, has the benefit of their services in the country where they reside, and on occasion of the periodical visits which they, like all other bishops, are bound to pay to Rome, they take full part in the deliberations of their brethren. The sees of the six Cardinal Bishops being in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome, residence in the Court is deemed equivalent to residence on their sees. A strict rule requires that if a Cardinal who is also a bishop comes to the Court on any occasion whatever, he must not without permission leave the City. The Bishop of Clermont having in 1503 attempted to violate this rule, was sent to Sant' Angelo by the fiery Julius II. and the prohibition was renewed as late as 1644 by Innocent X.

Rome being the centre of Christendom, where alone all controversies can be finally determined, and the extraordinary favours of the Church obtained, the business brought thither must soon have become more than could be dispatched by the Pope personally without assistance. The principle must, therefore, have been early adopted of dividing among the Counsellors of the Holy See the duty of looking into the details of every matter brought before it. This end is now attained by the institution of different Congregations of Cardinals, charged each with a special description of business. The first recorded traces of this arrangement are of no greater antiquity than the pontificate of John VIII. (872—882.) The most ancient of the existing Congregations seems to be that of the Inquisition, which was established by Paul III., in 1542, for the purpose of controlling the proceedings of the Inquisitors in different parts of the world; but the distribution of business now in use is mainly due to Sixtus V. (1585—1590.) This Pope, feeling the justice of the complaints made of the delay which attended all business brought before the Holy See, did *his* best to remedy the evil by a series of enactments;

and most of the existing Congregations owe their origin to him. These Congregations are very numerous, the whole business of government of the Church and of the Papal states being divided among them. Some of the Congregations—such as the Consistory—comprise the whole body of Cardinals, under the presidency of the Pope himself; and the most important affairs are entrusted to these. Other Congregations consist of a small number only of Cardinals, with whom are often associated some prelates of inferior rank. Each Congregation ordinarily meets once in a week. The preparation of the business to be discussed at each meeting is in the hands of the Cardinal Prefect and of the Secretary, by whom the concurrence of His Holiness is procured to such resolutions as require this confirmation.

The word Consistory is so often mentioned in connection with the dignity of Cardinal, that this Congregation seems to require some notice here. Every meeting of a bishop with the body of his counsellors was formerly termed a Consistory; but the word is now appropriated to signify the assembly of the whole body of Cardinals who may be in Rome, in the presence of the Pope in his Apostolic palace, and under the form of a Senate. Meetings of the same persons in other places, or for other purposes, are in frequent use, but are called by distinct names. Consistories are of three sorts: public, semi-public, and secret. The Public Consistory is employed for purposes of ceremonial, for receiving ambassadors, for giving the hat to Cardinals, and the like. Canonizations of Saints are the business properly belonging to the Semi-public Consistory, in which all bishops who are in Rome are allowed to take part. In the Secret Consistory take place promotions to the episcopate and cardinalate, and the Holy Father often takes the opportunity of speaking upon the position of the Church. These allocutions are sometimes printed for the instruction of the whole body of the faithful. The Secret Consistory is ordinarily held twice in the month, and is strictly private. At the call of "*Extra omnes*" all who are not Cardinals must leave the room; the door is fastened, and can on no account be opened again until the bell gives notice of the conclusion of the business;

Cardinals who are late in their arrival are at liberty, it is said, to return to their residences. If, however, it happen that one of the assembled Cardinals is to be promoted to a bishopric, he leaves the hall before the business is brought forward. This custom seems to be a relic of the days when discussion might have arisen as to the merits of the person proposed : at present, the question of the Pope, "*Quid vobis videtur*—what think ye?" is a mere form, the promotion having been actually determined upon in the Congregation charged with the business of selection. Strangers are at liberty to witness the assembling of the Secret Consistory, and in no other ordinary ceremony is the majesty of the Roman Court more conspicuous.*

* The industrious Moroni has collected anecdotes of a long series of incidents which have disturbed the even tenor of Consistories. Thus, when, in 1504, the English envoys offered to Julius II., then but recently raised to the Chair of St. Peter, the obedience of their master, under the title of "Henry VII., King of England and France, and Duke of Ireland," the immediate protest of the representative of the French monarch led to a withdrawal of the disputed title: it could not be denied that Louis, and not Henry, was at least *de facto* King of France. Paul IV., in the first Consistory held by him after his coronation, receiving the ambassadors sent by Philip and Mary, absolved the people of England and Ireland from all censures incurred during the reigns of Henry VIII. and his son, and at the same time raised the last named-country to the rank of a kingdom. The Emperor Charles V. coming to Rome to treat of the Œcumenical Council held at Trent, Paul III. held an extraordinary Consistory to receive him. In the midst of this solemn assembly, Charles broke out into an impassioned recital of the wrongs he had suffered at the hands of his rival, Francis I.; and ended by proposing to settle their differences by single combat: the two monarchs to be set on a bridge, with no weapon but a sword. Paul of Russia may have had this precedent in mind when he proposed that the great European war might be brought to a close by a duel between George III. and Napoleon, with their respective foreign secretaries for seconds. Lastly, we may mention an example of that playful spirit so often found in the Popes: A Cardinal, a member of the great Farnese family, had succeeded in outwitting Sixtus V., and obtaining the grant of a favour which would have been refused had all the circumstances been disclosed. To this offence he added the imprudence of boasting of his success, and the matter came to the ears of the Pope. Sixtus had been a Franciscan, and remembered how his own faults had been visited by his superiors. Accordingly, at the next Consistory, he compelled the Farnese to kneel in the assembly and, with arms stretched out, to recite the *Pater*, *Ave*, and *Credo*. "That," said his Holiness, "is the sort of penance used among friars; if I hear more of this, I must punish you as Pope."

Old Englishmen Painted by Themselves.

WHILE we are hastening to strip off those last rags and tatters of mediævalism which still hang about us, and are changing ourselves more from the likeness of our fathers in a decade of years than used to be done in a century, there seems a hope that we shall rid ourselves no less of that mist of ignorance which has hung so long between us and our middle-age ancestors, causing them to loom on our eyes in so distorted a form. Perhaps it may come to pass that as we resemble them less, we shall come to know them more. It cannot be that people will long rest satisfied with taking their views of their forefathers from modern writers, however able. It will soon be in the power of all to hold converse with their forefathers themselves, and learn from them what manner of men they were. If, with such means of judging for themselves, intelligent Englishmen assent to the creed so long dinned into our ears, we shall be surprised indeed. Dr. Maitland* tells a story of a traveller in a strange house, who, wishing to see whether the day was breaking, and being himself in the dark, put his head, as he thought, out of the window, but in reality, into a cupboard, and so came to the conclusion that all was darkness, while in reality the dawn was far advanced. The doctor adds that we do much the same if we gauge the condition of the "dark ages" by the statements of some popular writers; whereas, if we do not allow ourselves to be blinded by the flare of our modern gaslight, but put our own heads fairly out into the twilight of our ancestors, we shall find it to be a good serviceable sort of light, sufficiently illuminating sober people on their various ways. And we may go on further to say that we shall find our ancestors to have been in enjoyment, if of less light, yet of more fresh air than we; if their atmosphere was less glittering, it was also less artificial.

We have been led to these reflections by a perusal of the excellent publications of the "Early English Text Society,"† and of the list of subscribers to the same. This list is not indeed

* *Dark Ages*, introd. 2—4. † London: Trübner and Co.

by any means as large as it should be, but it is surely a sign of grace to find mechanics' institutes, free libraries, and book societies placing in the hands of their members original works, hitherto almost unknown. Some few scholars, no doubt, have been familiar with these works before, as there are some few middle-age works with which we are all familiar; but assuredly it is a new thing for the public to have free and easy access, not to those works only where genius, or party feeling, or passion, have tinged things with their own vivid colours, as in the poems of Chaucer, or the creed and vision of Piers Plowman; but to those humble home-spun compositions, more interesting as history, more valuable as a picture of the times—the literature intended for the people, for the instruction of the unlearned, and the education of the young. An interesting picture they certainly afford, and, as we have already said, to many, we think, a new one. Let us briefly examine some of its main features.

And first we make bold to say that ignorance seems not to have been so very dense, nor superstition so very rampant, during those eight hundred years and upward, in which, as we all know on high authority, Englishmen were buried in idolatry too dreadful to be qualified. What one of the editors says of one of the texts before us* we think may be fairly said of all. "A relic of this sort," he writes, "fished up from the forgotten past, is very useful to us as a help towards understanding the sort of life our fathers lived. To many it will seem strange that these directions, written without the least thought of hostile criticism, when there was no danger in plain speaking, and no inducement to hide or soften down, should be so free from superstition. We have scarcely any" (we should say, *none*) "of the nonsense which some people still think made up the greater part of the religion of the middle ages, but instead thereof, good sound morality, such as it would be pleasant to hear preached at the present day." And another of the editors† speaks more in general, as follows:—"A survey of our early religious poetry will, I believe—and so far as I may speak from some work at it—result in a verdict favourable to the plain good sense and practical going straight at the main point which Englishmen pride themselves on, whatever amount of philistinism and humbug is mixed up with these qualities. The burden of the early songs (as I read them) is a prayer for forgiveness of sins, a

* Mr. Peacock, in preface to Myrc's *Instructions to Parish Priests.*

† Mr. Furnivall, in preface to *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ*, &c.

desire to get out of the filth of the flesh, and rise, as well here as hereafter, into the purer and higher life, which, to the believer, union with his Saviour implied and implies."

Both these writers, to be sure, speak as if there was a certain undercurrent of superstition and nonsense in the works of which they speak. We are far from wishing to maintain that our ancestors never wrote nonsense—such a privilege does not, we suppose, belong even to ourselves. But we can hardly agree with the editors as to the applicability of the term here; we fail to find, with Mr. Furnivall, anything objectionable in the "Mary-worship" of a series of hymns in which her Son bids Mary come to Him to be crowned, or sinners pray her to bring them to Him. The following is a fair specimen of this "Mariolatry"—

> Heil be thou virgyne of virgins!
> Heil blessid modir! heil blessid May!
> Heil norische of sweete Jhesus!
> Heil cheefest of chastite, forsothe to say!
> Lady keep us so in oure last day
> That we may come to thi kingdom!
> For me and alle Cristen thou pray.
> Pro salute fidelium. Amen.*

We cannot see how the love of the Son could suffer from such honour to the mother. The "Parliament of Devils" is another stumbling-block to its editor. It is a poem where the devils are made to meet, and to express their fear of Christ, then upon earth, and their projects against Him. What is there so very dreadful, so very *nonsensical* in this? But more than all, the "Stations of Rome" is likely to find disfavour in the eyes of a Protestant. He will probably shudder to see that at this church may be obtained seven years' pardon, and at that, fourteen thousand,—ignorant as he is of what is remitted by this "pardon," and overlooking the oft-repeated condition that to gain these indulgences men must be "schriven and verey contrite."

This first feature which we have pointed out in our fathers' character is a negative one; we pass now to what is positive. And of positive qualities, more than all shines out a blunt manly straightforwardness, which furnishes friends with matter of praise, and enemies with matter of blame. From it sprang that seeming hardness and want of feeling, and again, that coarseness with which our fathers are reproached; it made them smite heretics without pity, and give good advice in words which now-a-days will not bear repetition; but it also laid the foundations of the institutions in which we now glory, and it lent

* *Hymns to the Virgin*, p. 5, Vol. 29. of series.

to the national character, as we venture to think, its chief charm. It made our ancestors go about in earnest what they went about at all, and show at every turning what main object they had in view. And what was the main object they were ever professing? Without indulging in the language of panegyric, without pretending that in all cases it was more than a profession, we may safely assert that the one paramount end and object in life which our forefathers acknowledged was the service of God. The mention of it meets us at every turn. Servants are instructed that their first service is due to God, children that God is to be their end throughout life, in every undertaking God is to be invoked, at the completion of every work He is to be thanked. It is at the least a great deal that His claims should be so often and so openly allowed.

Another claim which we shall make for our ancestors may be considered more audacious. They seem to have made better use than we of their Bible. No doubt they would have cut a sorry figure if examined by a modern Sunday-school teacher—we fear that they would have broken down egregiously in a list of the kings of Israel, or of "Bible beasts" and they might not improbably have been far from safe in the ten plagues of Egypt. But what we claim for them is this: they managed to interweave their Bible knowledge, and especially their New Testament knowledge, into the business of life, in a manner that we do not. They managed to feel as well as to believe. Sometimes they did this by means of fanciful legends, at which our wisdom deigns to smile. Such are those which attribute the red breast of the robin to its attendance at the cross, or the marks on the haddock's sides to St. Peter's finger and thumb. Sometimes they busied themselves in finding a Scripture origin for whatever was good, as in the *Lytille Cheldrene's Lytil Boke*, young children are bidden to make much of courtesy, for—

> Clerkys that canne the scyens seuene
> Seys that curtasy came fro heven
> When Gabryell owre Lady grette
> And Elyzabeth with her mette.

Sometimes, again, they employed the main features of a Scripture story to point a moral or adorn a tale, often with an awful disregard of accuracy in details, as, for instance, when the Knight de la Tour Landry warns his daughter against extravagance in dress by the example of Jezebel, that cruel persecutor of the "holy Churche" and the "Cristen faithe."

The treatment of the young, perhaps more than anything else,

bears witness to the blunt and somewhat rough straightforwardness of which mention has been made :

> As men sayth that ben leryd
> He hatyth the chyld that sparyth the rod.

says one author ;* and—

> The chyld that hath his wyll alway
> Shal thryve late, y thee wel say.†

And so a "good wife," instructing her daughter in view of married life,‡ thus enlarges on the same topic—

> And if thy children been rebel and wol not hem bowe,
> If ony of hem mysdooth, nouther banne hem ne blowe,
> But take a smert rodde and bete hem on a rowe
> Til thei cry mercy and be of her gilt aknowe.

We have run on so far in speaking of the general features of these books, that we must be now content with a brief mention in particular of those which have most interested us. First of all stands *Myrc's Instructions to Parish Priests*, which, however, we intend to notice in an article by itself, and shall not therefore dwell on further here. Next, perhaps, in point of interest come the *English Prose Treatises of Richard Rolle de Hampole*,‖ who died in 1349. These treatises were thus written in the depths of the dark ages, and were meant, too, for the people—"the unlered lewed folke" of the northern counties. Of course then they obscured the Christian's faith in Christ, and taught that Heaven was to be gained by benefactions to the clergy—for the author was a friar. Let the following abstract of the work answer :—"In the name of Jesus alone are mercy, and power, and joy, and salvation ;" "without perfect sorrow there is no forgiveness of sin, even with confession ;" "be like the bee, never idle, and seek thy sweetness in Jesus Christ." As for the first commandment: "Holy crosses men sall lowte (honour) ffor they are in syngne of Cryste crucyfiede. Till ymages is the louynge that is till thaym of whaym they are the ymages, for that intent anely thaire are for to lowte." As for the "Tothire commandement" it is broken in prayer "when we honour God with our lippys and owre hertys erre ferre fra Hym." As for state of life, the "contemplative is the highest, but not in it alone may God be served." As to the honour due to the Virgin and to her Son—thou shalt

* *Symon's Lessons of Wisdom*, in No. 32.
† *Id. ibid.*
‡ *How the Good Wyf taught her Dougter*, in No. 32.
‖ Edited by George G. Perry, M.A., No. 20 of series.

study "The mynd of our Lady Saynt Marie, for to see the abowndance of grace in hire holy saule, that owre Lord gafe hir passande all other creatours. The behaldynge of the fairehede of this blyssid saule sulde stirre a man's herte unto gostely comforthe gretly, and mekill and more than abowne this the thynkynge of the soul of Jhesu our blyssid Lorde."

The *Ayenbite of Inwyt*—a curious and almost pedantic rendering of "Remorse of Conscience"—is a curious translation from the French, of about the same date as *Hampole's Treatises* (A.D. 1340), but in the Kentish dialect instead of the Northumbrian.* The comparison of these dialects is much in favour of the northern one. Let one specimen suffice for the doctrine and dialect alike of the southern. We may as well premise that the substance of this extract is that they break the first commandment who are overmuch fond of gold and silver, or other earthly things, to the forgetting of Him who, having given them, should be thanked for them:—"Aye thise heste zeneyeth tho thet to moche lovieth hire guod gold other zelver other othre thinges erthliche. Huo thet ine thise thinges agelteth : zetteth zuo moche hire herte and hire hope: thet hi uoretteth hire sseppere [Creator] an leteth him thet alle thise guodes ham lenth. And theruore hi worshipie Him serui and thonki and toppe alle thinges lovie and ssolden alzuo the tekth this verste heste."

The *Book of the Knight de la Tour-Landry* is a father's instruction to his daughter, breathing the purest piety, though it speaks far more broadly on many subjects than our age would allow. The *Babees Boke* is an instruction for little people of the upper classes. *The Lyttille Children's Lytil Boke* gives instructions for behaviour at table, bids its pupils to see that their hands and nails are clean, to beware of eating till grace is said, not to sit down till told so to do, and above all—

> At thy mete yn the begynnyng
> Loke on pore men that thouu thynk.

The *Hymns to the Virgin and Christ* are interesting testimonies to popular faith. The *Pilgrim's Sea Voyage and Sea Sickness*, printed with the *Stacyons of Rome*† gives a curious picture of the troubles of the sea that met pilgrims at their starting. Other treatises we might mention, but these will serve as fit samples of the series, and our object is not to draw up a full description, but to induce our readers to look for themselves.

* No. 23 of Series. Edited by R. Morris, Esq.
† No. 25. Edited by F. J. Furnival, M.A.

The editors have, on the whole, done their work well. One or two of the prefaces—all by the same hand—might perhaps be censured for flippancy and want of dignity; and sometimes in the side-notes, which give the substance of the text, there is a striving after effect that leads almost to unfairness. But whatever faults we may be inclined to find, we may allow one merit that more than compensates them all—perfect honesty and fairness. The old tradition of garbling and suppression is conspicuous by its absence. A brief mention of the most notable instance of this which we have come across will serve to bring our remarks to a conclusion. The Rev. W. W. Skeat has brought out for the society a new edition of *Piers the Plowman's Crede*. The lines 822—830 run as follows. The plowman, be it remembered, is recounting the articles in which he believes--

> And in the sacrement also that sothfast God on is
> (Fullich His fleche and His blod) that for us dethe tholede
> And thou3 this flatterynge freres wyln for her pride
> Disputen of this deyte as dotardes schulden,
> The more the matter is moved the masedere hy worthen.
> Lat the losels alone and leve thou the trewthe,
> For Criste seyde it is so, so mot in nede worthe;
> Therefore studye thou nou3t thereon ne stere thi wittes
> It is His blissed Body so bad He us beleven.

A reference to the old edition, handed down from the days of Edward VI. reveals a strange fact. The pure Protestantism of Reynold Wolfe, the then editor, could not endure the rank Popery of the first two and last three lines of the above extract, but then the abuse of "flatterynge freres" in the third and fourth lines was too good to be lost, so, leaving out the others, he printed these two, "to the reader's bewilderment, literally *à propos* of nothing," as Mr. Skeat remarks. He has, of course, restored the lines. We must wish for him and his fellow-labourers a greater acquaintance with the details of Catholic doctrine and practice, without which they cannot hope to avoid many mistakes and many short-comings: but all faults of this kind will, we are sure, be committed unintentionally.

Eudoxia: a Picture of the Fifth Century.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FINE LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM.

EUGRAPHIA was at her toilette, surrounded by a bevy of attendants, slaves for the most part, for no freedwomen possessed of skill would have continued in her service. So she enfranchised those among her attendants who were awkward, sickly, or *passés*—in other words, she doomed them to a life of poverty by not giving them the means of subsistence, without which freedom was a very doubtful benefit. In great establishments the number of slaves was immense, a single trifling act of service being assigned to each person. Thus the entire duty of one consisted in holding the silver basin in which her mistress washed her hands; that of another—and this was a very nervous affair—in supporting the mirror during the toilette. The mirror was a large brightly polished disk of silver, which, however, only reflected a small portion of the figure, so that the attendant had to guess in what direction her mistress turned her eyes, in order instantly to give the requisite inclination to the mirror. Eugraphia's mirror-bearer had a hard time of it, for her lady was every day more dissatisfied with the truth-telling reflector for persisting in showing her as she was, not as she wished to be; and poor Leonilla had to suffer for this, as Eugraphia did not scruple to use now and then the detestable instrument with which the Roman ladies were in the habit of punishing mistakes or *gaucheries* at their toilettes—the long sharp-pointed golden hair-pin, a prick from which on the bare arm or neck was sharp enough.

Eugraphia was sitting on an ivory chair, among cushions of gold-coloured silk, richly embroidered. Her *coiffure* was just completed, and very cleverly too. It was impossible to say how much false hair was mixed with her own in the coronet of braids above her forehead, and in the rich coil at the back of her head. Soft rainbow-tinted opals gleamed here and there

with subdued lustre among the brown tresses. She was saying in a well-pleased voice: "That will do beautifully—you have done your work to perfection, Julitta. There are no jewels like opals for this season of the year; they are too pale or too cold for either winter or summer, though. Now, Melitta, the opal earrings—quick!"

Julitta stepped back, proud of her performance and of her mistress' approbation, and Melitta, whose department was the care of Eugraphia's jewels, found the desired ornaments, and placed them in the lady's ears.

"Zoë!" said Eugraphia, and there was a little stir among the attendants—evidently it was a critical moment. The slave who had been summoned, approached with four others, each carrying a silver salver on which were placed phials and boxes containing paints, brushes and sponges. These girls were named after the colour which was assigned to them—Cyane, Melaine, Erythra, and Leuca. Zoë began her work, which required a light hand and a practised eye: first the white paint was laid on and lightly rubbed in with soft cotton-wool, then, still more carefully, the pink.

"Too much pink," said Eugraphia, whose eyes followed Zoë's manipulations in the mirror. "I look quite feverish—hideous! See how prominent the cheek-bones are! do you want to make me a Medusa?" Zoë winced, for she had received a sharp prick from the hair-pin on her left arm.

"But after all," went on the fashionable tyrant, "I believe the fault is Leonilla's; she is holding the mirror so that a shadow falls on it. It is intolerable! I cannot see whether the red does not go too near the ear. Awkward girl! And it is so badly polished, that I look quite grey."

Leonilla stood motionless as a statue, only giving the mirror the turn which Eugraphia's looks or words ordered. She, like all her companions, was too much accustomed to her mistress' ill-humour to concern herself about it—to endure her scolding was part of their business. Now came the finishing touches to the picture, with Zoë's brushes! Erythra's brilliant carmine dyed the lips; Cyane's phial supplied the faint delicate blue for veining the temples; while from Melaine's came a jet-black, with which a single line was drawn along the inside of the eyelids, deepening the tint of eyebrows and lashes. At last, thanks to these wretched devices, which only a vain and degraded taste could consider beautifying, Eugraphia looked very much like a wax doll, with all the lovely colours of youth indeed, but without its life and charm.

All this time, another *toilette*, that of Eugraphia's lap-dog, had been going on at the other end of the room. The little creature, of a breed something like the modern Bolognese, was bathed in perfumed water, rubbed with fragrant oil, and, finally, powdered with gold-dust. The care of this dog was assigned to a certain number of slaves, and Eugraphia was very particular about the exact performance of their duties. As might be expected, her fancies for different animals were manifold, and not very long-lived; but just at present she was devoted to the powdered lap-dog. Every now and then she looked quickly towards the other end of the room, to make sure that her pet was cared for with due tenderness.

"Eudora! remember what a delicate creature you have charge of, and rub in the oil with a light hand! Have you heard that the Lady Thaïs has had a dwarf antelope sent for from Central Africa?"

"Is that a new kind of dog?" asked Eudora.

"No; a tiny little deer, with two pointed horns. Thaïs has had the horns gilded, and a little circle of emeralds put round each. Certainly, it has the prettiest effect—still I cannot approve of putting jewels to such a use."

"If it were for a dog, now!" cried Eudora, enthusiastically.

"No, not even for a dog!" said her mistress, in a tone of uncompromising rectitude. "What is left for a lady's ornament, if animals wear jewels?"

"Your words are always full of wisdom, noble lady," said Eugenia, who held a higher rank than the rest. She was superintendent of the dressing-room, and was always present at her mistress' toilette, without taking any part in it. "Jewels certainly ought not to be worn by animals."

"And suppose I chose to put a ruby collar on my dog, what would you say then, my wise Eugenia?" asked Eugraphia, contemptuously.

"I should say," answered the poor woman, "that my noble mistress had some good reason for it."

"You are wisdom personified, Eugenia! never at a loss for an answer. But, certainly, the strangest fancy in pets is that of the Emperor of the West. Now guess, each of you, what it is. Eugenia, begin!"

Eugenia suggested an elephant, and the rest all named some animal, but no one guessed right; and at last Eugraphia said, solemnly, "The favourite animals of the invincible Honorius are fowls."

The attendants did not quite know whether they were expected to laugh, to be astonished, or to be full of admiration; and the uncertainty produced a universal silence.

"There, get on with your work, Zoë; and do not you stare at me in that way, Eudora!" cried Eugraphia, impatient at the slavish manner of the poor girls. "Well, Eugenia, what do you think of the imperial favourites?"

"I think it is a charmingly new and original idea," answered Eugenia, timidly.

"So I should think!" said Eugraphia. "The poultry-yard of the illustrious Honorius, at Ravenna, is said to be something charming—fitted-up with elegant little hen-houses, grass-plots, and fountains; it is enclosed by a bronze lattice, and shaded by catalpas, and quite full of different rare sorts of fowls, some of them actually from India."

"Oh, how delightful! What a sweet idea of the illustrious Emperor Honorius! What a little paradise of fowls!" cried the girls, in a rapture of admiration.

The portress, whose duty consisted in watching the door of the dressing-room, and preventing the approach of listeners, now went out on hearing steps. She returned while the enthusiastic exclamations in praise of the imperial poultry-yard were still going on, and said, "Narcissus inquires whether you will receive the noble Eugenius, illustrious lady?"

"Certainly; let him be shown into my morning-room," answered Eugraphia, eagerly. "Now, girls, be quick; my time is more valuable than yours! Give me a rose-coloured dress—one of the soft Persian ones. Will not that go well with the opals, Eugenia?"

"To perfection! I only hope plenty of visitors may come to-day, to admire and envy your beautiful toilette."

The dress was taken out of a sandal-wood chest; and Eugraphia, ready at last, passed out of the room, followed by the lap-dog.

The moment she disappeared, Leonilla sank exhausted on a couch. "It is too much for any one to endure! No one can imagine what it is to stand motionless, and holding a heavy mirror, for a couple of hours!"

"You can rest now," said Eugenia, coldly; "the fatigue will have passed by the evening."

"Oh, Eugenia!" cried the girl, imploringly, "if only some other task could be given me! if only I might change with Eudora!"

"Much obliged by the proposal, I am sure," was Eudora's mocking answer. "My dog never gives me pricks, dear little creature! I am quite satisfied, and desire no change."

"You need neither of you trouble yourselves till your tastes are consulted," said Eugenia. "If a change has to be made, it will be made, without your suggestions. At present, there is none in contemplation. Leonilla will soon be rested, and acknowledge that her post is an easy one. I can fancy persons who have to sit all day at their needle, complaining; but really, for Leonilla to grumble!"

"I am sure they have a far easier time of it than I," said the girl, "a thousand times easier; for they have something to show for their labour: a dress, a piece of embroidery—something or other; and they have some variety too: the pattern, material, cuts, are all different at different times. But look at me! *I* have no change. I have just to stand for hours, like a statue with moveable eyes and hands, and that is all!"

"You forget that you have the mirror to keep bright," put in Eugenia.

"And that we have not a very lively time of it, either, with our paints!" laughed Cyane, merrily.

"Well, anyhow, we are better off than the attendants of some ladies," said Julitta. "How should you like washing and combing dirty sick people, and dressing their wounds? or dragging baskets of food and clothing up and down, to distribute to the poor? Those are the duties of the maids of the noble Pentadia and Olympias."

"Disgusting!" cried some of the party.

"And yet people say they do it by choice," said Leuca.

"I daresay; much in the same way as I choose to wash the dog rather than hold the mirror," answered Eudora.

"No, no," cried Leuca; "the ladies I spoke of have given all their slaves liberty, and the means of subsistence; but some of them are so devoted to their mistresses, that they prefer remaining with them and sharing their hard life."

"Well, all I know is, that if I had my freedom and a comfortable little income, I would wash neither dogs nor sick people. I would buy a country house, and start a poultry-yard, like the Emperor Honorius."

"Certainly," said Cyane, "it would require a great love for one's mistress to live with her as the servants of Pentadia and Olympias do."

"*I think*," murmured Melitta, as she arranged the jewels in the

caskets, "that what it requires is to love God above all, as they love Him."

"That is harder still!" cried Cyane.

"Come, come," said Eugenia, authoritatively, "there has been gossiping enough. Everyone who has finished her work here had better go."

She was obeyed; and those only remained who had to put the room in order under Eugenia's supervision.

Eugraphia had only Christians in her service, and she was very particular that they should all be baptised at the usual age. The Empress Eudoxia herself had only been baptised just before her marriage. She insisted, however, on all her children being brought to the sacrament of regeneration very soon after their birth; for, as has been said, she was thoroughly well instructed in religion, and practised it punctually so long as it did not interfere with her inclinations. Her example told upon others, and nothing would have induced Eugraphia to admit Polytheists or heretics into her household; but as her Christianity consisted entirely in externals, and her spirit was essentially worldly, it was just the same with her attendants. They were duly instructed and baptised, because this was required of all in Eugraphia's service—but that was the whole; as to a life guided by the spirit of the gospel, and founded on Christian principles, it was a thing never mentioned or thought of.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A COUNCIL OF EVIL.

Eugenius, who was now waiting for his aunt, was a gay young man of the world, who, if his career had been chosen in accordance with his tastes, would have found his vocation in the camp or the court. Eugraphia's mistaken fondness had brought unhappiness to him, as well as scandal to the Church; as neither of them had a notion of what is involved in the priestly office, they considered the irregular life led by Eugenius as the privilege of his youth, and called those whose views were opposed to theirs, harsh and unjust. With all this, there was no malice about the young man, and the idea of revenging himself on the Patriarch would never have occurred to him: he was a tool in the hands

of others. Marsa was an intimate friend of Eugraphia; but this fact by no means hindered the existence of a certain rivalry between the two. Marsa was quite tired of hearing her friend's incessant laudations of the wonderful talents of her nephew, who would infallibly be a pillar of the Church in time; and one day she informed the astonished Eugraphia that she cherished the same expectations of Florus, a very distinguished young man, the son of one of her slaves, and that, in this hope, she was giving him a first-rate education. Florus was, in reality, a very ordinary person, but he had far more ambition than Eugenius, so that he had more knowledge, though not more love, of his profession. Eugenius wanted to enjoy the world; so did Florus, but he also wished to cut a figure in it. He struck up a close intimacy with Eugenius, and flattered him in every way, for he was shrewd enough to see that, whether his friend succeeded or not in gaining a high position in the Church, he was sure of one in the world, thanks to his high birth and brilliant prospects of fortune, and that he could not do better than make himself indispensable to this favoured individual. This devotion to her nephew was, also, a sure road to Eugraphia's good graces: an opportune circumstance for Florus, as he had been out of Marsa's ever since the Patriarch had announced his determination to refuse to admit both the friends to the communion of the faithful, till they had changed their way of life. Eugenius treated this decision with the reckless frivolity of his character; Florus brooded over the slight, as he considered it, and vowed revenge.

Eugraphia now led the way into a small apartment, into which only her special friends were admitted. As soon as they were seated, she turned eagerly to Florus, saying, "Well, how are you getting on?"

Florus made a little deferential gesture towards Eugenius, who answered in a tone of complacency, "So well, that the play can begin at once. The Ionian bishops are eagerly demanding a council."

"I know all that," said Eugraphia, impatiently; "but, as there is no knowing what the decision of such a council would be, we cannot venture to hurry its assembling."

"Things are different now," returned Eugenius; "a new accuser of the Patriarch has appeared on the scene, and one who will, I expect, give matters the desired turn."

"And that is?"

"Theophilus, the Patriarch of Alexandria!" was the triumphant answer.

"Is this certain?" asked Eugraphia anxiously.

"Quite certain, noble lady," said Florus. "Have you forgotten those four Egyptian monks, about whose immense height everyone was talking last year?"

"No; I remember them. The Augusta thought a great deal of them and their piety. They were called the 'tall brothers.' They complained that Theophilus had driven them from their cells on some charge—I forget what—of heretical opinions."

"Exactly," returned Florus; "the Patriarch Chrysostom decided that the charge was unfounded, and asked the Patriarch Theophilus to let the old men return to their desert, and remain there unmolested. He refused; and then the old fanatics appealed to the Empress, begging, praying, and weeping. They vowed they held the true Catholic faith, and so worked upon her that she wrote to Theophilus, saying that if he considered the opinions of the 'tall brothers' heterodox, there must be something amiss with his own, and giving him the choice of desisting from his persecution of the monks, or of giving an account of himself in Constantinople."

"It is past belief, the influence which Chrysostom has over the Augusta!" cried Eugraphia. "That letter was written at his dictation!"

"She had heard complaints from all parts of Egypt, of the tyranny and avarice of Theophilus," added Florus, with a malicious twinkle in his eye. "We live in strange times, illustrious lady! All our bishops are holy men, of course; but they do not agree very harmoniously together, and there are manifold complaints of them from priests and laymen. Well, the Patriarch of Alexandria did not alter his conduct in consequence of the Augusta's letter."

"It is not our place to discuss the conduct of the venerable Theophilus," Eugraphia answered, coldly. "We are ignorant of his reasons; but every one knows his hatred of polytheism, and his zeal against the heathen temples. That would give rise to a good deal of exaggeration; and it does not do to lay too much stress on reports."

Florus bowed obsequiously, and went on—"Business called me to Alexandria just at the time of the complaints of the Ionian bishops, and I took occasion to describe to the venerable Theophilus the dissatisfaction of the bishops, the clergy, and the court, with Chrysostom, and to represent how desirable it would be to investigate the charges against him in a council. The only thing wanted, was a man of weight and position to

come forward boldly in the matter. He replied that, so long as the Augusta defended and supported the Patriarch Chrysostom on every occasion, no one would ever be found willing to play the thankless part of his opponent. Relying on your noble sentiments, I told the Patriarch that there were some impartial and lofty minds among the Empress' intimate associates, who were unwearied in their endeavours to give her a more just idea of the character of Chrysostom; and further, that of late he had assumed a tone, both in his public discourses and private conversation, in speaking of the Empress, that it was impossible for her to endure long. The Empress of the East must not be among the spiritual slaves of this proud Patriarch. Then Theophilus said, 'Well, my son, when that time comes, I shall be ready. I have already been summoned to prove my own orthodoxy at Constantinople: I will come to examine into that of another.' This, lady, is the result of my visit to Alexandria."

"And a first-rate result, too!" cried Eugenius. "At last, things begin to look promising."

"Of course," continued Florus, respectfully, "the principal thing remains to be done by you, illustrious lady: the Empress must summon the council which the deposed bishops demand."

"That is indispensable, certainly. I quite acknowledge it," returned Eugraphia, no less maliciously than her fellow-conspirator. "It is possible that the holy Patriarch Chrysostom may have allowed his zeal to carry him too far on many occasions, such as the deposition of his suffragans, his protection of suspected heretics, his tyranny towards his clergy—such things cannot be suffered by the imperial majesty, whose chief attribute is justice. There is something to be feared from the impulsive and rather changeable character of the Empress: one can never be sure of her carrying through what she begins. But we must make the attempt. The spirit of fanaticism is endangering Christianity, and making it disliked; and this spirit must be put down wherever it is found—all the more energetically when it is in high places. A few miserable monks, however the people may revere them as saints, are nothing like as dangerous as the Patriarch who patronises them."

"And this pious man meddles with everything!" exclaimed Eugenius. "What an outcry was raised when Eutropius placed the noble Olympias under restraint!"

"And very justly!" angrily interrupted his aunt. "Was that miserable slave to exercise his insolence on a lady of her rank?"

"I don't defend him," said Eugenius carelessly; "but I want

to know in what she is better off now? The Patriarch dictates how and to whom she shall give alms. Her liberality used to know no limits: all that is altered now; she makes inquiries concerning the persons who seek help from her, and concerning the manner in which her gifts are applied, and if the result is unsatisfactory, she leaves off giving."

"The first sensible thing I have heard of her," sneered Eugraphia. "If it is owing to the Patriarch, she has cause for gratitude to him."

"Every one speaks of the change," said Florus. "It used to be said that it was impossible for the noble Olympias to refuse any one, especially if they asked alms in the name of JESUS. It is different now, as Eugenius says. I know a person who asked for help in this way, and her answer was—'Do not abuse the Holy Name for an unholy purpose.'"

"And was she right in her suspicions?"

"Well, yes! but it just shows how many spies she must employ, and she can only find them by the help of the Patriarch, who has quite a mania for meddling and interfering. There are persons to whom Olympias used to be a perennial fountain of relief, who are bitter enemies of the Patriarch, because of his directing the stream into different channels."

"He has enemies among the people, too, then?" asked Eugraphia.

"Oh, plenty! among the dregs of them," answered Eugenius, with unconscious *naïveté*.

Florus bit his thin lips in vexation at the awkwardness of his friend, and then said—"You are aware, noble lady, of the unmeasured language in which the Patriarch inveighs against all public spectacles, representing them as a source of lax morality, debased taste, and indifference to the true and highest interests of men—in short, of everything evil! He is for ever preaching on the subject, and so irritating the people, who delight in the games of the circus, and occasionally miss church for them. One would suppose he might have some indulgence for what, at the worst, is a childish weakness; but no, he is never weary of denouncing them as crying sins, and threatening them with eternal punishment."

"I suppose," said Eugraphia, mockingly, "that you regularly attend the discourses in Sta. Sophia?"

"Not so, lady," answered Florus, coolly; "but if you have heard one sermon from the Golden-Mouth, you have heard all—particularly as he is in the habit of preaching twenty or thirty times on the same subject."

"What a wonderful man he must be," exclaimed Eugenius, "to preach twenty sermons on the mischievous effects of the games of the circus! I am certain I could not manage one."

"Very likely not," replied Florus, "as you do not believe in their mischievous effects."

"Nothing but conscientious conviction brings fluency on any subject," said Eugraphia. "One day, I hope we shall hear good sterling sermons from Eugenius, if not such wonderfully eloquent ones." Then she continued her conversation with Florus, and went through the names of such bishops as were known to be for or against the Patriarch. The conclusion they arrived at was, that Theophilus would have to bring a goodly number from the Patriarchate of Alexandria to Constantinople, in order to make the enemies of Chrysostom equal to his devoted adherents.

CHAPTER XIX.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

Eudoxia had taken her resolution, without consulting her ladies: she had spoken to the Emperor only. Every day strengthened her determination to be absolute in power, to own no guide but her own judgment; therefore, the most politic course was to discuss matters with Arcadius, whose opinion was always the echo of hers. The haughty Marsa saw, with secret resentment, that Eudoxia became more and more the Empress; less and less the daughter. But she endeavoured by flattery of all kinds to remain in favour; and as the other ladies followed her lead, knowing that Marsa was the most likely to be acquainted with the Augusta's tastes, Eudoxia became the object of a worship as idolatrous as that of heathen times, only that the incense-clouds rose round a throne instead of an altar. Amantius and Gunilda alone did not join in this adulation, and from them alone Eudoxia did not expect it. They both grieved, though from different reasons, to see the dangerous path on which, in her haughty fearlessness, she had entered. Amantius was pained, for her sake, to see how all her brilliant qualities were only a snare to herself and others; Gunilda, because she was conscious of a growing estrangement from her mistress—and if this went on, then, whom had she left to respect or to love?

She had seen more of Amantius lately: she could not divest herself of a feeling of confidence in him—and in him alone at the court—and this, although she knew how earnestly he desired her conversion to Christianity, and although she was determined to remain an Arian. But her mind sought for one in which both sincerity and conscientiousness met: and she found it in Amantius. This pleased Eudoxia greatly. She hoped everything from his influence with Gunilda; and she expressed this hope in a conversation with him: "Only you must not scare her by too high-flown sentiments," she added.

"I should have thought her a person to be attracted, not frightened, by lofty aims," replied Amantius.

"Yes," said the Empress, smiling; "she admires them as long as they do not arise from Christian principles. There are two spirits in her, and the strife between the two is making the poor girl miserable. Her soul is yearning for the Truth, and her self-will sets her against it. You will be patient and forbearing with her, will you not? I feel that she is a sacred charge to me, in spite of her father's treason—and he atoned for it by his death. I can never forget that he twice freed my imperial husband from the dominion of an unworthy favourite."

"You are magnanimous, great Augusta," said Amantius.

"I so seldom hear a word of praise from you," said Eudoxia, graciously, "that I accept that as a high compliment."

"You know, most Illustrious," answered Amantius, respectfully, "that such a thing is simply impossible. Equals may praise one another, and a superior may praise an inferior; but when it is the other way, it degenerates into flattery."

"And yet that other way is pretty much in vogue."

"Yes, lady, many wrong things are in vogue in this crooked world," was the quiet answer.

"Granted; only, you see, imperfect human nature likes many of the things which you call wrong, and misses them when they are absent."

"Should not that fact be a spur on the road to perfection? Is not regenerate human nature too noble a thing to dwell contentedly in an atmosphere where such a feeling is possible?"

"There!" said Eudoxia, "what heights are you soaring to! Take Gunilda up with you. I cannot say how glad I should be." She could see the two contending spirits in Gunilda—not in herself.

When Eugraphia, after many little preliminaries, ventured to touch upon the question of summoning the council, she was not a

little surprised to hear that the Emperor had already assented to it.

"How rejoiced the venerable Patriarch of Alexandria will be!" she exclaimed. "He has been full of trouble because he has seemed out of your favour ever since those Egyptian monks came here last year——"

"Was he offended with me?" Eudoxia asked, interrupting her abruptly.

"Only deeply hurt, illustrious Empress."

"And he will not, then, decline coming?"

"He will come most gladly. It will give him the opportunity he so much desires, to clear himself in your eyes from various charges."

"Well, I do not think the desire has troubled him hitherto," said the Empress, coldly. "The opportunity was offered to him a year ago; but he did not appear at my summons."

"Consider, most Illustrious, the burden of his office."

"We will not argue the point. I may, very likely, have written too seriously."

"So seriously, great Augusta, that your displeasure alarmed him."

"Well, if I did him injustice, I will make it up to him, and write him a friendly invitation with my own hand. What do you say, Eugraphia?"

"That it would be an immense happiness to him; besides pointing out to him the line he ought to take when he comes—that is, if you will condescend, most Illustrious, to give him a few hints on the subject."

"I tell you plainly, Eugraphia, that there are as many as seventy charges against the venerable Theophilus; so that he will have to prepare his defence, and, above all, to make friends with the Egyptian monks, unless he wishes to draw down the indignation of all religious persons in Constantinople upon himself."

"Really! do people think so much of those 'tall brothers?'"

"The 'tall brothers' are only the spokesmen of the party. There are about fifty besides; white-haired men, with worn features, and bare feet, dressed in the coarse garb of solitaries—the very picture of austere asceticism. The Patriarch Chrysostom has lodged them close to the church of St. Anastasia, and given them in charge to the deaconess Olympias, who cannot find them very expensive to keep, as the good solitaries live entirely on herbs, or beans steeped in water. They are constantly at work, making straw mats, which they cannot do fast enough, the

people are so eager to buy them, and then to ask their prayers. Certainly, they give one a wonderful impression of sanctity. I remember visiting the church one day, and meeting them in the sacristy. They fell at my feet, protesting their innocence of all heretical notions; and I could not but kneel to *them*, and beg their blessing for the Emperor and my children."

"Your own piety—your own prayers—great Augusta, will bring God's blessing on all belonging to you," exclaimed Eugraphia. After this conversation, she considered her wishes to be as good as fulfilled. She saw in imagination, Theophilus on the episcopal throne of Constantinople, Eugenius occupying some Thracian or Ionian see, and Chrysostom safely disposed of in a monastery at Antioch.

Florus was one of the passengers in the vessel by which the Empress dispatched her letter to Alexandria. The wily Eugraphia knew that he could put Theophilus *au fait* as to the state of affairs far more thoroughly than she could venture to do in writing. On taking leave of him, she said—"I trust you entirely, Florus, and therefore I will confide to you an idea of mine, which you may be able to carry out by means of some reliable person. You can easily see that it may be of great use, when the council meets, to have accurate information concerning the past life of Chrysostom. Antioch is his native place; he lived there fifty years. So it will be easy to learn plenty on the subject—only it is a matter which requires care and prudence."

"I know the very man for the business, noble Eugraphia," was the eager answer; "the Syrian monk Isaac. Poor wretch! in the inexperience and enthusiasm of his youth, he imagined that he had a vocation for the cloister—indeed, for all that I know, he may have one; at any rate, he cannot hit upon a religious house to suit him, though he is making endless journeys in search of it."

"I have no confidence in those wandering, restless monks; they are a worthless set, as a rule—and one has such an instinctive antipathy to a runaway religious!"

"Far be it from me, lady, to defend Isaac, or to urge you to employ him; only I know no one else to whom I dare entrust your commission. He is a wonderfully energetic fellow, and one who understands how to find what he is looking for."

"Always excepting a suitable monastery," said Eugraphia, laughing.

"Exceptions prove the rule, noble Eugraphia! And perhaps he might have found a resting-place here, if the venerable

Chrysostom had not given him his *congé* pretty plainly, bidding him return to his own monastery, and giving him the money for his journey. This tyrannical behaviour irritated him. He remained in Constantinople just to show the Patriarch that he owed him no obedience——"

"And lived on the money, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, at first; but afterwards, the noble Eugenius took him up, especially since the deaconess Olympias dismissed the poor man so harshly."

"Ah! that was Isaac, was it? From all you say, he seems to be a contemptible creature; but, as I shall pay him liberally, I daresay he will do for what we want him. Make your arrangements with him, and then you start for Alexandria, and he for Antioch. We must levy auxiliaries from all sides for the campaign we are going to begin against this detestable spirit of fanaticism."

The object of all these accusations and intrigues, meanwhile went calmly forward on the way before him, in the steps of the Good Shepherd. When his faithful deacon Serapion expressed his grief and indignation at the hostility of his enemies, the Patriarch answered gently—"It is not aimed at *me*, but at the chimera which they call by my name."

"But, what ever the aim may be, the blow strikes your Holiness, said Serapion, sadly.

"God may, perhaps, give me the grace to overcome this bitter feeling in time, my son. In the storms and convulsions of the world, many lose those Christian principles which ought to be their rule of life. They are driven this way and that; they snatch blindly, first at one prop, then at another; they adapt themselves to circumstances, and conform to the spirit of the age; and they think that we, to whom the Lord has committed the government of His Church, should do the same—once swerve from Christian principle, and the result must be an entanglement and confusion, which only God, in His own time, and by the instruments He chooses, can set straight. We must do our work, my son, as the servants of an infinitely powerful and gracious Master, expecting a blessing from Him alone, and acknowledging that we are, in ourselves, unprofitable servants." So thought the great Patriarch; and as he thought, so he spoke, taught, and acted—always simply, calmly, and inflexibly.

"You are too holy for our sinful world, venerable Father!" exclaimed Serapion. "It seeks to turn your holiness itself into a crime, by way of justifying itself; and—may I venture to say so?

—it seems to me that you might sometimes stoop a little from that lofty sphere in which you live."

"As how, my son?" asked Chrysostom, kindly.

"If you would only now and then appear at the banquets of great men—such as Optatus, the prefect of the city, for example; or if you would sometimes purchase things suited to your dignity —carpets, rich stuffs, and so on. The upper classes complain of your pride and unsociability; the merchants of your parsimony. Would it not be well to silence them?"

"When the poor, the sick, the widows and orphans, complain of my parsimony, then, good Serapion, I will gladly alter my conduct," said the Patriarch, smiling. "As for the complaints of the merchants, we will let them pass. The persons by whom they must make their profit are those who have not the charge of our Lord's suffering members. And as to the rich and great, depend upon it they would much rather have my room than my company at their banquets; they would think both my dress and my calling out of place there. Listen," and he took up a parchment-roll from the table, "listen to these words of the great Gregory of Nazianzum, on this subject:—'We are not satisfied with soft downy cushions, we must have rich silken coverlids spread over them; the floors of our apartments must be inlaid with a bright mosaic-work of flowers, and the table must be sprinkled with scented waters, as an additional effeminacy. We must have boys in the gayest gala-dresses, with long curled hair, to stand behind us, cooling the air with fans, or offering us drinks, while cooks and confectioners vie with each other in loading the table with all kinds of dishes, which air, earth, and water, are taxed to provide.' That," added the Patriarch, "was the state of society in Constantinople, four and twenty years ago—and such it is now. How would it suit with the sacerdotal office to appear in such scenes? And what end would be gained, my son, even if I did yield in all these points for the sake of pleasing the world?"

"You are always right, holy Father; but that same spirit of worldliness, which drove the great Gregory from the patriarchal throne of this city to his native place, is now arraying its forces against you."

"And supposing it should drive me, too, to *my* native place, it would only be the fulfilment of the wonderful and hidden designs of the Eternal Wisdom."

"But think of the Church, Father—think of our holy faith."

"I hope you do not think that they are dependent on my

remaining here," said Chrysostom. "The candlestick may be removed from this or that place—darkness may reign instead of light; but then the faith will shine in other lands, and the Church will gain more than she loses. Oh, my son! do not let our Lord have to say to you—'Oh, thou of little faith.'"

He did not like his clergy to talk to him or to each other of their fears. He considered it a waste of time, a weakening of the energy and vigour, of which he himself afforded such an unwearied example. He never slackened in preaching, in holding conferences with his clergy, in visiting the prisons and hospitals; he granted interviews to all who needed help and consolation, he exercised a salutary severity towards hardened sinners, and showed the most pitiful indulgence towards all who were truly penitent. And because he was so like his Divine Master, he was also to have a fellowship in His sufferings, and a share in His cross.

Penitence.

A Sonnet.

A Sorrow that for shame had hid her face,
Soared to Heaven's gate, and knelt in penance there
Beneath the dusk cloud of her own wet hair,
Weeping, as who would fain some deed erase
That blots in dread eclipse baptismal grace:
Like a felled tree with all its branches fair
She lay—her forehead on the ivory stair—
Low murmuring, "Just art Thou, but I am base."
Then saw I in my spirit's unsealed ken
How Heaven's bright Hosts thrilled like the gems
When May winds on the incense-bosomed thorn
The diamonds change to ruby. Magdalen
Arose, and kissed the Saviour's feet once more,
And to that suffering soul His peace and pardon.

Aubrey

Our Library Table.

1. *Stories of St. George and St. Ursula.*—2. *Early English Text Society: "Instructions for Parish Priests, by John Myrc."* Edited by Edward Peacock, F.S.A.—3. Klopp's *Life of Tilly.*—4. *Abyssinia and its Apostle.* By Lady Herbert.—5. *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* By A. P. Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster.—6. *The Garibaldian Raids on the Pontifical States.*—7. *The Banks of the Boro: a Chronicle of the County of Wexford.* By Patrick Kennedy.

1. MR. Baring Gould, as we had lately occasion to remark, has had the courage—in his late volume on the *Myths of the Middle Ages*—to treat, with an appearance of profound erudition and philosophical acumen, the old story of St. Ursula and her companions, without betraying the slightest acquaintance with the most learned and elaborate works which have appeared in England, as well as on the Continent, with express reference to this subject. We fear that Mr. Baring Gould is not the only offender of his class. Two centuries ago, when the literary world was far less extensive, and, at the same time, far more united by interchange of correspondence and general acquaintance with the state of learning throughout Europe than at present, so cool a piece of what we must call, in a literary sense, impertinence, could not have been committed. It is the more inexcusable in Mr. Baring Gould, because that writer, in another part of his volume, has shown an acquaintance with the identical source of information which he most certainly ought to have consulted in the case of St. Ursula. He has treated with comparative fairness the story of St. George, and has used with considerable judgment the labours of the learned Bollandist, Papebroch. In this particular, we must contrast him favourably with a French writer on the same subject, who has given us many interesting details relating to the *cultus* of "the great Martyr," but without much critical discrimination as to the particulars of the legend embodied in the writings of mediæval authors. But if Mr. Baring Gould could have used the Bollandists for one purpose, why not for another? They are much more full and satisfactory as to St. Ursula than they are upon St. George. It may be interesting to our readers to see how the case stands with respect to each of these two ancient stories.

Mr. Baring Gould has briefly and not unfairly stated the results of Papebroch's investigations, which may be seen in full in tom. III. for April, of the famous Bollandist collection, which owes so much to the indefatigable industry and critical acumen of this illustrious Jesuit. From the several acts of the passion of St. George he singles out the

history referred to in an encomium or panegyric of the Martyr, by Andrew of Crete, who flourished at the close of the seventh century, which seems to have been the source on which the hymnographers and other writers of the Greek Churches drew for inspiration. In his view it is an amplification, from the fifth or sixth century, of an earlier account current in the place hallowed by the Martyr's sacred remains. At the same time, he qualifies somewhat his acceptance of this, stating as the motive of his preference, that it sets forth, *at least in its main features*, the passion of St. George. Further on, in sec. 4, he developes his reasons for identifying St. George with the first victim of the persecution of Diocletian, mentioned, though not by name, in Eusebius (*Eccl. Hist.*, Book VIII. c. 5). The proofs he brings forward for his "conjecture," as he calls it, are founded on the oft-recurring allusions of the Greek Menæa to his being "first among the athletes of Christ;" the "leader of the white robed-band;" the "Coryphæus of the Martyrs," which may be most easily accounted for, if, with Papebroch, we take St. George to be one and the same with the "man of no mean origin, but highly esteemed for his temporal dignities, who as soon as the edict against the Churches was published at Nicomedia, stimulated by a divine zeal, and excited by an ardent faith, tore it to pieces as it was posted up for public inspection, as a profane and most wicked act. . . . . This man, as the first that was distinguished there in this manner, after enduring what was likely to result from an act of such daring, preserved his mind calm and serene until the moment his spirit fled."—(*Euseb. loc. cit.*) The date of April 23rd, when his memory is venerated both by the East and West, as may be seen in Assemani's *Calendarium Eccl. Univers.* tom. VI., supplies additional evidence for Papebroch's position, for as Eusebius tells us, both in his *Chronicle* A.D. 303 (of the reign of Diocletian), and in book VIII. c. 2 of his *History*, the edict of persecution was first promulgated a few days before the solemnities of the passion and resurrection of our Lord. Now, in the year 303, Easter Day fell on the eighteenth of April; it is most probable then, that St. George—supposing him to be the person whose exploit is related in cap. 15—was apprehended and brought before the Emperor, then holding his court at Nicomedia, on Good Friday, and that after a week's conflict, he received the Martyr's crown on the following Friday, April the twenty-third. It cannot be questioned but that the omission of all mention of St. George's name from this portion of the narrative of Eusebius detracts somewhat from the probability of the view put forth in the Bollandist collection; the more so, as Eusebius had spent the better part of his life in Palestine, whence the devotion to "the great Martyr," which spread so rapidly over East and West, drew its origin. While noticing this objection, which he puts to himself in its full cogency, Papebroch observes that Eusebius cannot have written his *History* much after A.D. 325—the second year of the peace of Constantine, as it is usual to style the close of the era of persecutions—for, in the concluding chapter of the work, with the praises

of Constantine he couples those of the young Cæsar Crispus, whose tragic fate, within but one short year, was to imprint an indelible stain on the memory of his father. Eusebius was far too much of a courtier to awaken inconvenient or troublesome memories. It is easy to suppose that he may have received the narrative he has left on record, in book VIII. c. 5, from the Christians of Nicomedia, who were ignorant of the name and extraction of the Martyr whose bold exploit, so speedily followed by his glorious death, first brought him into notice. And if, with the learned Bollandist, we admit as authentic the account given in the Menæa of the translation of the great Martyr's hallowed remains from Nicomedia to Lydda, or Diospolis, the memory whereof is kept in the Churches of the East on the 3rd of November, we shall find obvious reasons for the silence of Eusebius, in the war waged first covertly and then openly against the Church, by Licinius, before his final overthrow A.D. 324, which would of course have shorn such an event of those adjuncts which attract public attention.

It is needless to express our regret as to the exceeding meagreness of the reliable information we possess about St. George's antecedents and final conflict. The scanty details which have any claim to be considered as of historical value, have to be laboriously culled out of a mass of superadded legend. Nor is this to be charged only on the false acts forged by heretical partisans which Gelasius branded in the Roman Council A.D. 494. In this, as in so many other instances, writers, those especially of the later mediæval period, were too ready to accept without a question and to embody in what they conscientiously deemed to be history, the waifs and strays drifting down the stream of time, on whose surface, to borrow an image of Bacon's, rubbish floats while its depths hide from our gaze the monuments of the past. But while agreeing thus far with the views expressed by Mr. Baring Gould, we by no means accept his account of the genesis of the fables that overlie the Martyr's real history. The system developed in *Mediæval Myths* starts from premises unspoken indeed, but which, without circumlocution, assume as the primary and essential postulate of history, the elimination of the supernatural. Without ignoring the fact that conscious imposture has too often found a handy accomplice in piety run mad, while asserting the claims of the critical faculty to submit to its tests occurrences presented as instances of the direct and immediate intervention of the unseen in nature and history, we must not—to borrow the words of M. de Montalembert, "question the privilege of faith to attract, and, if we may so speak, to justify frequent and familiar interpositions of Almighty power suspending in mercy, rather than justice, or modifying, the laws of nature it alone has established, so as to secure and honour the triumph of laws of a far higher order in the moral and religious world." Despite the sarcasms and the exceptions of modern scepticism, we can conceive that souls of heroic temper, uplifted by faith and humility,

purified like gold in the furnace, witnessing by their life-blood to the ardours of that love burning within them "than which no man hath greater," should present to God's bountiful dealings a stage ever open for the display of the wonders of His goodness. And to descend to details, from acts of the early martyrs that are of unquestionable authority, we could bring forward numerous instances to prove that the scene of the final conflict of Christian love in its highest power frequently became the arena of a stubborn contest between the opposing influences that are ever striving for the mastery over the human soul. The exquisite refinements of cruelty, the indescribable tortures, horrible even to hear of, as we are told by a contemporary writer (Euseb. *Eccl. Hist.*, B. viii. c. 12.), the torments heaped on one quivering victim after another, by baffled rage and merciless hate, in order to extort the barest semblance of compliance, witness to the intervention of that agency at once false and perverted, which misusing higher gifts than those vouchsafed to man, has fallen immeasurably below him into the abyss of depravity and abasement. Nor, unless we renounce all historical certainty at the bidding of modern criticism, may we question the reality of those wondrous tokens of Divine power whereby He, who strove and overcame in and through His faithful witnesses, cheered them in the conflict, bore testimony to the utterances of His spirit who spoke in them, and warned His foes, by the visible intervention of Omnipotence, of the hopelessness of their efforts to hinder the message of God's mercy to mankind. To these records of Christian heroism, to local traditions wherein the memory of the martyrs was enshrined, would we point as having supplied the materials of the legends under consideration; since it cannot be doubted that in the regions where the Church had started on her mission, even in the Apostolic age, the Acts of the Martyrs would supply themes far more congenial to the imagination and hearts of the masses than those crude attempts of a vanquished and exploded paganism to solve the mystery of Nature, which then, as now-a-days, served to cultivate the taste and charm the leisure of the well to do and educated classes.

We next pass on to the story of St. Ursula and her numerous companions in martyrdom. Here too, we may freely grant that the subject has been overlaid with legendary matter, so as to justify doubt as to the existence of the *dramatis personæ* of the dire tragedy which the name of the Saint recals. Such at least was the state of the case until 1858, when Father Victor de Buck's erudite account of St. Ursula appeared in vol. IX. of the Bollandist Collection for October. From his omitting all mention of it in his otherwise accurate list of the bibliography of the legend, and still more from his endorsing the Hanoverian critic Oskar Schade's view that St. Ursula is, under a thin and transparent disguise, none other than the Germanic goddess Hörzel, the Hecate, or moon-goddess of the Teutonic races, we are entitled to infer that our author has yet to make acquaintance with

the elaborate dissertation of the celebrated Bollandist. In a paper read before the Academia, by the late Cardinal Archbishop, on the truth of supposed legends and fables (*Essays on Religion and Literature*, p. 255,) the result of De Buck's investigations are compendiously but interestingly stated. The kernel or nucleus of the history stripped of its legendary wrappings is thus set forth by the learned Jesuit. In the view he takes, the martyred host was composed of two different bodies, one body of the inhabitants of Cologne, among which doubtless were many religious and virgins, residents or seeking a refuge in the city, the seat of Roman government and a stronghold through its fortifications and the river; and another, mostly British refugees, who happened to be in Cologne at the time when the withdrawal of the Roman forces from Britain had left their country a prey to the incursions of the Picts and Scots, and of the Germanic tribes who are known in history as the Anglo-Saxons. Attila at the head of his hordes, after his signal overthrow at the battle of Chalons-sur-Marne, appeared under the walls of Cologne, and it was then that the massacre took place in which St. Ursula and her companions were involved. That about the time of the downfall of the Empire of the West a continuous stream of immigrants poured in from Britain to the opposite shores not only of Gaul but of Batavia (where there have ever been traditions and names of places in confirmation of this,) cannot be questioned. That such migrations usually comprise a goodly number of gentle, or even royal, birth, may be proved by an appeal to the personal recollections of a generation that has not yet wholly disappeared. There is nothing then at variance with the facts of history, in the presence of a considerable number of British ladies in Cologne at the period under consideration. A certain number of these may have accompanied a deputation of the citizens to Rome, to implore the aid of the then tottering government, or mayhap, to interest the Saints in their favour. We learn from contemporaneous records that Bishops and other people in high station journeyed in those days on such an errand. Bishop Servatius, for instance, who went on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostles at this very time, must have taken Cologne on his way, and it is by no means unlikely that a certain number of the refugees would have followed in his train, and thus even the legendary account of the journey to Rome and back over the Alps, would find some countenance in history. In A.D. 451, Attila after his defeat by the allied forces under the command of the Prefect Aëtius, retreated through Belgium, marking his track with fire and blood; to cross the Rhine he must have gone to Cologne, as there was the only bridge and the only available military pass. This would bring him into the neighbourhood of that city about the end of October, the very date of the massacre. The descriptions of the Huns left on record by Jornandes, Procopius, and other writers of that age, render it quite conceivable that these savages,

exasperated by their recent defeat, would not have stuck at the wholesale slaughter of several thousands of women. But what proofs are there that any such massacre took place? An inscription still kept in the Church of St. Ursula, at Cologne, which, as Professor Ritschl, of Bonn, the celebrated editor of Plautus, has decided, cannot be later than the sixth century, bears record that "Clematius came from the East: he was terrified by fiery visions, and by the great majesty and holiness of these virgins, and in compliance with a vow he had made, he rebuilt this basilica at his own cost, on his own ground." There was then, at that date, a basilica at the tombs where these saints were buried, rebuilt in lieu of a former one, which may have been destroyed during the constant raids of barbarians.

Now on July 2nd, 1640, there was a formal exhumation at the tombs over which Clematius had re-erected a basilica. It was conducted in the presence of Crombach one of the writers referred to by Mr. Baring Gould, and of Papebroch, an authority beyond all question. Many of the bodies then discovered were in graves, in rows, but each body separate, there being the space of a foot between them. In other places they were laid in stone sarcophagi, or coffins. Then there were large fosses sixty feet long, eight deep, and sixteen wide, containing a great number of bodies placed in rows with a space between them; at their feet was another row, and so on up to the fourth row. Every skeleton in these three first rows was entire, and they all looked towards the East. Almost every one had beside it a vessel containing blood or sand tinged with blood. Another remarkable circumstance was that clothes in abundance were found on these bodies. Now a decretal of Pope Eutychianus provides that no body of a martyr was to be buried without being vested in a dalmatic (*Constant. Epist. Rom. Pontif.* p. 299). It was further discovered that immense quantities of arrows were mingled with these remains, some sticking in the skulls, others in the bones of the arms and breast. These arrows had, it is plain, been the instruments of their death; and it may be observed that among the barbarian hordes that overran the Roman Empire, the Huns were the only ones that used the bow. Now this could not have been the old Roman cemetery, for from eighty-five to ninety per cent. of the remains discovered were of women in the prime of life, all laid in studied order, all evidently buried at the same time, nor was there any sign of their having died of a plague or any other epidemic, a supposition sufficiently rebutted by the details given above. In claiming for them the title of martyrs, we are but conforming to the *modus loquendi* of the earlier ages, which accounted as martyrs the victims, whether willing or involuntary, of Pagan hate, or baffled lust. Nor need we suppose that all were unmarried, since even married persons, when martyred, have had the title of virgin given to them, and in the present case, the fact of a number of virgins being with *them* would account for the nobler designation being extended to

all. A further confirmation of the tradition is the opinion of several eminent German physicians who on examining the skulls kept in the repository of relics adjoining the Church of St. Ursula, pronounced them to be Celtic not German. Our space will not allow us to follow De Buck any further in his erudite vindication of popular faith and piety, but enough has been said to convince Mr. Baring Gould that his work will be improved rather than otherwise, by the excision of the "Legend of St. Ursula and her Companions" from a future edition.

2. The reasons why such ancient compositions as the Early English Text Society is now printing, are deemed worthy of being rescued from forgetfulness, may be reduced to three: a curiosity to know more of our ancient customs, whether social or religious, a desire to examine the productions of distant ages from a literary point of view, and a wish to understand more of our language considered philologically. The historian will read over the pages of these books for the reason first mentioned; the man of letters for the second; and the student of languages for the third. The Editor of these early-written treatises may adapt his work to any one of these classes of persons, or to all three; or he may publish the unglossed text and let it speak for itself. Under the last supposition his readers would be left entirely to themselves: they would have the text before them, and they would glean from it what they could, according to their previous education or line of study. Even the simple editing of a book from an ancient manuscript is a task not at all to be slighted or to be looked upon as any one's work. Accuracy and conscientiousness, at least, are indispensable in such an undertaking. As far as we know the editors employed by the Society acquit themselves well of their duty on this score.

We have now before us a work entitled *Instructions for Parish Priests, by John Myrc*,* edited principally from a manuscript of not later than the year 1450, and perhaps of somewhat earlier date. The contents fully bear out the title. It is a sort of compendium of the duties of a Parish Priest, with instructions for the right performing of the same. The author himself gives his name in the colophon at the end, as Friar John Myrc, a canon regular of the Monastery of Lilleshull, in Shropshire, a house founded by Richard de Belmeis, between 1144 and 1148. He translated it into English verse from a Latin original which bore the title of *Pars oculi*, which Latin original the editor informs us he has been unable to discover.

The writer begins with an instruction meant to apply directly to to the Parish Priest himself. If he be not a "grete clerk," he is at

* *Early English Text Society*: "*Instructions for Parish Priests, by John Myrc.*" Edited by Edward Peacock, F.S.A. London: Trübner & Co., 1868.

least to know the duties of his office, for ignorant priests lead their flock into sin. Therefore they should read this book. What virtues they are to cultivate, and what vices to eradicate, are laid before them. Then they are taught what they are to explain to their parishioners—the duty of confession and communion, the baptism of children in danger of death, the obligations undertaken by good parents, the confirmation of children, marriage with its preliminary rites, the age at which confession and communion become binding, behaviour in church, reverence to be shown to the Host that is being carried to the sick, respect to be exhibited in church and churchyard, tithes to be paid, witchcraft and usury forbidden, vows, the "Our Father," the "Hail Mary," the "I believe," and the principal articles of faith. After this there follows at greater length an instruction on the chief of the seven sacraments. When baptism has been administered at home, and the child is afterwards brought to the church for the supplementary rites, the priest is to ask those who were present at the baptism what was the form of the words used, and in case of doubt, conditional baptism is to be administered. After confirmation, which is to be given before the fifth year, the children are to wear the bands about their necks until the eighth day. Next follows the form of excommunication against evil-doers, and after it has been pronounced, the priest is to dash his candle down, spit on the ground, and order the bells to be rung. In explaining the sacrament of Penance the author is very explicit, and inserts a long examination of conscience on the ten commandments and the seven deadly sins, which is to be proposed to the penitent. He instructs the priest too as to the penance he is to enjoin according to the disposition and condition of the sinner, and subjoins remedies against the principal sins. Extreme Unction is to be given in danger of death. The next instruction is for the priest himself, and concerns accidents that may happen about the celebration of Mass. It is followed by one which gives directions for taking the Blessed Sacrament to the sick. The author then begs the priest to remember him in his prayers.

From the foregoing enumeration of the contents of this work any one may see that if the editor professed to give historical notes as to the religious teaching and doctrine inculcated in the poem, he would almost of necessity be sometimes puzzled to know what was meant, and would lie in danger of misunderstanding particular parts, unless he was himself not only a member of the Catholic Faith, but also well instructed in its doctrines and practices. There are many things here with which even a well-instructed layman may not be familiar. As the publications of the Early English Text Society are certain to embrace many works to which this remark is likely to be quite as applicable as to that before us, we must be forgiven if we urge this consideration somewhat strongly upon its directors. We all laugh at the foreigners who extemporise profound accounts of the system and principles of the British Constitution, and of the

recondite springs of action which regulate the administration of our laws and our whole social economy. We all laugh at the gambols in medicine, in art, or in theology, of the well-meaning men who undertake to dogmatise on such subjects without a professional training. We are sorry to say that an examination of the volume before us makes us fear that the admirable Society from which it proceeds has not at present at its command the theological knowledge which is necessary for the work undertaken by the editor, and the importance of the subject must be one excuse if we proceed to state some of the grounds of our impression.

In reading over some of the editor's remarks, we were so struck by the strangeness and novelty of what purported to represent the contents of the book, that we could not refrain from turning to the passages referred to, and were straightway pleased to find our previous notions confirmed. For example, in p. viii., we read, "All infants are to be christened at Easter and Whitsuntide in the newly-blessed fonts, if there have not been necessity to administer the sacrament before." And as a summary of lines 141-150, we have "Children to be christened at Easter and Whitsuntide only, except of necessity." Now the lines referred to say nothing of this. They say that if a child is born within eight days of Easter or Whitsuntide, it must, unless there be danger, wait until the feast, so as to be baptised in the newly-blessed font. Lines 149-150 expressly say that at any other time the priest is to give the child baptism as the father and mother wish. Who ever heard of children having to wait nine or ten months for baptism, at the period when this book was composed?

In the margin of page 19, we read, "If the words [of baptism] are said in wrong order, the sacrament is nought." Now this is not so said in the text; the words are that in that case "all the baptism is entirely impaired or blameworthy"—*clene I-schent.* There is nothing about the sacrament being *nought*, that is, *of no effect*, or *invalid.* The baptism may be *clene I-schent*, and yet be a perfectly good and valid baptism. What is meant is, that in the case supposed, there are doubts as to its validity—there has been something wrong about it; and as, in the Catholic Church, a baptism of whose validity there are reasonable doubts is not allowed to stand, therefore it must be administered again; but, as Friar John Myrc most emphatically tells the priest, he is to use the conditional form, *Or elles thou dost alle a-mys.* The editor's summary, "When the baptism has not been valid, the priest is to perform the rite over again," is, so far, perfectly true, though not the meaning of Myrc's text; but when he goes on to say that in such a case the priest is to give conditional baptism, he both misinterprets his author, and leads a hasty reader astray. When a baptism has been administered invalidly, it is always repeated in its integrity, and never conditionally.

In p. viii. we read, "It does not matter whether they [the parents] say them [the words of baptism] in Latin or English, or whether the Latin be good or bad, so that the intention be to use the proper words." Had Friar John Myrc uttered any such proposition, he

would at once have proved himself unfit to give any further instructions in religious matters. But if we turn to the text (569-576), what does he say? That in the case supposed, the baptism is good, "So that here entent & here wyt Were forto folowe hyt"; that is to say in more plain English. "provided that their intention and their mind were to baptise it"; which is quite another story.

Had the editor been more at home in Catholic matters, we should not have had so many explanations of ceremonies given in the past tense, as if they were no longer practised. Many of the rites he thus speaks of are performed in the Catholic Church every day in the year. He is right in remarking that the holy bread spoken of in line 1458, has nothing sacramental in its nature. It is one of those things which among Catholics are called *sacramentals*, as distinguished from *sacraments*. Such bread is now-a-days very commonly distributed in French churches while the choir is singing the Creed during High Mass. We may add that there is no need of the query at the bottom of page 22. Any theological book would have told him that the text was correct enough.

In page 77 he says, "I believe the Sarum Breviary of 1531 is the earliest authority for the modern form [of the 'Hail Mary']." Unless we are much mistaken the "Hail Mary" in its modern form may be found in a Camaldolese Breviary printed in 1514, and again in a Breviary of the Friars Minors printed in 1515. These seem to be the earliest authority for the "Hail Mary" in its present shape.

The marginal summary of line 733 tell us that "all makers of experiments" are accursed. This fulmination seems very hard upon chemists and such like investigators into the properties of matter. But, on referring to the line in question, we find the accursed to be *all that maken experimentes* [wrongly printed *expimentes*] *or wichecrafte or charmes with oynementes of holy chirch*. The experiments here condemned are those made with the holy oils of the Church, not experiments simply. In Myrc's form of excommunication in the *Cotton MS.*, the expression is—experiments by means of conjurations. —and would then refer to dabblers in the black art.

Lines 675—786, containing a form of excommunication, are taken from another manuscript, and not from that which the editor, in his preface calls "the earliest and purest text"—(*Cotton MS. Claudius A. ii.* in the British Museum), from which the rest of the book has been printed. We are unable to divine the motive for this treatment on the part of the editor. The manuscript above named also contains a form of excommunication, immediately preceding this treatise, in form and tenor much resembling the one here given, but longer and more interesting, both philologically and historically. Instead of being pronounced only *twies or thries in the yere*, it is to be promulgated four times a year. It is also preceded by a short discourse to the parishioners. Had the editor consulted it carefully, he would have derived some assistance in his labours. For example, where (l. 694) he prints an unintelligible *herinyng* [hermyng?] this *MS.* gives *harmynge;* for *consentes* (l. 727), it gives *concentoures*. We are also

at a loss to know why the editor says, in his preface, that the title of Myrc's other book is *Liber Festivalis*, a Latin name for a book written in English. The author himself calls it a *Festial*, and gives as his reason that it consists of sermons for feasts (*festes*).

A word or two on the philology of the editor. In the "Vocabulary," *elyng* is translated *healing* instead of *anointing*; *fere*, in the phrase *hole and fere* (l. 407) is explained by *fear*; the expression is equivalent to *whole and entire*. *Greythe* is explained by *readily*, *speedily*, but surely the phrase *in greythe fare* (l. 587) means *to go on in favour or grace*. In the vocabulary *hin* is marked as equivalent to *in*, in the expression *hin self defendant*; we submit that these words mean *himself defending*. *Laske* (l. 1736) hardly has the signification of *purge*, but rather *shorten*. The editor has confounded *lyde gate* and *lych gate*. They are quite distinct things. A *lyde gate* is a gate set up to prevent cattle from straying upon arable land; a *lych gate* is a gate through which corpses are carried into a church. The word *frechedely* (l. 1332) is rendered *freshly*, instead of *eagerly* or *hastily*; *mot* (l. 1578) by *much*, instead of *must* (cf. l. 1586, 1596, and 1602); *helut* by *ignorant* (l. 1811), instead of *concealed* (properly *covered up*, and so *kept secret*): *ȝore* by *sorely*, instead of *for some time past* (*Anglicè* yore). Surely we are not to be told now that *nete* (*Anglicè* neat, a head of cattle) is derived through the Anglo-Saxon *nytan* from the two words *ne* and *witan*, *not to know*!

As these books will be much read by those who desire to look up early English literature, and who wish to trace and study the gradual growth of our English tongue—the vocabulary will be necessarily consulted, and should always have been carefully drawn up. It is to these books that our present and future philological lexicographers will have recourse to discover the meaning of obsolete words, and we can easily perceive how very materially their labours will be lightened if accuracy and precision meet them at every turn. It is indeed very puzzling in editing a work of this nature to determine what words should be explained in a vocabulary, and what should be left unnoticed as sufficiently intelligible. But where we find such words as *backbyte* explained by *backbiting*, *bifor* by *before*, *hond* by *hand*, and *ȝerus* by *years*, we should have expected to see an explanation of such words as *hodymoke* (line 2031), *unnethe (not easily)*, *erre* (l. 1225), *letewary (electuary)*, *tend (offer)*, *ȝerus (ears)*, *and*, and even (l. 2003) *&* *(if)*, *blynne (keep off, refrain ?)*, and also of the phrase *er a-monge* (l. 2022), *ouer herre (superior)*, *&c.* In line 841 *ne* is wrongly written or printed for *he*: and also in the vocabulary, page 97, line 15, *He* should be *Ho*. The punctuation in lines 741—743 changes the sense. The reading should be "all [*i.e.* are excommunicated] that defoulen Seyntwary, wherfor the holy office is withdrawe, or church or churchyerd most be newe hallowed, but [*i.e.* unless] they come to amendment."

3. The great German war of the seventeenth century must be ranked among those important events in history which, though they appear to have been long prepared, and to have been the natural and almost

inevitable issue of causes existing in the most characteristic circumstances of the time, and in the principles most influential on the mind and conduct of men—have yet been actually and immediately due to the passions or ambition of a few not very remarkable persons. It appears from Onno Klopp's lately published work on Tilly,* that the Thirty Years' War really broke out in consequence of the personal ambition of the young Elector of the Palatinate. The foolish son-in-law of our James I. was not supported in his attempt on the Bohemian crown by a single *Protestant* prince of the empire. He began, and for some years carried on the war by the assistance of the Calvinists, and with the swords of the freebooters, Mansfeld and Christian of Brunswick, who found in it the means of indulging, upon Catholics and Protestants alike, their love for plunder, murder, and every kind of brutal atrocity. Under these circumstances, it may seem strange that the flames of war were not extinguished as soon as they were lit; but we must bear in mind that the system of enlisting foreign mercenaries, which Machiavelli a century before had justly called the curse of his own country, had crossed the Alps and naturalised itself in Germany. This custom was now found by the German princes to be the plague-spot of the nation; as it placed them at the mercy of any lawless adventurer whose trade was war, in which he had nothing to lose, and a chance of gaining much. Such men were Mansfeld and Christian. The one a bastard, the other a younger son, and both of them penniless, they sounded the enlisting-drum, round which flocked the human cormorants, who were to subsist by preying on such as were too weak to resist them. Under vagabond and needy leaders, fearful even, if desirous, of enforcing discipline, these bands roamed about the country, and, like inundating hordes of barbarians, scourged the unhappy inhabitants by fire and sword, and violation and death.

It is a pleasure, under these circumstances, to look at the other side of the picture, and see how the war was conducted by John Tserklaes, Count von Tilly—the subject of the two volumes before us. When he took command of the troops of the League, he was already a grey-headed veteran of 60 years, the greatest part of which time he had spent in the service of the empire. In the contest between the two brothers, Rudolf II. and the Archduke Matthias, he was the mainstay of the elder brother's throne, until, by the yielding of the latter, he had to choose between retirement and the service of an unjustly raised prince. The invitation of Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria, in 1610, to take command of the troops of the Catholic League, came opportunely to his aid. The elements composing these troops differed little from those of the other German armies; but Maximilian, instructed by the wisdom and guided by the experience of Tilly, set himself the task of remodelling his army, and he alone of the princes of that age has the glory of having endeavoured to introduce the later system of raising a national army for the defence of the national weal. It is not, however,

* *Tilly im dreissigjährigen Kriege*: von Onno Klopp. Stuttgart.

to be supposed that two men who undertook to carry out an idea so much in advance of their time, met with no difficulty. Tilly's first object was the establishment of discipline among his wild mercenaries; and with so much vigour did he insist upon this, that he unrelentingly punished with death any of those cruel acts which were the every-day custom of the lawless vagabonds who marched under the standards of Mansfeld and Christian. In his first campaign against the Winter King, he gave some notable examples of his determination to have discipline strictly kept. The Bohemian peasants hovered round his line of march, and cut off such stragglers as fell in their way. In order to revenge themselves, some of the troops set the villages on fire. Tilly condemned them to the gallows. But this was not enough. To make them soldiers worthy of the name, he must draw the reins of discipline still tighter. Before their love could give him the name of "Father Tilly," their fear had to be worked upon to bring them under due subjection. Some French soldiers had deserted on their entrance upon Bohemian territory. They were captured and condemned to die on the scaffold. When they were actually standing beneath it, a slight murmur arose among the by-standing troops, and a cry for mercy arose. The tumult grew apace; and some, bolder than the rest, rushed forward, cut the ropes, and delivered their companions. Tilly, from a window, had witnessed the scene. Hastening down, sword in hand, he was met by the upraised pikes of the rebellious ruffians. He retired, hurried to his regiment, and brought it up. Cowed by this determination, they allowed nine of the guilty to be seized. Four hours were given them for confession, after which they expiated their crime by death. It was by such measures that Tilly became the idol of his army, and his army the pride of Germany.

For two centuries a deep stain has rested on Tilly's character with regard to his share in the destruction of Magdeburg. Never was there a more splendid instance of time disclosing the truth than this. Klopp has put beyond all doubt the fact, that Magdeburg was the price that Gustavus Adolphus had to pay to arouse a religious war in Germany. He landed on the northern coasts in June, 1630, and ten months did not suffice to impress upon the people the idea, that the invader of their country was the avenger of their religious liberties. Not a prince or noble—if we except marauding robbers like Christian William of Brandenburg—had voluntarily joined his standard; and, doubtless, his treatment of Bogislav of Pomerania had done something to show the Lutherans that there was more than a mere religious champion in Gustavus Adolphus. This lukewarmness on the part of the German States at once exasperated and alarmed the wily Swede. He could with difficulty maintain his army in a country where everything had to be extorted from an unwilling population, while ruin threatened his isolated position from an attack on the part of the aged Tilly. In this state of things, he resolved on one of the basest actions that disgraced the family annals of the Vasas. He determined to destroy Magdeburg, and on its destruction to build up the religious war which was to further his ambitious aims at a

Teutonic throne. By means of his tools in that ill-fated city, he formed a secret "union" among the lowest of the people, which so far got the upper hand as to force the municipal authorities by threats and fear to reject the repeated proposals of Tilly, who was at that time besieging the city. Meanwhile, the king sent one of his own officers, the notorious Falkenberg, to organize the citizens in the defence of their walls, and at the same time to carry out his detestable plans. Week passed after week, and Tilly pressed the siege, while from time to time he summoned the inhabitants to surrender: from week to week the repeatedly promised assistance from the Swedish camp was looked for—but the banner of Adolphus was destined never to be seen. Falkenberg, under different pretexts, abandoned one fortification after another, and at length, when all his plans were laid, he appears to have received instructions from his master to betray the city to Tilly. In the moment of the assault (which was not seriously resisted), the Swedish emissaries sprang the previously laid mines, and set fire to the houses; and so well had the measures been taken, that all the endeavours of Tilly and his troops were powerless to arrest the destruction. Such, beyond all doubt, is the plain ungarnished tale of the ruin of Magdeburg: and though Klopp, as befits an historian, has not stated it in the positive language here used—he even says that, in all probability, there never existed a written instruction from Adolphus couched in these broad terms—yet his narrative leaves no room for reasonable doubt as to the author of that cruel and dastardly deed. It need, however, cause no surprise when we call to mind the moral calibre of the Swedish monarch. Throughout his whole career, the man who was not with him was against him; he who ceased to be of any use was abandoned; he who did not devote himself absolutely to his service was to be sacrificed when policy required it. The plan which (as he himself informs us,) he enacted against the King of Poland, was to call in the aid of the surrounding barbarians and devastate the land, that thus the Polish nobility might ascribe the ruin effected to their king, and revolt from him—and by these means he hoped to gain his ulterior object. The application of this stratagem to the already suspicious Protestant Princes of Germany, is apparent.

4. As during the last few months the attention of Englishmen has been more than usually turned to Abyssinia, Lady Herbert has taken advantage of this movement to give an account of that country* in a religious point of view. She had, indeed, commenced her labours some time before, but more urgent business had induced her to lay aside her translation for some months, until later events brought Abyssinia more interestingly before the public eye.

The illustrious and really saint-like personage whom she raises to the dignity of "Apostle of Abyssinia," is the late Monsignor

* *Abyssinia and its Apostle.* By Lady Herbert. London: Burns, Oates, & Co.

Justin de Jacobis, of the Lazarist Congregation. He was born at Sta. Fele, in the Basilicate, a province of Italy, on the 10th of October, 1800, and his early life foreshadowed his future career—a life of self-denial and charity. He was appointed to the Abyssinian mission by Cardinal Franzoni, and set out for the scene of his apostleship in 1839. At this time Abyssinia most assuredly required some one to civilise and christianise the people. They were not quite pagans, but they had been cut off so long from anything that could be called communication with the rest of Christianity, that they had little of the spirit of religion among them, save what showed itself in external rites and ceremonies. And in this state the great mass of the people still continues, as we see in the newspaper reports sent by correspondents accompanying the British expedition into those parts.

Lady Herbert informs her readers that the conversion of the nations of Abyssinia to the Christian faith dates from about the year 340, when St. Frumentius was sent thither by St. Athanasius, and converted the entire nation. In the first half of the sixteenth century the Portuguese rescued the Abyssinians from the yoke of the Turks, and helped to preserve their faith. Towards the end of that and the beginning of the next century, three Jesuits, Oviedo, Lopez and Paez, are especially famed for their apostolic labours among the natives; but from that time nothing was done till the Lazarist missionaries arrived there, having been sent by Gregory XVI.

A missioner landing on a foreign coast, totally unacquainted with the language, manners and customs of a strange people, has inconceivable difficulties to encounter. M. de Jacobis did not conceal these difficulties from himself. He was aware of them, but resolved to overcome them. Finding three languages current in the country, the *Gheez*, the *Tigré*, and the *Amaric*, he set about mastering them, and succeeded so well that in four months he was able to hold a conference in one of them. The book before us gives a detailed account of the labours of this holy man, of the obstacles he had to encounter, of his elevation to the Bishopric of Nilopolis, and Apostolic Vicariate of Abyssinia, and finally of his death on the 31st of July, 1860. As the zealous missioner had to travel much in the performance of his duties, we have in his letters and other communications many interesting particulars, not only as to the condition of the people at large, but also as to the geographical configuration of the country. It is on the summits of hills or mountains, often eleven or twelve thousand feet high, that the monasteries are placed, partly as sanctuaries in cases of danger, and partly as situations isolated and cut off from the turmoil of the world. Such hills are frequently inaccessible to riders and pedestrians alike: the visitor must submit to be pulled up by ropes. Some of the descriptions here given from the pen of M. de Jacobis are well worth reading, especially his account of the convent of Guenda-Guendé. It is built in the volcanic crater of a mountain, which, he say, he knows not how to describe, "except by trying to make you imagine a terrific explosion of molten metal, which, thrown up in a vertical jet of eight or nine thousand feet in height, pours down its

liquid streams of lava right and left, which then harden and become of the colour of rusty iron. No dew from heaven, or stream from earth, irrigates its barren and pitiless sides, which are bereft of all vegetation, and stand out naked and brazen in the glare of the burning tropical sun." Yet the library of such a monastery contains all the books in the *Gheez* dialect which have ever been written. We may add that some curious particulars of the late Emperor Theodore, from the beginning of his career as a common soldier onwards, are given, and help us to a knowledge of the style of the man we have been dealing with. A few anecdotes are also told of him, which, though not very trenchant as indications of character, still afford us glimpses of the workings of his mind.

5. It has been Dr. Stanley's fortune or choice to write on a number of most interesting subjects, and his industry in collecting materials has combined with his extremely picturesque style in making his treatment of those subjects acceptable to the public. His more ambitious attempts—when he has attempted to handle seriously and philosophically some of the greater questions of the day—are far less popular than his historical, biographical, or geographical descriptions. It might have been expected that his last work of the latter order would have been his best. A writer with his training and power of expression has a rare chance of more than ephemeral success when he is called by a sort of official necessity to deal with so interesting a subject as Westminster Abbey, and to approach it with all the resources at his command, which are naturally within the reach of the Dean of that famous establishment. Somehow, however, the *Memorials of Westminster Abbey** disappoint the reader. Perhaps Dr. Stanley is not altogether so painstaking as he was. Perhaps we have facts and names rather too closely packed in this volume—crammed down our throats, it may be—rather after the fashion of a verger's tale, or a showman's catalogue. Perhaps we are rather tired with that perpetual catching at opportunities for moralising or philosophising, of a somewhat shallow strain, which is inevitable in Dr. Stanley's writings, and which prevents them from numbering simplicity and repose among their many undoubted charms. Perhaps we feel that we are listening to a narrator who has not merely no sympathy with a good deal of what he has to discourse of, but a very positive aversion to boot, to the thoughts, feelings, principles, and faith of the times which he still thinks himself bound to treat with an elaborate and official courtesy. Perhaps these and other defects—such as occasional ebullitions of what we may almost call spitefulness against "mediævalism," "sacerdotalism," and the like—have been less carefully controlled in the present volume than in some of Dr. Stanley's former works. At all events, these *Memorials of Westminster Abbey* are not quite so pleasant reading as we have had before now from the pen of the same writer.

* *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* By. A. P. Stanley, D.D., *Dean of* Westminster. Murray, 1868.

The subject, however, is too interesting, and the amount of materials here collected for its elucidation too abundant, for the book to be cast aside on account of defects of manner, taste, and temper. It is a most entertaining guide-book to the Abbey, and will do no harm to those who are on their guard against the prejudices of the author. It gives, first, an outline of the foundation of Westminster; then follow chapters on the Coronations, the Royal Tombs, the Monuments of Statesmen, Warriors, Poets, Men of Science and Letters, and others, which have made the Abbey a sort of gallery of memorials of great Englishmen; and we have lastly a history of the Abbey before and after the Reformation. Were we to enter on a criticism of Dr. Stanley's statements in detail, we should have a great deal to say of a number of inaccuracies and misconceptions; but Dr. Stanley in this work, as in others, is not consciously unfair, though his antipathies are so strong and have so unusual an influence on his judgment that he can hardly ever be said to be perfectly just to what he does not sympathise with.

6. Two small Italian *brochures* may be recommended to those interested in the details of the last filibustering invasion of the small territory which still remains to the Holy Father. The first is the short and simple report of General Kanzler to the Pope:* to which is added, for the sake of completeness, the report on the Battle of Mentana, from the same officer, which was published a few days after the engagement. The second is the work of Signor Paolo Mencacci,† giving a pleasant and anecdotal account of the various encounters between the little Pontifical army and the Garibaldian bands, which in many cases were made up of Italian soldiers under the guise of volunteers, and in all cases were connived at and supported by the Italian Government, and the officers of the large army of 45,000 men collected nominally to guard the frontier, but, in reality, posted upon it with the view of occupying the Pontifical territory, as the Marches, Umbria, and the kingdom of Naples were occupied in Count Cavour's time, as soon as the Garibaldians had caused disturbance enough to furnish a decent pretext for interference. The narrations given by Signor Mencacci deal usually with small encounters; they represent accurately the character of the war carried on by the Government of Florence against the Pope. The Papal army was small, and had a comparatively large frontier to defend, while its enemies could choose their own points of attack round the whole of an extensive line. Their plan was, naturally enough, to weary out the limited number of the soldiers of the Pope by incessant attacks, first on one place, then on another, without allowing them

* *Rapporto alla Santità di N. S. Papa Pio Nono*, felicemente regnante, del Generale Kanzler, Pro-ministro delle Armi, Sulla Invasione dello Stato Pontificio, nell' Autunno, 1867. Roma, 1868.

† *La Mano di Dio nell' ultima Invasione contro Roma.* Memorie Storiche per Paolo Mencacci, Romano. Roma, 1868.

time to rest or opportunity to strike a blow at any large body of invaders at once. Considering the circumstances of the conflict, and the immense advantage possessed by the Garibaldians, the gallant demeanour of the Pontifical troops was certainly beyond all praise, and their almost unbroken success in repelling, with very little loss, the attacks of the hordes brought against them, little less than miraculous. It is interesting also to see how the invasion brought out the true character of the nominal friends of liberty and Italian unity. When the invaders entered a town in the name of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, however little resistance might have been made, they were quite sure to plunder and profane the churches, to trample the most sacred objects under foot, and to commit many abominable acts of violence on persons and on property. Their first thought was to insult religion, and to fill their own pockets. On the other hand, the population uniformly shrank from them with fear and abhorrence, and welcomed with shouts and tears of joy the troops sent from Rome to deliver them from their invaders and oppressors. The Revolution had but to show itself in its true colours to gather round itself the hatred of all. Perhaps the feature in these narratives which will most surprise the English reader will be the want of courage very often displayed by the Garibaldians. Menotti Garibaldi, we are told, owed his safety, on one occasion, "to the fleetness of his horse," though his band was rather more than twice as numerous as that before which he fled (*Mencacci*, p. 42). General Kanzler, who acknowledges that at Mentana the movements of the enemy were well directed, tells us that on that occasion neither Garibaldi nor his sons ever showed themselves in the front.

7. The main incidents of Mr. Patrick Kennedy's tale *The Banks of the Boro*,* are taken, as he tells us, from real life; and there is no difficulty in accepting the statement. The story is based on the attachment between two young people of the middle class in the county of Wexford, who have to go through perhaps more than the ordinary amount of opposition and misunderstanding before they finally achieve happiness as a wedded pair. But if the skeleton of Mr. Kennedy's narrative is simple, the manner in which the whole is worked up gives it great value and interest. It is a complete picture of provincial manners, customs, and household traditions; and the part of Ireland in which the scene is placed is, we think, unusually rich in peculiarities well worth preserving. There is hardly a chapter which is not full of local description of one kind or another. Mr. Kennedy has an easy and pleasant style, and sets forth his reminiscences of the "Banks of the Boro" very attractively.

* *The Banks of the Boro: a Chronicle of the County of Wexford.* By Patrick Kennedy. London: Simpkin & Marshall. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill. 1867.